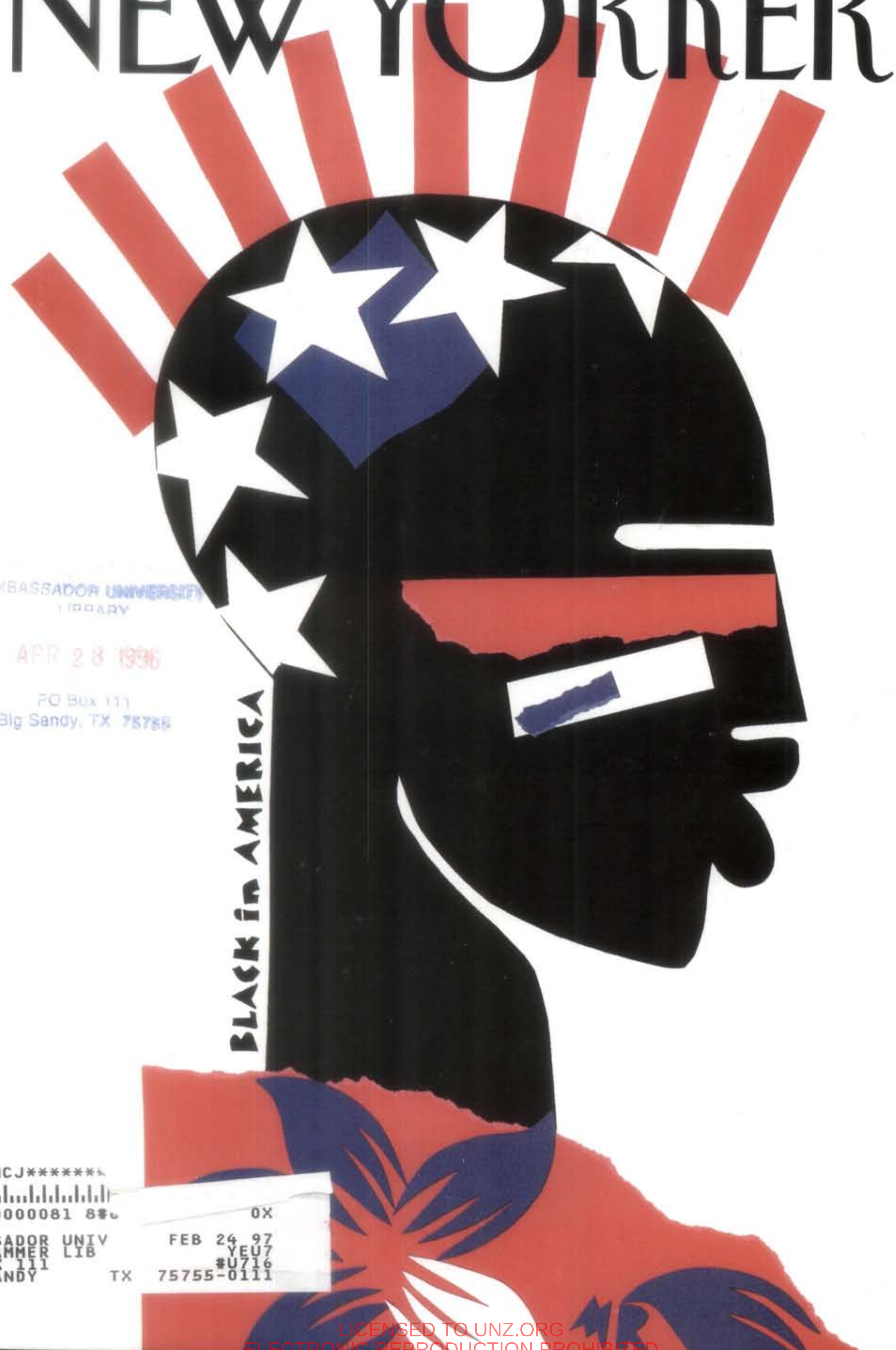
April 29 & May 6, 1996

THE NEW YORKER

Price $3.50



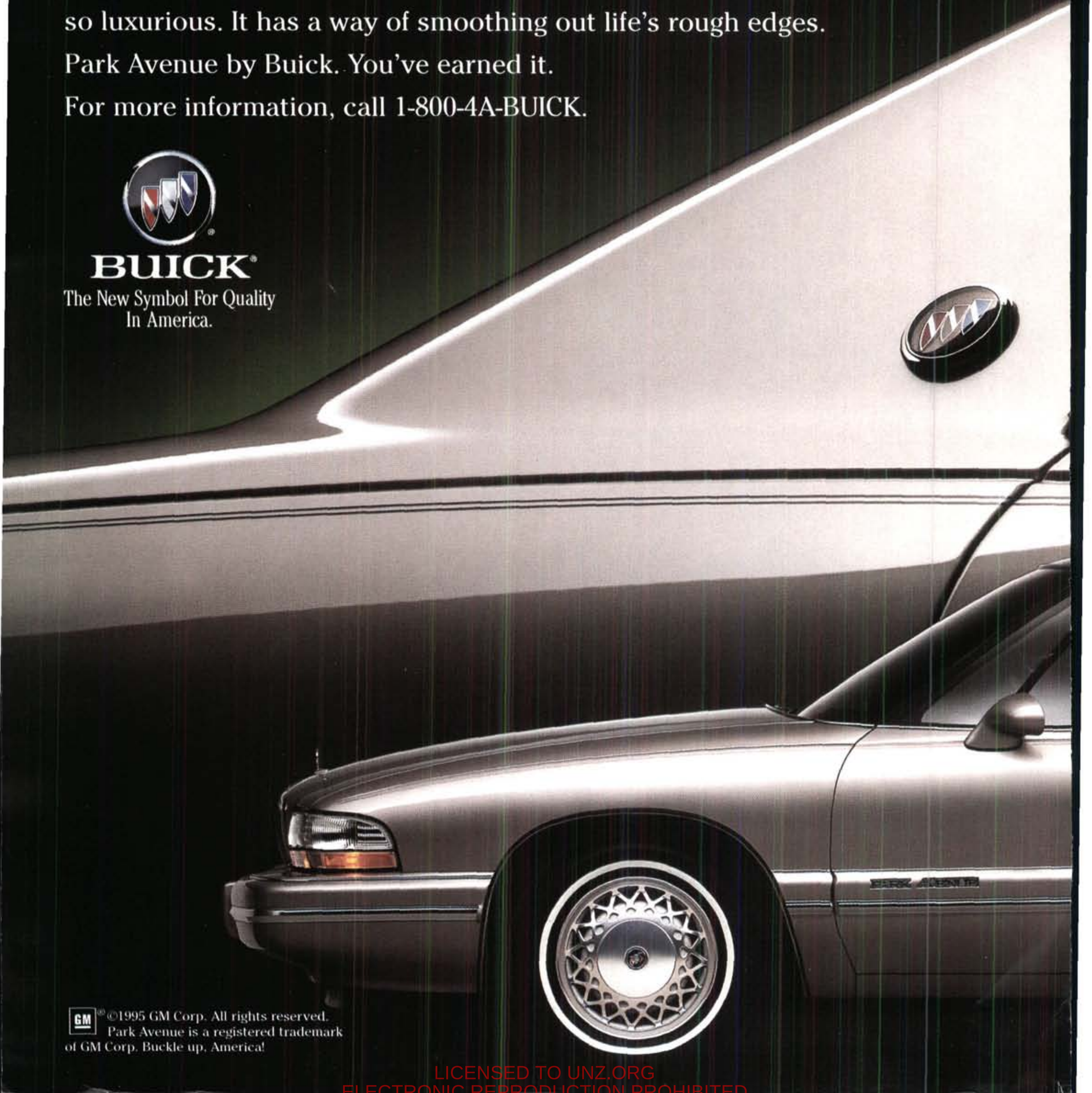
AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
APR 28 1996
PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

#BXBCMCJ*******
#SABA0000081 8#
0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR UNIV FEB 24 97
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU7
PO BOX 111 #U716
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

Life's not always a picnic.
But it can be a ride in the Park.

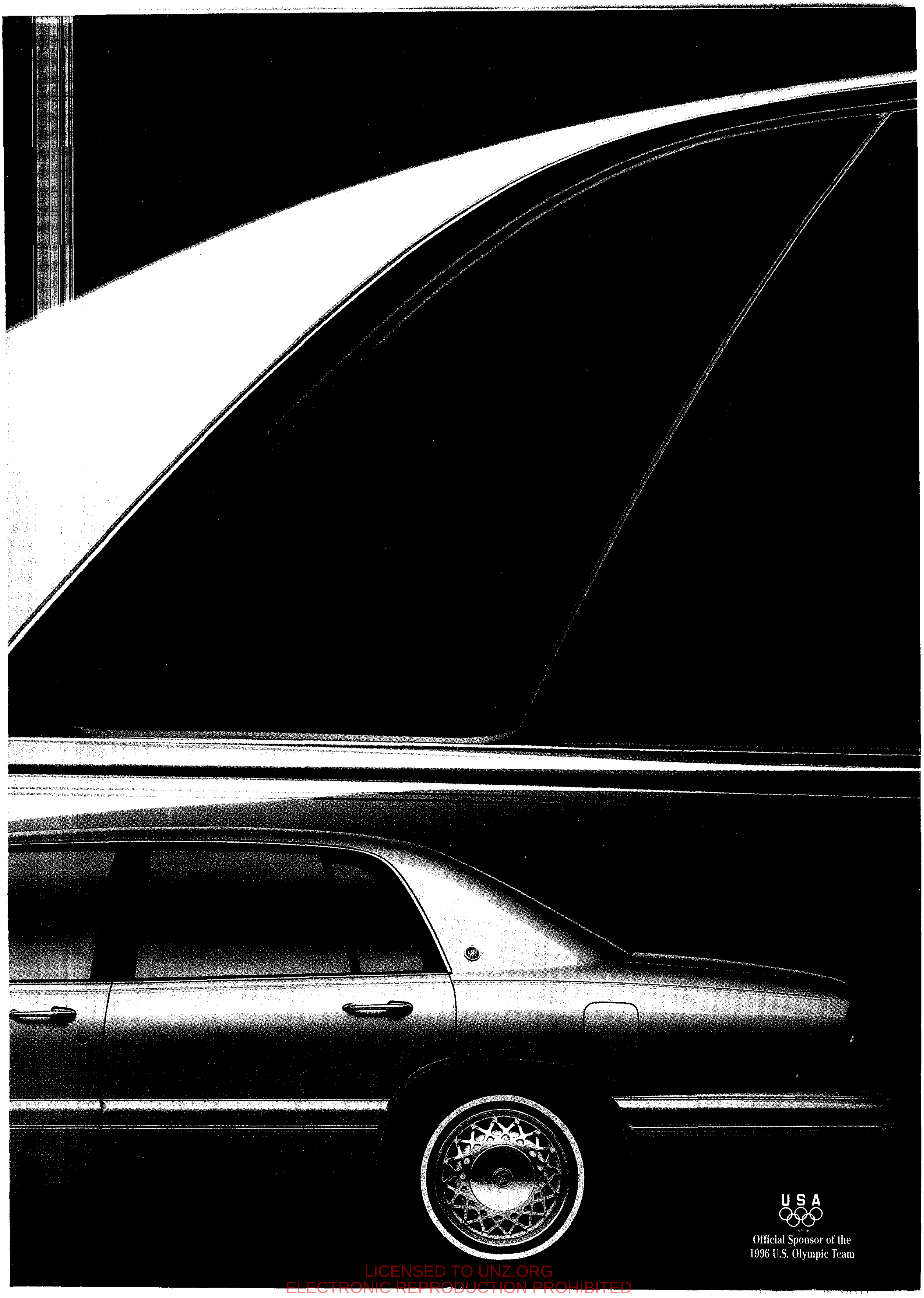
Late nights, early mornings, meetings about meetings—life is hectic. Reward yourself with a quiet moment in the Park. Park Avenue is a beautiful place to be. Powerful—with a 3800 Series II V6—yet so elegant, so luxurious. It has a way of smoothing out life's rough edges.
Park Avenue by Buick. You've earned it.
For more information, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.

BUICK®
The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



GM ®©1995 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Park Avenue is a registered trademark
of GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


USA
Official Sponsor of the
1996 U.S. Olympic Team

AVAILABLE AT:

Oliver Peoples Opticians
Los Angeles

Bergdorf Goodman
New York

Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians
New York

Myoptics
New York

20/20
New York

Purdy Opticians
New York

Gruen Optika
New York

Leonard Opticians
New York

Bright Eyes Optical
Brooklyn

Twenty-Twenty Optical
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

Gleek and Howard
Montclair, New Jersey

OLIVER PEOPLES® LOS ANGELES

THE NEW YORKER
BLACK IN AMERICA

APRIL 29 & MAY 6, 1996

COMMENT The African-American Century . . . . *H.H. and H.L.G.* 9
The cultural centrality of blacks, and other paradoxes.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 47
The man with good news for the Democrats; Willie Brown's town; W. Haywood Burns's children; etc.

SECOND THOUGHTS After the Revolution . . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 59
Leaders of the sixties talk about the nineties.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC OPINION Black and Blue. . . . . *Jervis Anderson* 62
A Yankelovich-*New Yorker* poll reports on how African-Americans define the issues of the day.

ANNALS OF LAW Moving On . . . . *Jeffrey Rosen* 66
How would Clarence Thomas change the nature of American law? We may be about to find out.

PERSONAL HISTORY Black Like Them . . . . *Malcolm Gladwell* 74
Why are West Indian immigrants perceived to be different from other African-Americans?

ANNALS OF FINANCE The Buddy System . . . . *Zoe Heller* 82
Buddy Fletcher is a phenomenally successful stock trader who believes that pure capitalism is color-blind.

REFLECTIONS Notes from a Small World . . . . *Patricia J. Williams* 87
The lives of ten Harvard Law School students—the only black women in their class—two decades after graduation.

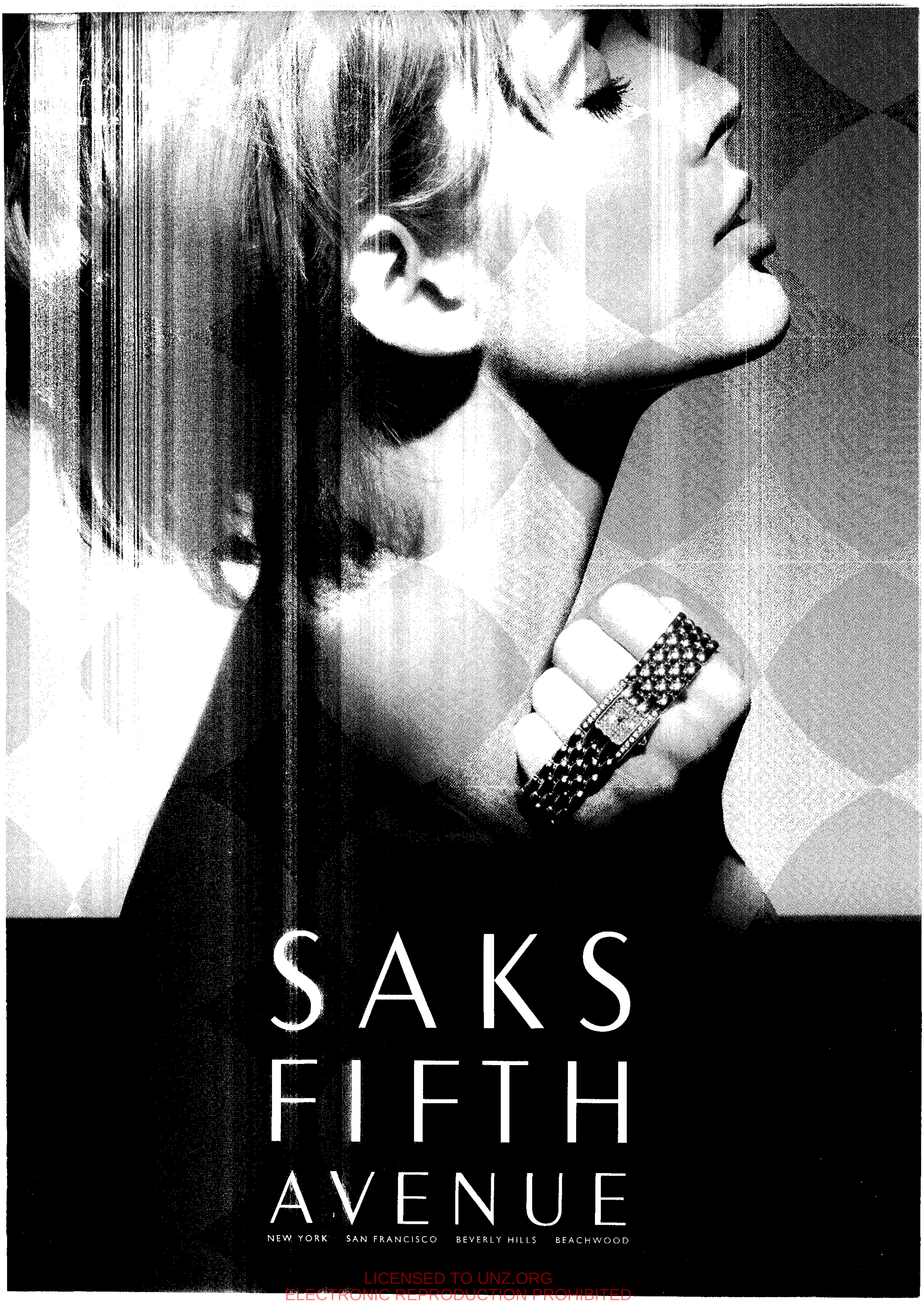
THE SPORTING SCENE Playing Dennis Rodman. . . . . *John Edgar Wideman* 94
Behind the game of basketball's most outrageous star.

PROFILES Dr. Wilson's Neighborhood . . . . *David Remnick* 96
William Julius Wilson is about to shake up the debate over race and class again, and a White House in search of new policies will be listening.

Continued on page 4

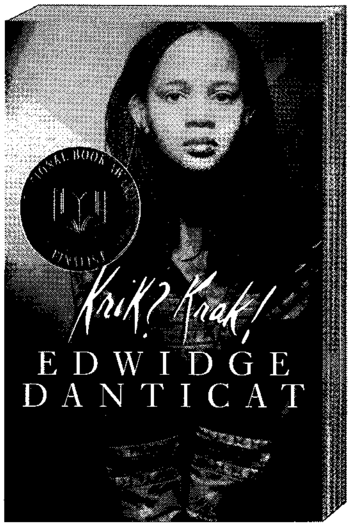
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last week of June and the first week of July, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXII, No. 10, April 29 & May 6, 1996. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationle Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.


SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO BEVERLY HILLS BEACHWOOD

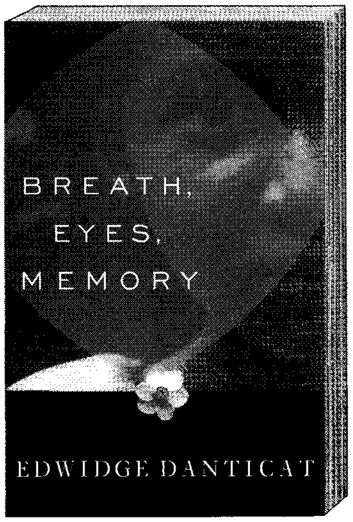
NATIONAL BOOK AWARD FINALIST

EDWIDGE DANTICAT



Krik? Krak!

"Steeped in the myths and lore that sustained generations of Haitians, *Krik? Krak!* demonstrates the healing power of storytelling."
—San Francisco Chronicle



BREATH, EYES, MEMORY
"Vibrant, magic...wraps readers into the haunting life of a young Haitian girl." *—Boston Globe*

NOW IN PAPERBACK
VINTAGE BOOKS

Continued from page 2

SHOWCASE Terry McMillan . . . . *James Wolcott, Fredrick Brown* 102

MEMOIR "Aunt Esther" . . . . *Anna Deavere Smith* 104

PORTFOLIO Coretta Scott King and Myrlie Evers-Williams . . . *Mary Ellen Mark* 108

FICTION The Unpublished Ellison . . . . *Ralph Ellison* 110
Two recently discovered stories, "Boy on a Train" and "I Did Not Learn Their Names," written early in the author's career. Introduction by John F. Callahan.

A REPORTER AT LARGE The Charmer . . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 116
Louis Farrakhan leads a group that has inspired thousands to reform their lives. He's also been beamed aboard a spaceship and believes a cabal of Jews runs the world.

SHOWCASE Bebe Miller . . . . *Chris Callis* 122

LEGAL BRIEF Plessy v. Ferguson . . . . *Nell Irvin Painter* 126
The case that was used to justify "separate but equal."

ANNALS OF SHOW BUSINESS A Crossover Star . . . . *Hilton Als* 132
Angela Bassett's career challenges the way Hollywood casts black women.

EASEL Home Safety . . . . *Christian Michel* 136

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS Having Their Say . . . *Scott L. Malcomson* 138
What are the lessons of a century-old experiment in living in an all-black community? Two matriarchs in Boley, Oklahoma, tell their stories.

POEM "Incarnation in Phoenix" . . . . *Rita Dove* 140

FICTION "Push" . . . . *Sapphire* 144
A début from the performance artist and poet.

DOMESTIC LIFE An American Family . . . . *Marshall Frady* 148
The South Side home of Jesse and Jackie Jackson wasn't Ozzie and Harriet's, but it produced a uniquely real American ideal.

A CRITIC AT LARGE The Duke's Blues . . . . *Stanley Crouch* 158
What Duke Ellington understood better than any other American composer.

SHOWCASE An Evening at the Apollo Theatre . . . . *William Klein* 164

POEMS BY DEREK WALCOTT
"The Bounty I" 84
"The Bounty II" 114
"The Bounty III" 124
"The Bounty IV" 147

SHOUTS & MURMURS Back to School . . . . *Andrea Lee* 168

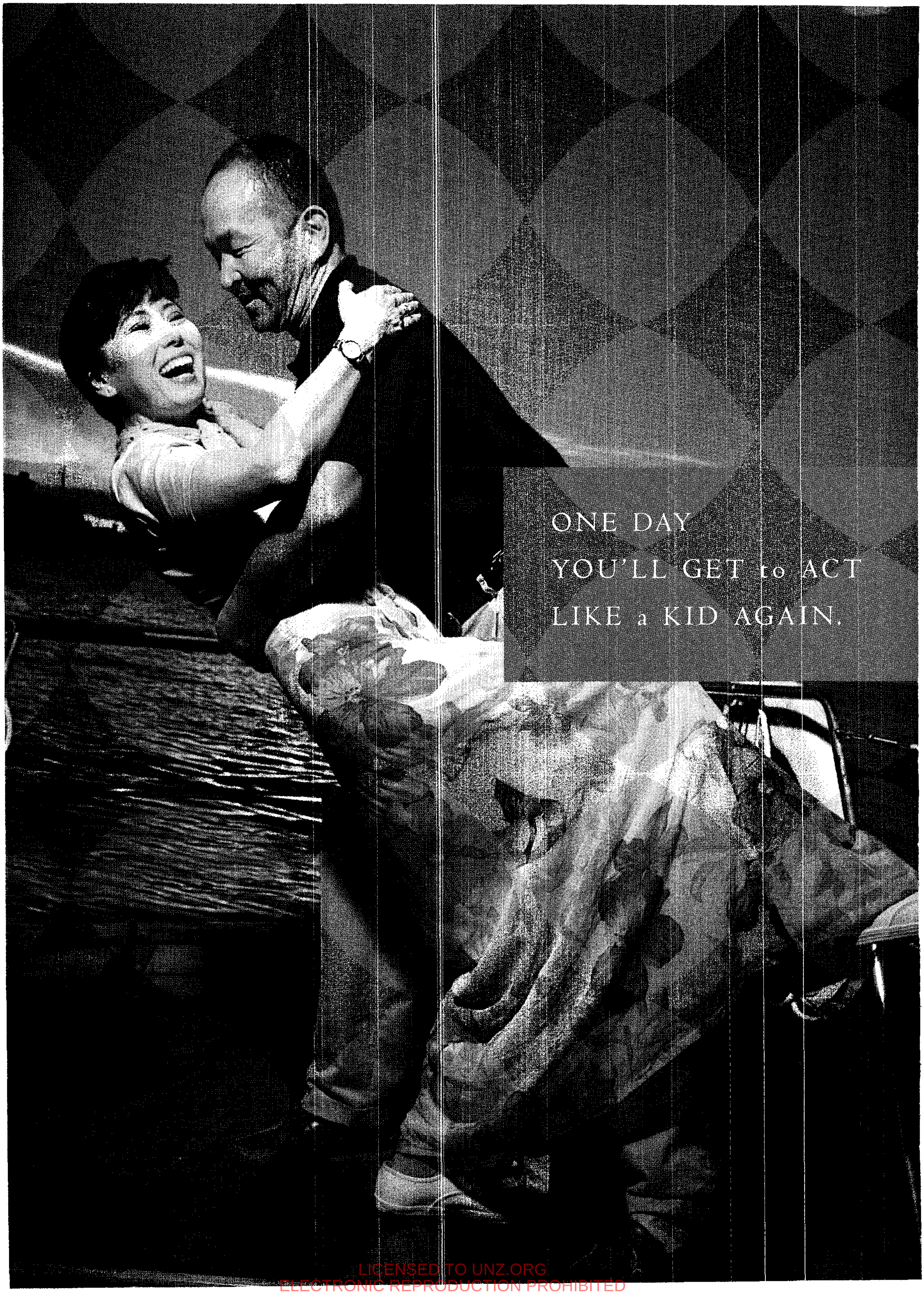
COVER *By Michael Roberts*

DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, Peter Steiner, Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Tom Cheney, J. B. Handelsman, Bernard Schoenbaum, Roz Chast, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren, Robb Armstrong, Mick Stevens*

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/special marketing; Carmen Lopez, associate publisher; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1996 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 325-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

TOMMY
TOMMY
HILFIGER
HILFIGER


ONE DAY
YOU'LL GET to ACT
LIKE a KID AGAIN.

ASSET MANAGEMENT

LIFE INSURANCE

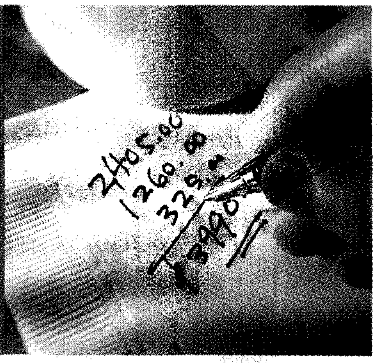
ANNUITIES

In one respect, retirement is a lot like childhood. You have all the free time in the world. The only problem is that "free" time is anything but free.

That's why, at The Hartford, we've developed a number of investment strategies that'll maximize your return and, at the same time, reduce your risk. For starters, we have a wide range of asset management products designed to meet the needs of practically any customer. If annuities are what you had in mind, we also have quite a bit of experience in that area. So much, in fact, that we've become the number one issuer of individual annuities in the country.

In short, we offer more expertise in retirement planning than anyone in the business. So if you're interested in one day acting like a ten year old again, talk to a company that's nearly 200 years old.

But for NOW,
let's DISCUSS YOUR
ALLOWANCE.



No One's
Better
Prepared for
Tomorrow.

ITT HARTFORD

VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT http://www.itthartford.com

VERSACE'S
BLONDE
THE NEW FRAGRANCE BY GIANNI VERSACE
EXCLUSIVELY AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE 1-800-330-8497 EXT: 2161

COMMENT

THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN CENTURY

A reality that is more complicated, and more heroic, than the myth.

THE story of America, according to the narrative enshrined in our civic religion, goes something like this. A great wilderness was gradually populated by waves of hardy immigrants fleeing the oppressions of the Old World to build a better life in the New. Throwing off subordination to a distant throne, they made a commonwealth, the first in history to be founded explicitly on principles of self-government and political equality. Over the next two hundred years and more, they worked and sometimes fought to insure that their "new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," would increasingly live up to its moral and material promise. And they succeeded, creating a nation not only of unparalleled personal and political freedom but also (a recent flourish) of wonderful, enriching diversity—a powerful nation, universally looked to as an example and a protector.

A pretty story; and, like all folk tales, this one tells a kind of truth. But the reality is more complicated, darker (in more ways than one), more painful, and, ultimately, more heroic. The myth ignores the tragic dimension of the American condition, the dimension that challenges the moral seriousness of American thinkers and makes American art and culture, high and low, the most dynamic and pervasive on the planet—makes American culture American, in fact. Not all Americans' ancestors came here to escape tyranny; many were brought here in furtherance of tyranny. Not all crossed the ocean to better themselves and their families; many were forcibly carried here—their families torn apart, their social structures smashed, their languages suppressed—to labor without recompense for the benefit of their oppressors. Yet those of us whose forebears came here in chains have much deeper roots in American soil, on the average, than do those of us whose forebears came here in and for freedom; the vast majority of African-Americans are descended from men and women who arrived before 1776. Except for American Indians, only a shrinking minority of other Americans can say the same. (And, of course, scores of millions of us—no one knows how many—of every hue are termed "black" or "white" in our country's arbitrary racial shorthand but are in reality a mixture of, at a minimum, both.)

The history of settlement in what is now the United States dates back nearly four hundred years, but the twentieth will be the first century unpolluted by chattel slavery. When the century began, most adult African-Americans were former slaves, and had known not only the degradation of bondage but also the exultation of Emancipation, the giddy hopefulness of Reconstruction, and the calamity of a reactionary and increasingly violent regime of legalized white supremacy. The grandchildren of the grandchildren of those African-Americans are the African-Americans of today. The line is short, the connection between past and present inescapable.

Even so, there have been titanic changes, and they have been accompanied by unexpected ironies. The most striking change has been the growing centrality of the black experience to the maturing national culture of the United States; the most striking irony has been the degree to which blacks, despite that centrality, have remained economically marginal.

An observer from 1900 transported forward in time to this century's end would be astonished at the ubiquity of the black presence in artistic, cultural, and quasi-cultural endeavors of every kind, from the fron-

A literary event...
a landmark edition

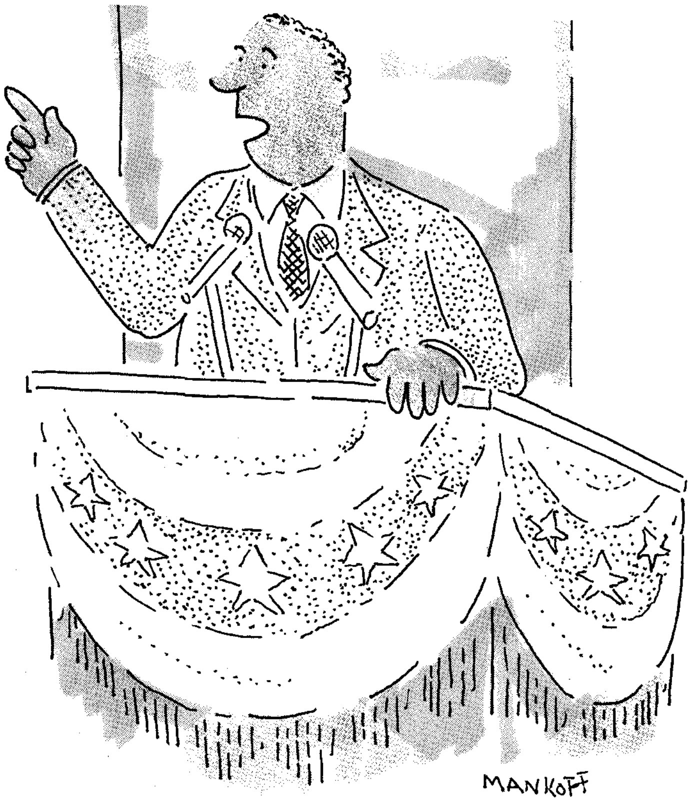
"ALL MODERN AMERICAN LITERATURE COMES FROM ONE BOOK BY MARK TWAIN CALLED *HUCKLEBERRY FINN*."
— ERNEST HEMINGWAY

MARK TWAIN
ADVENTURES OF
HUCKLEBERRY
FINN
THE ONLY COMPREHENSIVE EDITION

Including never-before-published passages from Twain's original manuscript, this superb new comprehensive edition illuminates the universal masterpiece as never before.

- With a new introduction by Justin Kaplan, author of *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award
- With Foreword and supplementary textual discussion by Professor Victor Doyno, president of the Twain Circle
- Includes all the original illustrations, beautifully reproduced

RANDOM HOUSE
http://www.randomhouse.com/



"*And, if elected, I promise to put more black people in cartoons.*"

• •

tiers of modern art (born when Picasso laid eyes on African masks), through the written word (more books by and about African-Americans will be published this year than appeared during the whole of the Harlem Renaissance), to the iconography of mass marketing (with Michael Jordan looking down from giant billboards like some beneficent Big Brother). The prime example, of course, is music, the most accessible of the arts. In 1900, ragtime was only just coming into its own, beginning the long and steady fusion of African-American themes and forms with those of European origin. In the early decades of the century, Negro music came to dominate the new technologies of sound recording and radio so thoroughly that, in 1924, an alarmed music establishment sought out a syncopationally challenged bandleader by the comically apt name of Paul Whiteman and designated him "the King of Jazz." But jazz and its offshoots could not be so easily tamed. The wildly creative creolization of African-American and European-American strains produced a profusion of mulatto musics—one thinks of Ellington and Gershwin, Joplin and Stravinsky, Miles Davis and Gil Evans, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, Jimi Hendrix and Bruce Springsteen—that spread their dominion across the whole world.

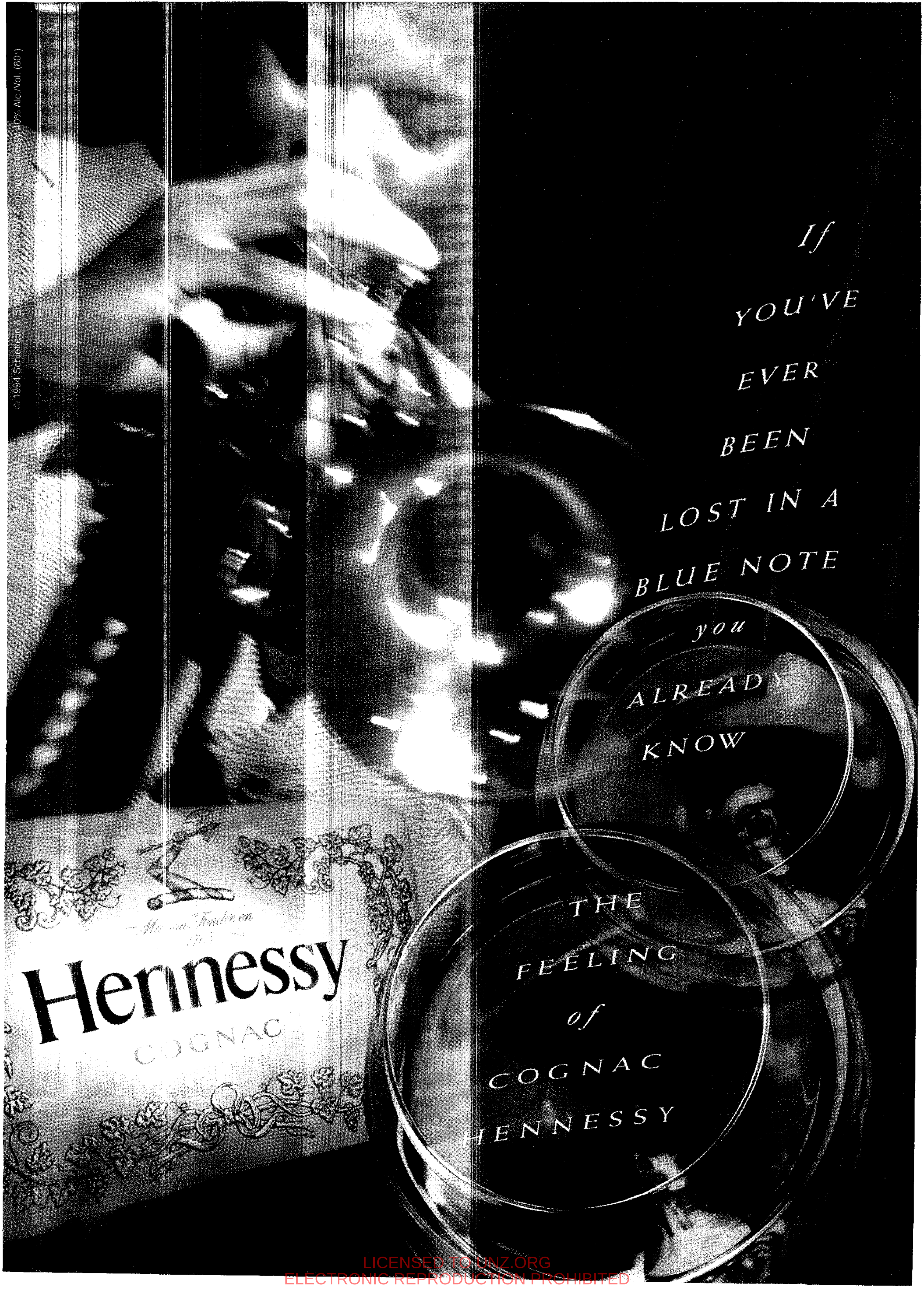
Economically, however, African-Americans remain left out. The successes of integration and affirmative action created a substantial black middle class: there are now four times as many black families with incomes above fifty thousand dollars a year as there were in 1964. But those same successes have contributed to a distillation of ever more concentrated pools of poverty and despair in the inner cities—a process greatly worsened by the catastrophic decline of decent manufacturing jobs and the growing hardheartedness and insolvency of social policy at every level of government. The sufferings and pathologies associated with this process are well known. Half of all African-American children live in poverty. A third of all black men between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine are entangled in the criminal-justice system. The leading cause of death among young black men is gunshot wounds.

Our market economy has shown no ability to solve these problems, and our gridlocked, fragmented political system has shown very little. After a century of struggle, African-Americans have at last achieved more or less equal political rights. But our majoritarian electoral system generally prevents them from attaining real power except in geographic areas where they are a majority or a near-majority. Although African-Americans constitute some thirteen per cent of the population, their representation in state governorships is zero. In the United States Senate it is one per cent. In the House of Representatives, which now has forty African-American members, black progress has come at the price of racial gerrymandering. It's a high price: it drains (liberal) black voting strength from neighboring districts, often tipping them over into the control of politicians indifferent to black interests; it discourages grass-roots interracial coalition-building; and it creates a black political class with a vested interest in patterns of residential segregation. And even this progress, such as it is, is under mortal threat from a Supreme Court piously bent on making the Constitution "color-blind," especially in cases where a bit of color consciousness might do black folks some good.

For African-Americans, the country of oppression and the country of liberation are the same country. Fleeing to some faraway land of liberty is not a possibility, though something like that impulse is implicit in black nationalism, in ironic tribute to the power of the immigrant myth. (Marcus Garvey wanted to call his promised land the United States of Africa.) It is bootless to compare African-Americans to "other" immigrant groups and to speak of "assimilating" them: African-Americans are not an immigrant group, and, as the success of the cultural synthesis shows, the responsibility for doing the assimilating is not theirs alone. The history that is at the root of the "differentness" of blacks—what might be called African-American exceptionalism—cannot be changed. There is only one option, and it is to make our country live up to its nominal creed.

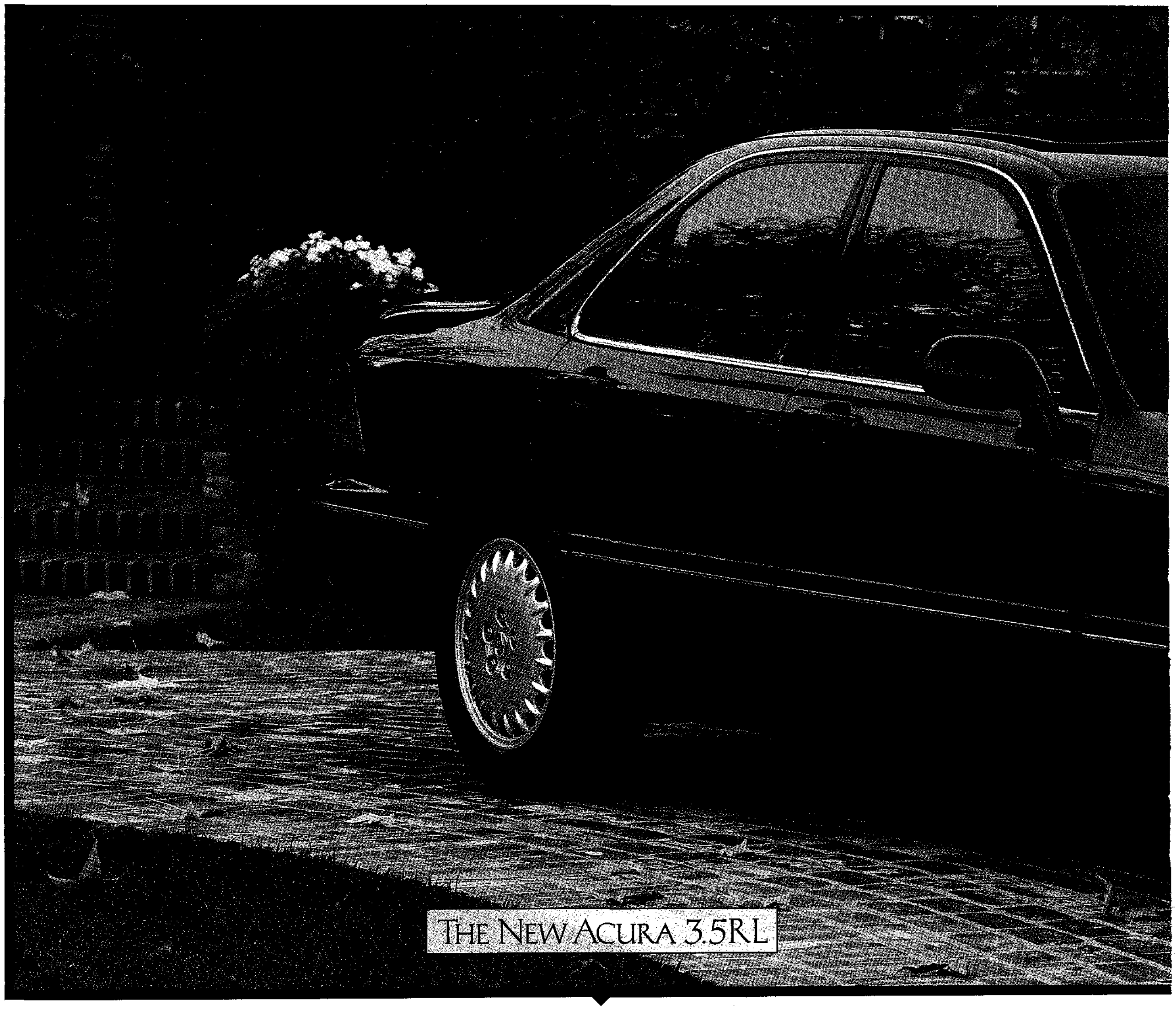
—HENDRIK HERTZBERG AND
HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

EDITORS' NOTE: Because of a printing error, some copies of this issue contain an incorrect credit for the painting on page 103. The artist's name is Fredrick Brown.


If
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
LOST IN A
BLUE NOTE
you
ALREADY
KNOW
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY
Hennessy
COGNAC

© 1994 Schieffelin & [illegible] Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

LUXURY DOESN'T HAVE TO BE BORING.



- 3.5-LITER, 210-HORSEPOWER, V-6 ENGINE
- DUAL AIR BAGS STANDARD
- ANTI-LOCK BRAKING SYSTEM (ABS)
- AUTOMATIC CLIMATE CONTROL SYSTEM
- POWER MOONROOF WITH TILT FEATURE
- HEATED FRONT SEATS* WITH MEMORY FEATURE
- PRICED FROM $41,000†

*Standard on 3.5RL with Premium Package as shown. †MSRP for RL excluding destination charges, tax, license, title and options. Dealer price may vary.

THERE ARE THOSE who seem to believe that one's desire for exhilaration must be sacrificed in order to satisfy their need for luxury. We suggest they drive the new Acura 3.5RL.

This automobile is anything but boring. Its lightweight, 3.5-liter, V-6 engine churns out 210 horsepower and the most torque in its class. That means, unlike many luxury cars, the RL delivers its power immediately upon request.

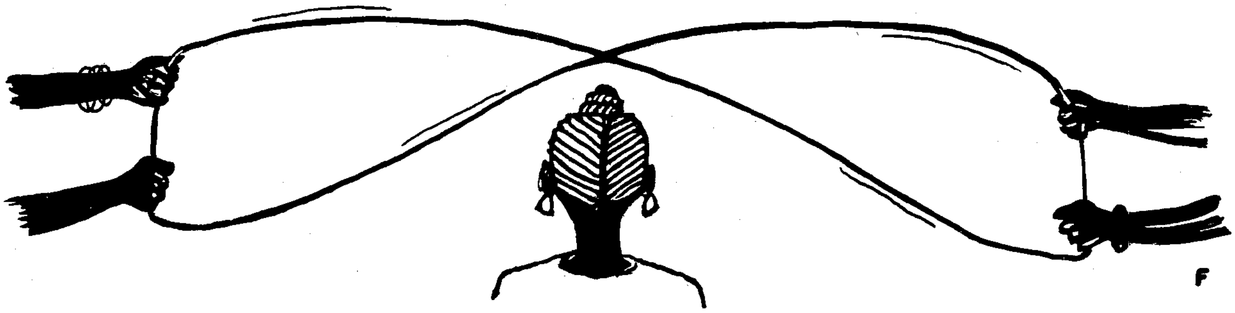
All this power, however, does not come at the expense of smoothness or comfort. Thanks to a 4-wheel, double-wishbone, geometrically enhanced suspension, and the longest wheelbase in its class, the RL has the ability to tame corners and smooth the road. The interior is surprisingly spacious, with burled wood* and astonishingly soft leather. It is also exceedingly quiet, thanks to honeycomb floor panels and exceptional solid-body rigidity.

The result of all these details is an impressive new flagship – the top-of-the-line Acura. The new Acura RL is one luxury automobile that has absolutely everything you need, yet deprives you of absolutely nothing your soul requires. And, after all, isn't that what true luxury is all about?

For more information, call 1-800-TO-ACURA. ACURA

©1996 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and RL are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Make an intelligent decision. Buckle up.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

Model Role

IGNORE the fact that they're both radiant, joyous, and perfectly beautiful—imagine a black Degas ballerina—and you might say that LisaGay Hamilton and Veronica, the character she plays in the South African playwright Athol Fugard's drama "Valley Song" (which has just returned to Manhattan Theatre Club), couldn't be more different. Veronica is a seventeen-year-old from a post-apartheid village who wears her waist-length hair in braids and dreams of leaving her tenant-farmer grandfather and a future as a servant for a career as a singer in Johannesburg. The actress herself is a Long Island native and a Juilliard graduate whose hair is smoothed back to reveal a vivid, heart-shaped face; she has spent the better part of her career doing Shakespeare at the Public. But they have something deeper in common: neither is willing to compromise her ambitions.

Last September, Fugard invited Hamilton to visit the predominantly black farm village that was home to the people who inspired his characters, and she jumped at the opportunity. She went on to receive terrific reviews for her performance in the role opposite Fugard last fall at M.T.C., in a production the playwright also directed. Yet with the dearth of roles for black actresses, she says, "the scripts are not piling up on my desk, and I'm not being swept away"—and she's not willing to "make a buck by playing a prostitute." For now, luckily, she has Veronica: "She is terrific. She fills me with strength and hope I don't naturally have."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Arts and Leisure—Previews of Steve Tesich's new satire begin April 26. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Big—A new musical, based on the 1988 movie. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. In previews through April 27. Opens April 28 at 6:45. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Buried Child—Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre brings Sam Shepard's 1978 play to Broadway, under the direction of Gary Sinise. In previews through April 29. Opens April 30 at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Chicago—James Naughton and Bebe Neuwirth lead the cast in a concert version of the 1975 John Kander–Fred Ebb–Bob Fosse musical. May 2-3 at 8 and May 4 at 2 and 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Cocoanuts—The Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical, which originally starred the Marx Brothers. Richard Sabellico is the director and choreographer. Previews begin April 27. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7				

Comédie-Française—The French national theatre comes to Brooklyn, through May 12. April 30 and May 2-4 at 8 and May 5 at 3: Molière's "Don Juan," directed by Jacques Lassalle. Performances are in French with English supertitles. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Dark Rapture—Scott Glenn and Marisa Tomei star in Eric Overmyer's mystery. Scott Ellis is the director. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

An Ideal Husband—The recent London staging of Oscar Wilde's comedy, directed by Peter Hall. In previews April 25-30. Opens May 1 at 6:15. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Jack: A Night on the Town with John Barrymore—Nicol Williamson's one-man portrait, which he co-wrote with its director, Leslie Megahey. Opens April 24 at 6:30. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Papa—Len Cariou plays Ernest Hemingway, in a drama by John deGroot. In previews through May 4. Opens May 5 at 6:30. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

"Venus," by Suzan-Lori Parks, at the Public.

N. ASCENCIOS

The Skriker—A fantasia about otherworldly goings on in England, written by British playwright Caryl Churchill and directed by Mark Wing-Davey. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

Venus—Suzan-Lori Parks's new drama, based on true events, tells the story of an African woman who was exhibited as "the Hottentot Venus" by an English circus in the early nineteenth century. Directed by Richard Foreman. In previews through May 1. Opens May 2 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Alexander Plays . . . Suzanne in Stages—The Signature Theatre Company wraps up its Adrienne Kennedy season with a trilogy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes May 19.)

Antigone in New York—The Polish-born playwright Janusz Glowacki's latest—a tragicomedy about the friendship of a homeless Latina and two Eastern European émigrés. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes May 12.)

Below the Belt—Richard Dresser's brilliant dark comedy is set in "an industrial compound in a distant land," but it hits close to home in its dead-on absurdist take on modern life. Judd Hirsch, Robert Sean Leonard, and Jude Ciccolella could be slightly sharper, but the production, under the direction of Gloria Muzio, is nevertheless very satisfying. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

The Boar's Carcass—A new thriller by Stephanie Dickinson. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820. Closes May 5.)

Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk—Director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic African-American musical. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/95.) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company's latest has reopened at the Chelsea Playhouse. (519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes May 5.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's 1988 drama about the relationships of two African-American couples (one of the Second World War generation, the other a pair of yuppies), to each other and to the world, achieves a difficult balance: it takes on the big issues—racism, generational conflict, sex, abortion, religion—without being preachy, while also making the characters real (and often very funny) people. Arthur French's performance as the older man is the highlight; he ranges from a lusty, scared nineteen-year-old to a charmingly crusty retiree, making you feel the weight of every step in between and his pleasure in what he's found along the way. Ruby Dee, Peter Jay Fernandez, and Amy-Monique

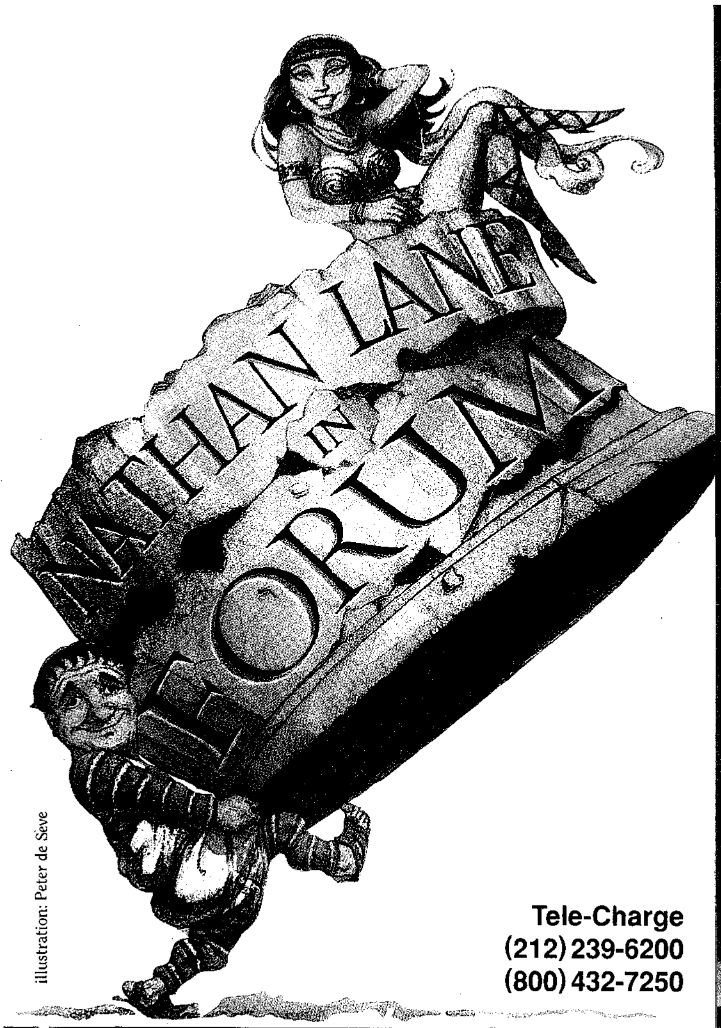
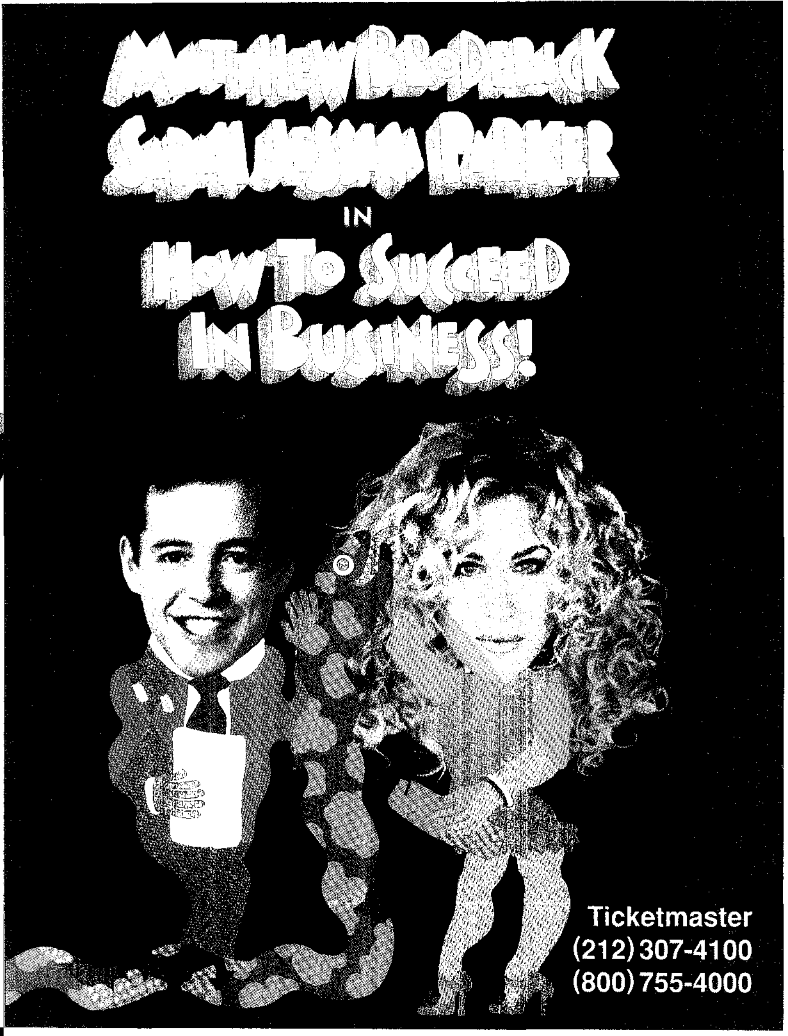
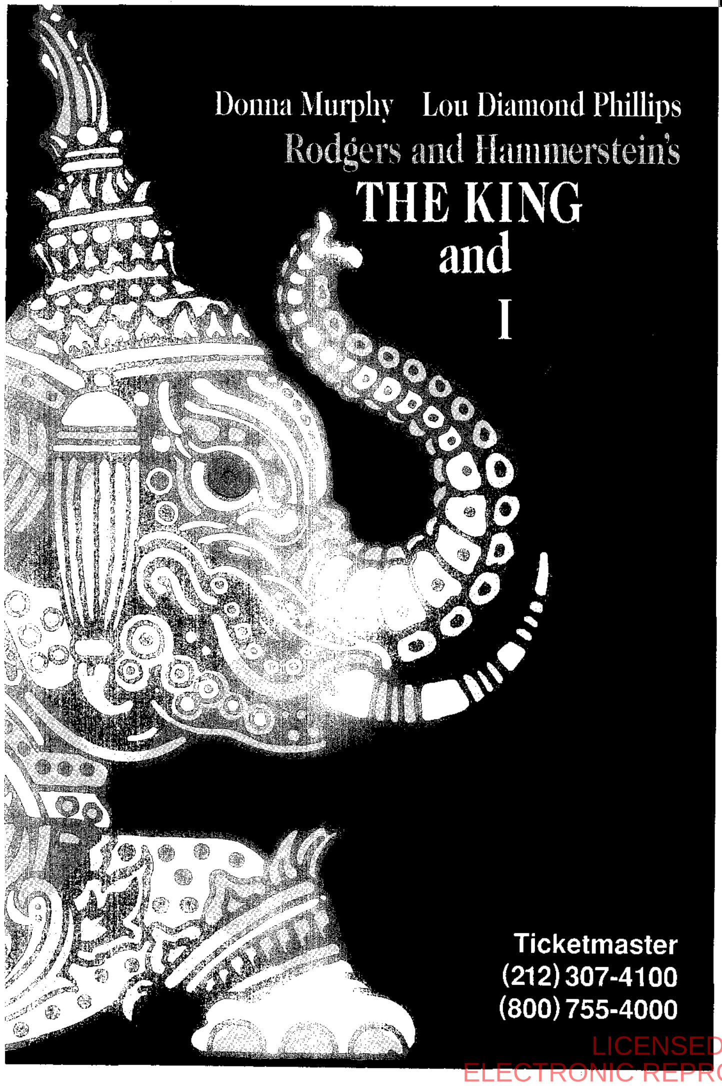
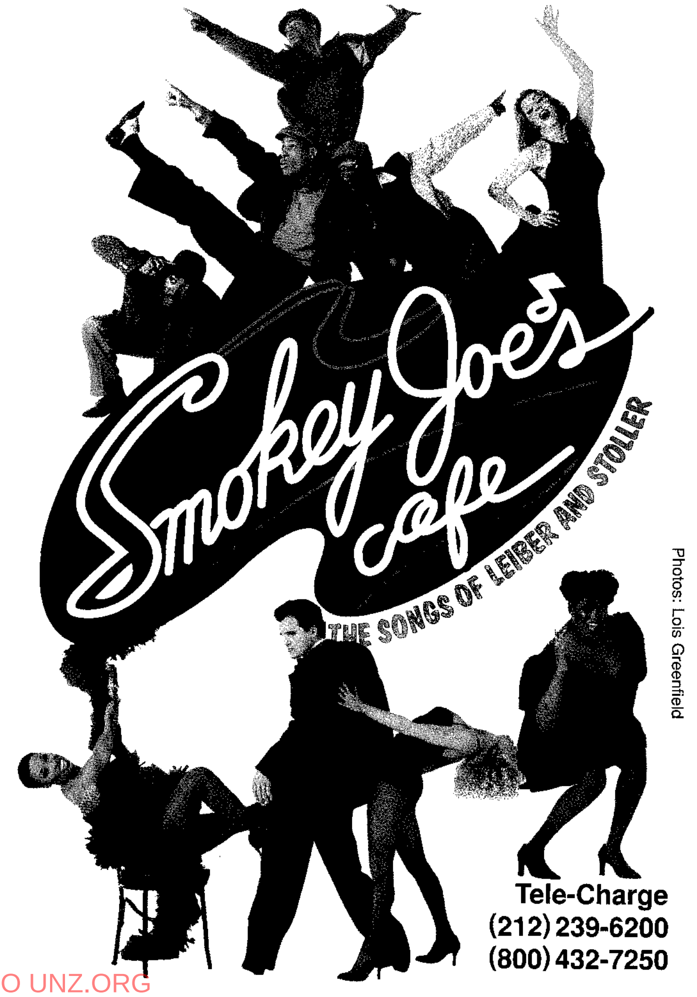

NATHAN LANE
IN
FORUM
Tele-Charge
(212) 239-6200
(800) 432-7250

illustration: Peter de Seve


MATTHEW BRODERICK
SARAH JESSICA PARKER
IN
HOW TO SUCCEED
IN BUSINESS!
Ticketmaster
(212) 307-4100
(800) 755-4000


Donna Murphy Lou Diamond Phillips
Rodgers and Hammerstein's
THE KING
and
I
Ticketmaster
(212) 307-4100
(800) 755-4000


Smokey Joe's cafe
THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER
Tele-Charge
(212) 239-6200
(800) 432-7250

Photos: Lois Greenfield

Waddell round out a terrific ensemble cast. Directed by Woodie King, Jr.; produced by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200. Closes May 12.)

Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Curtains—Stephen Bill's 1987 dark comedy about aging, directed by Scott Elliott. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes May 12.)

Janusz Glowacki's "Antigone in New York," at the Vineyard.

A Delicate Balance—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Edward Albee's unbalanced-family drama, first staged in 1966. With John Carter, George Grizzard, Rosemary Harris, Mary Beth Hurt, Elaine Stritch, and Elizabeth Wilson. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Do Something with Yourself: The Life of Charlotte Brontë—Playwright Linda Manning portrays the author of "Jane Eyre." (Miranda, 259 W. 30th St. 532-6719. Closes April 28.)

Don Juan Comes Back from the War—In the German playwright Ödön von Horváth's fascinating, if dated, 1936 revision, Don Juan (Chris McNally) is the last male on a planet that, decimated by the First World War, is otherwise populated with grim, appetitive women (of various shapes, sizes, and ages) on the verge of emancipation. The roving neocapitalist roué seduces and betrays them all without even trying; this time his destiny arrives in the form of a snowman. Ralph Manheim and Sean Allen's translation rolls colloquially from the mouths of McNally and ten fine actresses; Annie-B Parson and Paul Lazar's sensitive co-direction and Parson's stylized choreography illuminate the text in dramatically effective ways. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes May 4.)

A Fair Country—Jon Robin Baitz's neatly packaged but hollow new play, about an American diplomat in South Africa. (3/11/96) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Friends—An absurdist comedy by Kobo Abé, translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene, in a Pan Asian Repertory Theatre staging. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes May 11.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—The 1962 musical, starring Nathan Lane as the Roman slave Pseudolus. Directed by Jerry Zaks. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

I Do! I Do!—A revival of the 1964 musical by the folks who created "The Fantasticks," Tom Jones (no, not *that* Tom Jones) and Harvey Schmidt, which follows a couple through fifty years of wedded bliss, bumps, and blahs. The show is predictably, and more or less inoffensively, charming, and David Garrison and Karen Ziemba, as the initially and ultimately happy couple, are, you'll pardon the expression, engaging. The two-piano accompaniment is played by Valerie Gebert and Tim Stella (who is also the musical director). Will Mackenzie directed. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Inherit the Wind—Based on the Scopes "monkey trial" of 1925, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's 1955 play is undeniably melodramatic, but it's also a thoughtful, powerful explication of religious and political issues that we still haven't figured out. With George C. Scott and Charles Durning as the duelling attorneys, the air crackles even when they're not saying a word. Directed by John Tillinger. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes May 5.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directs. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Life Is a Dream—Calderón's 1635-36 drama is overburdened by speeches, but the Pearl Theatre Company solves the problem by emphasizing humor. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes May 5.)

Love Thy Neighbor—In his latest two-hour monologue, Jackie Mason prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect, and the house rocks with laughter. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Royal Shakespeare Company, after stops in San Francisco, Chicago, and Washington, D.C., is now offering New Yorkers its acclaimed production of the great comedy. Perhaps the road has taken its toll—what's on view here is no longer robust but is rather droll and unmagical. It goes down smoothly enough, but there isn't an afterglow. Still, it's an opportunity to see a host of good actors who usually work on the other side of the Atlantic, among them Alex Jennings, Lindsay Duncan, and Desmond Barrit. Directed by Adrian Noble, the R.S.C.'s artistic director. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's 1994 play owes much to an Oliver Sacks case study, but Friel didn't reimagine the material, and the play, which he directed, comes across as a staged reading of an essay. (1/29/96) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Night of the Iguana—Robert Falls's production does justice to Tennessee Williams's 1961 play about spiritual longings. In the central role of the feverish fallen minister, William Petersen gives you the feeling that there is something holy in him wrestling to get out. Cherry Jones has a quiet gravity that compels attention; Marsha Mason seems right at home as an earthy voluptuary. (4/8/96) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes May 19.)

Nixon's Nixon—Gerry Bamman as the President, on the eve of his resignation, and Steve Mellor as Kissinger are always engaging and sometimes masterful. Written by Russell Lees and directed by Jim Simpson. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 315-2244.)

No Exit—The Independent Theatre Company presents Sartre's 1945 existentialist drama. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes May 4.)

Rent—The rock opera has moved uptown to Broadway's Nederlander Theatre. (2/19/96) (208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)

Sabina—Willy Holtzman's ambitious, intelligent new drama, about Sabina Spielrein, Carl Jung, and Sigmund Freud, has been extended through April 27. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Seven Guitars—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Slow Drag—Vernel Bagneris, Ann Crumb, and Peggy Shaw in a new play by Carson Kreitzer, about a jazz musician on the last night of his life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes May 12.)

State Fair—This lively, colorful stage version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 movie musical is a pleasure, despite some weak perfomances in key roles. Co-directed by James Hammerstein (son of) and Randy Skinner, who also did the choreography. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sunset Salome—Norma Desmond (Michael McQuary) finally gets to stage "Salome." No new territory gets staked out here, but composer Max Kinberg's operatic score is suitably Ridiculesque, and the tiny stage teems with multitalented performers. Mainly, though, the enterprise serves as a showcase for Willa Kim's spectacular Orientalist costumes. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes April 28.)

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—A new one-woman show from Tovah Feldshuh, presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Valley Song—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's latest drama, about the effects of political change in his homeland, has returned to the Manhattan Theatre Club. With LisaGay Hamilton and Marius Weyers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Virgins and Other Myths—Colin Martin's one-man show—a sort of "This Gay Boy's Life." (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

AFTER-PLAY: Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **THE FOOD CHAIN:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **MRS. KLEIN:** Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **MOON OVER BUFFALO:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE**

MARCELLUS HALL

OMEGA

★

NEW *Constellation*
in 18K gold and steel.

ELLE MACPHERSON'S CHOICE

A stunning example of today's active woman, Elle Macpherson juggles a brilliant career as international super model, actress and business entrepreneur. Success naturally achieved thanks to her luminous personality, wholesome beauty and charismatic charm. Qualities she finds in her Omega every moment of her daily life. "Trust your judgement, trust Omega" - Elle Macpherson.

BORSHEIM'S®
America's Largest Independent Jewelry Store.

Wedding & Gift Registry–Corporate Gift Division
120 Regency Parkway, Omaha (402) 391-0400 (800) 642-GIFT

OPERA: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—*Opening performances* of the season. April 30 at 8: "Apollo," "Agon," and "Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)." . . . May 1 at 8: "Agon," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C." . . . May 2 at 8: "The Chairman Dances," "Dvořák Bagatelles," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . . May 3 at 8: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)." . . . ¶ May 4 at 2: "Apollo," "Agon," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . May 4 at 8: "Reliquary," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Who Cares?" . . . May 5 at 3: "The Chairman Dances," "Dvořák Bagatelles," "Reliquary," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . May 7 at 8: "Apollo," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 30.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of the season. April 29-30 and May 2 at 8, and May 1 at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." . . . ¶May 3-4 at 8: "How Near Heaven," "The Elements," and "Americans We." . . . ¶ May 4 at 2: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ May 6 at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ May 7 at 7: The spring gala. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 22.)

ODC/SAN FRANCISCO—*The transplanted Oberlin* Dance Company brings two programs to its East Coast engagement, one of them the full-length "Western Women," choreographed by company founder Brenda Way. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 23-26 at 8, April 27 at 2 and 8, and April 28 at 2.)

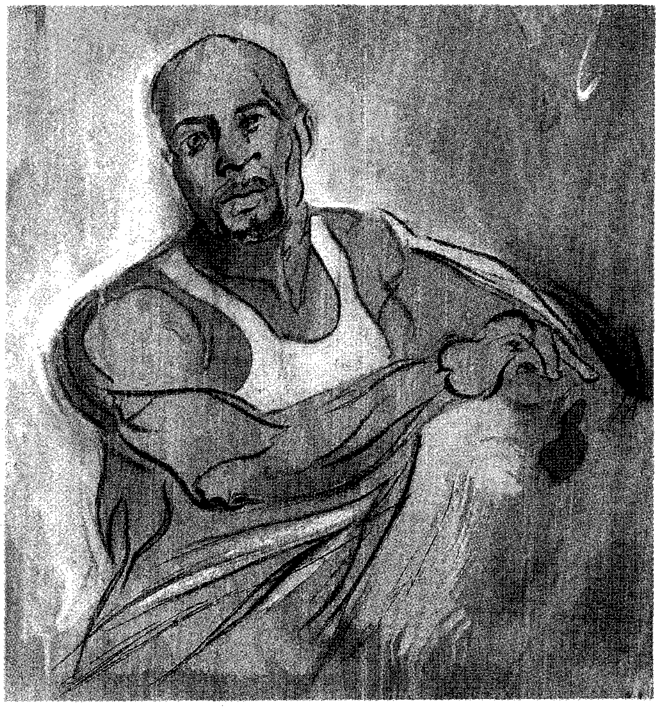
GARTH FAGAN DANCE—The thirteen-member troupe performs its founder's choreography from the seventies ("Oatka Trail," "From Before"), the eighties ("Prelude," "Passion Distance"), and the present (the première of "Mix 25"). (Joyce Theatre. April 30-May 4 and May 7 at 8, and May 5 at 2 and 7:30. Through May 12.)

CLARA ANDERMATT—The final engagement in the Portugal Project/Nova Dança Portugal '96 features two works. "Cio Azul" ("Blue Heat") is a quintet about passion—the titular heat is the sexual kind—for four dancers and an accordionist. "O Cansaço dos Santos" ("The Weariness of the Saints"), a duet, focusses on the close of a religious era: "That image of saints being perfect," choreographer Clara Andermatt says, "is like a big party that ended." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 25-27 at 8.)

"SABOTAGE"—The choreographer and improviser Clarinda Mac Low collaborates with dancers Husa Adams, Andrea Kleine, Karen Sherman, and Nami Yamamoto, in a full-length work about the varying degrees of sincerity in everyday communication. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave at 10th St. 674-8194. April 25-28 at 8:30.)

"FLESHPOT (OUR DAINTY LITTLE TRACKS)"—*Jennifer* Lacey appears with Benoît Lachambre and Daniele Albanese in an evening-length trio on the themes of a woman's strength and desire. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-5288. April 25-28 at 9.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM STUDIO—April 25-26 at 9 *and April 27-28 at 8: James Martin/Patricia* Beaman & Dancers and the Keith Michael Dance Group. (For reservations, call 924-0077.) . . . ¶ May 3 at 9 and May 4-5 at 8: The nine members of Jeanette Stoner & Dancers present "Into," "Beatrice, Tickle, Tulip, and Freddy," and the première of "Without a Set." (55 Bethune St. For reservations, call 226-1576.)



Dancer and choreographer Ron Brown, at Symphony Space.

DAVID TOMB

"FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE"—The Symphony Space *series concludes with choreographer* Ron Brown and his company, Evidence, trading sets with pianist Geri Allen and collaborating with her, for the final set, on the première of "To Harm the Dangerous." Just before the choreographer began the work, his mother, Alice Brown Wilson, died at the age of forty-five; the work *took him in a new* direction, toward a focus on the "quiet angels" or "quiet warriors"—Brown uses the terms interchangeably—of the African-American struggle. This simultaneous attraction to the ethereal and the militant is visible in his dancing as well: onstage he is coiled and self-contained, and his company—which includes such powerful dancers as Cynthia Oliver and Renee Redding-Jones—follows his example. "This work is kind of slow and thick and dense," Brown says. "It does not feel calm at all." (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 2 at 8.)

DANCE AT THE WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER—Ballet Hispanico brings its dancers downtown for a free lunchtime performance that includes "Café America," to the music of Ruben Blades, and "Si, Señor, ¡Es Mi Son!" (Battery Park City. April 24 at 12:15. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

Patrimony

BRANFORD MARSALIS, the saxophonist, is droll and charming, and he will talk about virtually anything except his brother Wynton, the trumpeter, with whom he has been known to disagree, and his old friend Jay Leno, the host of the "Tonight Show," where he no longer leads the band. What Branford really wants to talk about is his dad, the sixty-one-year-old pianist Ellis Marsalis; together they've just released "Loved Ones," a smoldering collection of piano-and-saxophone duets. According to the liner notes (by another brother, Delfeayo Marsalis), "Loved Ones" was inspired by "the romantic effect of ladies upon American songwriting," but to hear Branford tell it, the two men have very different approaches. "I don't see music the way my father does," he said recently in the recording studio where he's at work on a new record with Buckshot LeFonque, his acid-jazz group. "My father thinks it's *impossible to* play a ballad unless you understand the words. I think jazz is about exploration. I'm not thinking about Jerome Kern when I play 'Yesterdays.'" Judging from the sound of "Loved Ones," the two have found a way to overcome their differences. On April 26, the father-and-son team plays Town Hall, and Branford is looking forward to it: "My father's a great musician," he says. "If he was some hack, I wouldn't be doing this."

CONCERTS

SONIC YOUTH—A curious thing happened on last summer's Lollapalooza tour: whenever the headlining granddaddies of alternative rock plugged in, half the crowd bolted. But the truth of the matter is that, with nary a single and little in the way of hooks or power chords, Sonic Youth consistently blew away the competition. The pioneering New York art-rock quartet has spent the past decade and a half sculpting, perfecting, and fine-tuning a majestic, shimmering wall of guitar noise. Recorded in Memphis, the band's twelfth album, "Washing Machine," is far more atmospheric and abstract than their last few releases; it veers from corrosive and explosive to beautiful and damaged, sometimes all in the same song. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. April 26 at 7:30.)

ANI DIFRANCO—This twenty-four-year-old Buffalo native has her own record label, called Righteous Babe—a fitting title for a whip-smart acoustic terrorist who strums with the ferocity of Fugazi and the grace of Joni Mitchell. She's put out seven records since she was eighteen, accruing a massive grass-roots following along the way. The songs on her new album, "Dilate," are packed with an edgy, world-weary beauty; they're unsettling *and* soothing. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 26 at 8.)

BRANFORD AND ELLIS MARSALIS—See above. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd. 840-2824. April 26 at 8.)

"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO RAGTIME?"—Pianist Dick Hyman, a musical archivist who reveres Scott Joplin and his syncopated ilk, answers the question. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. April 27 at 8.)

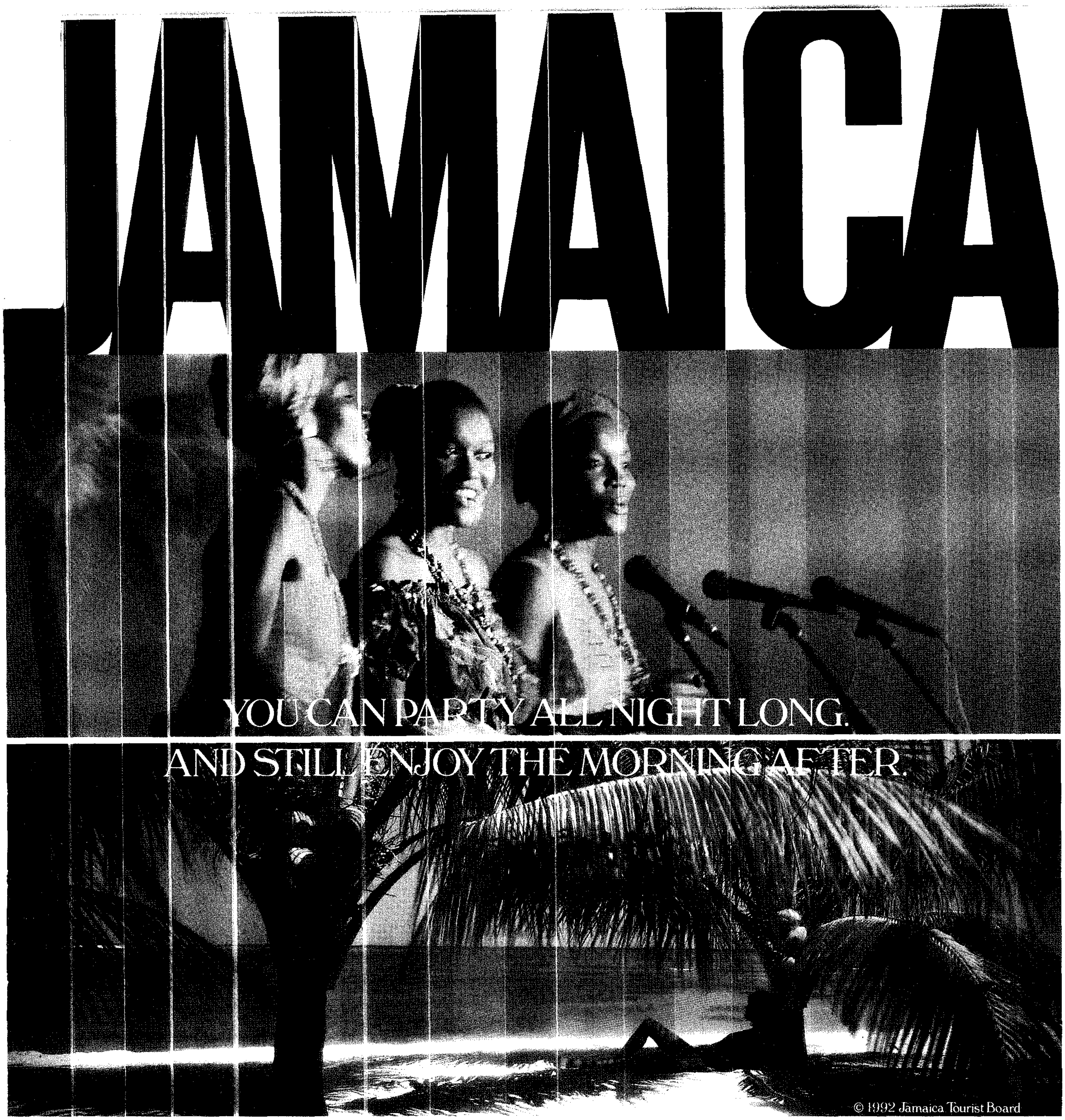
PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—*Its members may* come and go, but the band can still rattle the rafters with the musical pleasures of the Vieux Carré. The hall is bigger this time around; this scrappy ensemble has a sound that could fill a football stadium. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 1 at 8.)

LAVENDER LIGHT—*The* lesbian-and-gay gospel choir. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. May 4 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—April 26-27: **JAMES COTTON**. There


JAMAICA
YOU CAN PARTY ALL NIGHT LONG.
AND STILL ENJOY THE MORNING AFTER.
© 1992 Jamaica Tourist Board

We started with Reggae. Club hopped to Calypso. Then switched to Soca music.

It was new to me. But that's Jamaica. Different kinds of music are all a part of it.

It was almost morning when we finally headed for our hotel. And I had the most difficult decision of my vacation. To bed? Or to beach?

FOR A FREE JAMAICA VACATION KIT,
mail the coupon or call **1-800-JAMAICA.**
Jamaica Tourist Board, P.O. Box 9032,
East Setauket, NY 11733-9032

Name
Street Address
City State Zip

COME TO JAMAICA AND FEEL ALL RIGHT.
See your Travel Agent.

are only a handful of world-class blues harmonica players, and Cotton is one of them. Tutored as a teen-ager by the legendary Sonny Boy Williamson II, he made his first recording for Sam Phillips' Sun Records in 1953, as a member of Howlin' Wolf's band, and spent more than a decade as Muddy Waters' harp player during the golden age of Chicago blues. After all these years, he still has his chops.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—April 26: **black grape.** When the Happy Mondays fell apart in 1993, you could only wonder whether their excessive life styles had driven them to an untimely end. Now idiot-savant singer Shaun Ryder and his best friend, Bez, a slack-jawed "vibemaster" of no discernible talent, have bounced back with Black Grape. The group's début album, "It's Great When You're Straight . . . Yeah," pilfers liberally from the best rock, pop, funk, and hip-hop styles. This show has drummed up a lot of anticipation: last November, due to their collective bad reputation, the Manchester lads were denied entry visas for their maiden American tour. April 27: **ruby.** As front woman for the British punk band Silverfish, Lesley Rankine was responsible for such delicately crafted tunes as "Die" and "Total Fucking Asshole." Two years later, this blue-haired Scot replaced her screaming with singing and reinvented herself as the modish, smoky-voiced Ruby. The new persona would seem contrived if "Salt Peter," her début album, weren't so good. With collaborator Mark (Pigface) Walk, she's assembled a bracing trip-hop collection that fairly shouts "Move over, Björk!"

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—April 27: **the health and happiness show.** This sprightly band, led by ex-Bongo James Mastro, called its 1993 début "Tonic," and its blend of country, folk, and rock is just that.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—April 25: **los lobos.** It's discouraging to consider that, simply because they did the music for the movie "La Bamba," these East L.A. musicians have been unable to shake the Latino-rock albatross that's been hung around their necks by people who couldn't tell the difference between Ritchie Valens and Chris Montez. No wonder they've taken shelter lately in unpredictable projects like the children's album "Papa's Dream" and an experimental spinoff group, the Latin Playboys. Their new album, "Colossal Head," isn't as moving as "Kiko" (1992), but it still manages to blend West Coast funk, New Orleans R. & B., Chicago blues, and norteña folk into a pungent pancultural stew. April 29: the **auteurs.**

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—**van morrison** appears on April 28-30; and again on May 1. He's followed by yet another rock god, **pete townshend,** who entertains May 3-4.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—April 25: **g. love & special sauce,** a dynamite trio from Philadelphia, who play amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other low-down pleasures. Vocalist G. Love has molded a distinctive combination of chicken-shack hip-hop grooves and bluesy guitar riffs in a rap market crowded with busy, overproduced gangsta records. April 27: Ska with the **skatalites.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**wavy gravy,** that wacky Summer of Love oddity, plays on April 27.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—A West Coast sensation, vocalist **weslia whitfield** has the poise, the diction, and the taste of a budding Mabel Mercer. Her program ranges over the standards, which she imbues with delicate swing and knowing wit. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—What **taylor's wailers** (April 26-27) will be like without the late Arthur Taylor's fiery drumming, iron discipline, and indomitable spirit is anyone's guess, but if some of the group's gifted alumni show up, it'll be worth the visit. Dining.

TABLES FOR TWO

Island Spice, 402 W. 44th St. (765-1737)—When Marva Layne left Jamaica for the States twenty-six years ago, Afro-Caribbean food was about as familiar to most New Yorkers as pickled jellyfish. These days, your corner pizza parlor sells Jamaican beef patties, and the annual West Indian American Carnival in Brooklyn brings the wonders of curried goat to more than a million people. If by now you've attained an elementary acquaintance with the cuisine of the West Indies, then Layne's Island Spice is the place to go for advanced studies.

Just because the restaurant happens to be in Hell's Kitchen doesn't mean you can't pretend you're dining on the shore in Negril: it's finished in Caribbean green and outfitted with a lazy ceiling fan and a small bar decorated with bananas, coconuts, and potted palms. As at most West Indian restaurants, the jerk dishes—meat mixed with a brownish treacle made from allspice, thyme, scallions, cinnamon, onions, Scotch Bonnet peppers, and (depending on the chef) several ingredients that must never be revealed—are the obvious choice. The version here, made with lean boneless pork or fat hunks of chicken, has a slow-burning fire that sneaks up on you like a sunburn on a hazy day.

Most of the entrées—calypso shrimp, salt-fish cook-up, the aforementioned curried goat—come with a side of red beans and rice. The expatriate crowd prefers the bland Jamaican staple made from boiled yams, dumplings, and bananas which is known simply as "food." (It's boiled, according to Layne, "because a lot of people didn't have ovens.") Don't leave without tasting Mom's Bread Pudding, which is smothered in an aphrodisiacal rum-raisin sauce. And it's all good for you, too: a note at the bottom of the menu assures you, "We are watching your cholesterol." (Open Mondays through Saturdays for lunch and dinner. Entrées $8-$16.)

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through April 28: the **harry (sweets) edison all stars** and the **clark terry** quintet. A treat like the coming together of trumpeters Edison and Terry shouldn't be taken lightly. These hornmen have found diametrically opposed ways of expressing pure swing. Edison, a star of the classic Count Basie band, uses as few notes as possible to achieve a subtle nexus of tonal inflection and infectious rhythm. He's taken his former boss's pruning system to new extremes: what he could say in two notes he says in one, what he could say in one he says with a blurt. Terry is a motormouth: splaying torrents on his trumpet or flugelhorn or just letting loose a wash of gibberish, he's ready to tell the world everything he's learned in a lifetime. Edison is terse and cagey, Terry garrulous and open. They're both incomparable. April 30-May 5: The **j. j. johnson** quintet and the **johnny griffin** quartet. The bebop bill of the year brings two giants under one soon-to-be-elevated roof. Trombonist Johnson is no longer the Olympic sprinter who once translated Charlie Parker for his unwieldy instrument—the great technician has become a warm player. He takes his time these days, his phrases clipped and stripped of fat, his notes awash in a soothing tonal broth. Tenor saxophonist Griffin has also cultivated a mature, enveloping sound, but don't let down your guard: the man still goes for the jugular. Pity the young-pup rhythm section: on fast tempos (make that very fast tempos) Griffin is a smoker, his bop lines barrelling like the bus in "Speed." Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—April 29: The **jacky terrasson** trio. The pianist of the moment is a defiant individualist in the manner of, say, Keith Jarrett circa 1973. He plays the way he wants to play—tempos, dynamics, arrangements are just so much wax to be bent, shaped, and messed with. A Terrasson set is flexible; it all depends on his mood. The spontaneity may be admirable and exciting, but why does it all sound so mannered? Taking his worst cues from Jarrett and Ahmad Jamal, Terrasson relies on a jumble of self-conscious jabs and ploys; his abundant rhythmic gifts, technique, and enthusiasm stir up a stageful of smoke, but by the end of the set it's clear that there's been some fire damage, too.

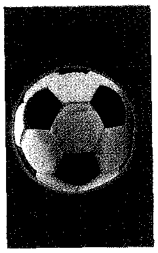
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Through May 4: a trio with Peter Leitch, John Hicks, and Ray Drummond.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**barbara cook** is in command of this urbane dinner-and-music room through April 27, backed up by her longtime pianist and arranger Wally Harper. Her voice remains almost defiantly that of the nineteen-fifties Broadway ingénue, and her material is as winning as a fresh corsage. The unflappable **bobby short** takes over on April 30. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, the suave and sybaritic pianist **peter mintun** is in attendance.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through April 28: Pianist **cyrus chestnut** is equal parts Art Tatum and Count Basie—a maniacal, two-handed speed demon who can turn around and deliver the goods with a single note. Straddling the line between prolixity and economy has been the chief fascination of his brief career. Like his celebrated peer Jacky Terrasson (see the Bottom Line), Chestnut is a bit of a showoff: he can do any- and everything on his instrument—but who asked him to? When he relaxes, and his bluesy phrases flow like a woodland stream, he's untouchable. April 30-May 5: **hank jones** combines exquisite taste and a relentless imagination, both of which continue to surprise after fifty years. His 1995 release, "Upon Reflection"—a tribute to his composer brother, Thad—is graceful and gripping.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—April 24-27: **joanne brackeen** and **cecil mc bee.** Tapping into the contemporary wellspring created by Tyner, Hancock, and Evans, Brackeen has fashioned an engaging personal sound at the piano. Everything she touches, from American songbook standards and Bra-

Fidelity Investments®



When he was in diapers
I wanted a decent job.
Now he wears soccer cleats
while I run a department,
balance a budget
and travel twice a week.
I wanted to watch him grow up.
But he didn't wait.

Of course
I'll find time

to think about our investments.
As soon as I find time to think.

All the mone[illegible]rld ca[illegible]day last 25 hours. It's why you work with an investment advisor. And [illegible]ated Fidelity Advisor Funds. They're designed to give you access to Fidelity funds through [illegible]er, banker, planner or other qualified investment professional. [illegible] benefit from the research of over 300 Fidelity analysts and [illegible] as well as the insight and experience of your own advisor. A[illegible]rs about Fidelity Advisor Funds. To be put in touch with an investment professional near you, call **1-800-348-5335.**

FIDELITY
ADVISOR
FUNDS™

Fidelity
through your
investment
professional.
It's time.

For more information, including charges and expenses, write for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

Not FDIC insured. No bank guarantee. May lose value.

Fidelity Investments Institutional Services Company, Inc., 82 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA 02109

2i 9201

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last, the epic sequel to James Hilton's masterpiece, *Lost Horizon*

SHANGRI-LA

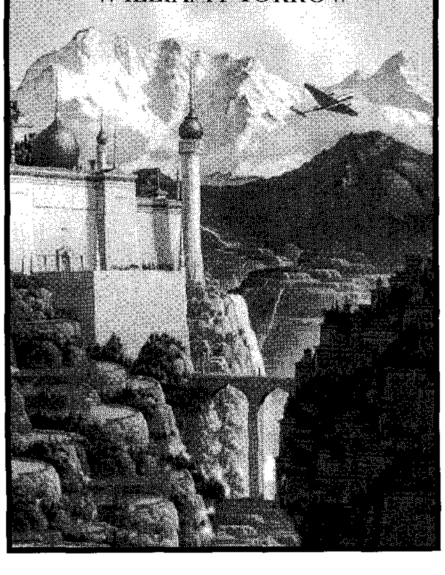
The Return to the World of *Lost Horizon*

Eleanor Cooney and Daniel Altieri

Did Hugh Conway, who came out of his amnesia and jumped ship in *Lost Horizon*, ever find his way back to Shangri-La? In this inspiring sequel to James Hilton's classic tale, Conway's adventure continues as he fights to preserve an earthly paradise in a deeply troubled and divided world.

At Bookstores Now

WILLIAM MORROW



zilian melodies to her own modernist pieces, is stamped with jazz authority. Like an old married couple, Brackeen and McBee, on bass, seem to read each other's minds, completing each other's musical sentences.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—April 25: DAVID KRAKAUER AND REFUSENIKS. The virtuoso clarinettist Krakauer can play it straight or play it twisted; either way, his exceptional command and his clever klezmer subversion are worth checking out.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—At the start of his career, in the postwar forties and fifties, VIC DAMONE (through April 27) embodied the placid opulence of the era: he was polite and handsome, and his voice was as smooth and lustrous as silk taffeta (and just as stiff). He had a little success in Hollywood and a bit more on vinyl, but above all it's the years of supper clubs and casinos that have given him the distinctive ease that the Bill Murrays and Harry Connicks of the world can only parody or covet. He doesn't swing, but his phrasing is conversational, as are his wonderful stories about growing up in Bensonhurst—and the voice itself is still something to marvel at. ANTHONY NEWLEY has the stage from April 30. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

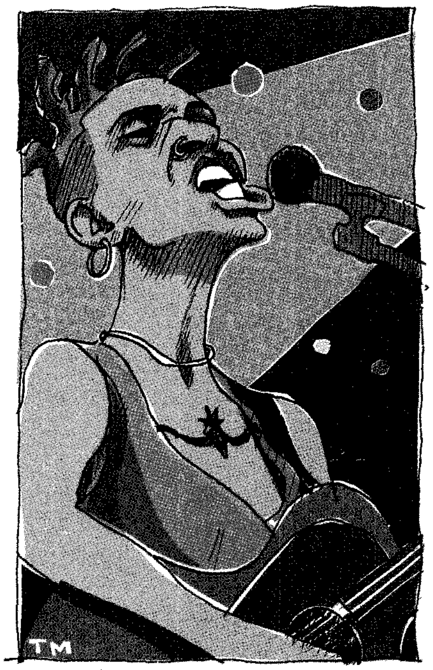
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The accomplished soprano saxophonist JANE IRA BLOOM (through April 28) too often has her head in the clouds; wispiness can alternate with electronically enhanced sonic blotches to cancel out the logic and lyricism of her best work. Lately, though, she's been surrounding herself with vigorous players who have helped her balance her cerebral tendencies with some grit. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Vocalist Judy Argo is in the Chestnut Room through April 28.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through April 28: the LOU DONALDSON quintet. With one foot in well-turned bop soil and the other in R. & B. territory, Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a first-edition member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing—both as a bop soloist and as a comic—has never been better. April 30-May 5: The JIMMY HEATH quintet. The saxophonist and composer is also one of the great unsung bandleaders: his ensembles showcase his melodic writing, his ear for tonal color, and his innate understanding of the way horns, brass, and rhythm can sing together. The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—April 24-27: The Kevin Hays quartet. May 1-4: The DAVID LIEBMAN group. While most sax players double on the soprano, Liebman devotes his full attention to that horn, and reveals new depths of passion and lyricism. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—April 29-May 4: Guitar and piano with Jack Wilkins and Kenny Drew, Jr. Dining.



Ani DiFranco, at the Beacon Theatre.

TERRY McELROY

ART

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Splendors of Imperial China." The most magnificent exhibition of the season—a superbly mounted selection of more than four hundred objects from the National Palace Museum, in Taipei—amounts to a fairly complete synopsis of Chinese art in all mediums. The objects range from Neolithic jade disks to decadent, Western-influenced paintings from the reign (1736-95) of the Ch'ien-lung emperor, whose personal collection forms the basis of the Palace Museum's holdings. The level of connoisseurship is unsurpassed. A porcelain bowl, vase, and dish from the Sung dynasty, all three in robin's-egg blue, approach perfection. Most impressive of all are the nearly life-size imperial portraits, which are rendered with a razor-sharp clarity. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Among the designers represented at the Costume Institute in "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity," a history of concealment and exposure in fashion from the eighteenth century on, are Madame Grès, Halston, Gianni Versace, Rudi Gernreich, and Mary Quant. . . . ¶ "Fabergé in America." Fifteen of the forty-four extant imperial Easter eggs are on view in this exhibit of works from American collections, along with more than four hundred baskets, vases, table clocks, cigarette boxes, and other delights. Through April 28. . . . ¶ "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York" includes everything from recorders to steel drums to a theremin. Through July 28. . . . ¶ "Modern Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." . . . ¶ Sixteenth- to eighteenth-century paintings, textiles, and metalwork from the Deccan, the plateau region of south-central India, are on display in "Art of the Deccani Sultans." . . . ¶ "Enamels of Limoges," a slew of precious objects—medallions, reliquaries, portable altars, and such—dating from the twelfth century through the fourteenth, from the French town's abbey workshops. Through June 16. . . . ¶ "Genoa: Drawings and Prints, 1530-1800." Through July 7. . . . ¶ Lesser-known and experimental color prints by artists employed by the W.P.A. Through May 26. . . . ¶ "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875-1925." . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden opens May 1 (weather permiting), with its sculptures by Rodin, Lachaise, Lipchitz, Caro, Smith (David), and Smith (Tony). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. Starts April 28. . . . ¶ A large retrospective of black-and-white photographs from the late forties to the present by Roy DeCarava. Among the subjects are jazz musicians, street and subway life, and urban civil-rights protests. Through May 7. . . . ¶ "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma." Strikingly candid black-and-white pictures of African-American parishioners deep in prayer in Brooklyn churches. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Three video works by Hirsch Perlman, with photographs and text, are in the "Projects" space. Through May 21. . . . ¶ A recently acquired dark-blue example of the 1963 Jaguar E-type is on view. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." Through May 1 in its entirety; several sections will remain on view through May 12. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of a hundred assemblages, constructed from scavenged street and flea-market materials, by Edward Kienholz (1927-94) and Nancy Reddin Kienholz. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century painting and sculpture, both well-known and obscure, from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Large-format black-and-white and color photographs documenting a hundred endangered North American plants and animals. . . . ¶ "Amber: Window to the Past." (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large number of paintings, sculptures, costumes, and religious objects from the viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru are on view in "Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Through July 14. . . . ¶ Seventy paintings by the American Thomas Wilmer Dewing (1851-1938), whose atmospheric landscapes and genre scenes of ladies in drawing rooms exhibit a distinctive treatment of space. Through June 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Marc Chagall, 1907-1917." A selection of oils, gouaches, and drawings from the painter's early years in Vitebsk, St. Petersburg, and Paris. . . . ¶ Obsessive, confrontational, and humorous attitudes in contemporary art are the focus of a show called "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." Among the artists involved are Deborah Kass, Neil Goldberg, Elaine Reichek, Art Spiegelman, and Hannah Wilke. Through July 14. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York" features more than four hundred paintings, prints, photographs, costumes, and other objects, from the museum's collection and on loan from many other institutions. . . . ¶ "The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Eighty-three covers and drawings, most of them from the artist's personal collection, which he donated to the museum in 1967. Through May 5. . . . ¶ "Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Visitors to "The Global Library—http://www.nypl.org" can step up to one of fourteen computer stations and embark on a guided tour of the World Wide Web. (Or, if you prefer, you can visit the exhibit's Web site from home.) Also on display are a host of nonvirtual objects, such as Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Chinese woodblock prints, a Gutenberg Bible, and the 1727 "New England Primer." (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Explorations in the City of Light" presents paintings and sculptures by seven African-American artists who lived in Paris between 1945 and 1965: Edward Clark, Barbara Chase-Riboud, Harold Cousins, Beauford Delaney, Herbert Gentry, Lois Mailou Jones, and Larry Potter. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "The Listening Sky," a display of works in the museum's new sculpture garden. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Sue Coe—If there's no passion left in most art these days, maybe it's because this British-born black hole of anger has sucked it all up. Coe grew up a block from a hog slaughterhouse, and she loathes the meat industry with a corrosive, honorable hatred that keeps her paintings at a permanently white-hot pitch. Her themes go further afield; practically every known form of degradation shows up in her grim, paranoid paintings, with titles such as "Heroin Addict Kneeling by Urinal" and "Nellie the Elephant Says Goodbye to the Circus and Is Shot 87 Times." Coe can let her self-righteous indignation get the better of her, but often the more excessively she overtops herself, the better the work. Through May 24. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—The sculptures of antiquity inspired the artists of the Renaissance; now a modern master offers his take on these touchstones of the Western tradition in "Some Greeks, Some Romans," a suite of a hundred and fifty drawings. Ranging from

The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles presents its seventh biennial

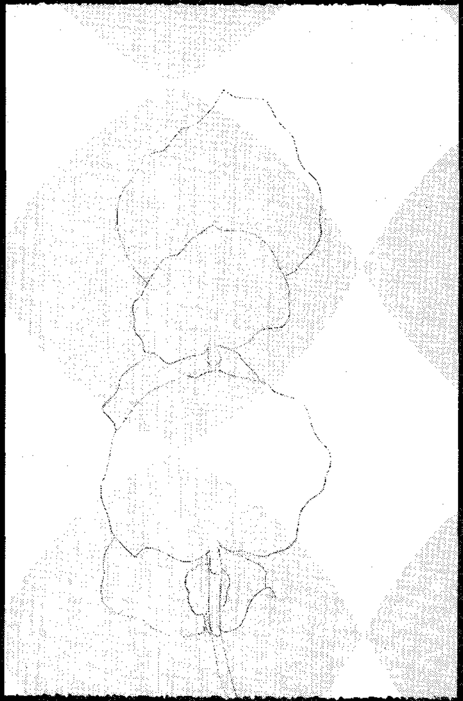
& Gala Dinner

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON. RUE MOUFFETARD, 1954. 11" X 14"

Auctioneer
Christopher Burge
Christie's Inc.

Call 213/621-1703
to request an invitation.

MOCA



ELLSWORTH KELLY. BEACH PLANT, 1984. 28 ½" X 22 ½"

"MOCA Art Auction '96" is sponsored in part by Ian Schrager Hotels.
Additional support has been provided by BVLGARI, Beverly Hills

straightforward charcoal or pencil studies to heavily built-up Expressionistic drawings in pastels, chalk, and crayon, Dine's draftsmanly tour de force demonstrates a profoundly humanistic sensibility and considerable technical virtuosity. Through April 27. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

Al Held / Milton Avery (1893-1965)—The geometric forms in these charcoal-and-graphite drawings seem to have erupted from a computer paintbrush program gone haywire, but their highly finished, richly textured surfaces give them a Piranesi-like heroism. Through May 11. / Modest monochrome oils on paper and major works on canvas from the man who made you love beige. A rare interior, "Pool Player" (1960)—boldly composed in uninflected planes of pure color—is a surprising anticipation of Pop art. Through April 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.... ¶ A show of Avery's prints and drawings is at Long, 24 W. 57th St., through April 27.)

Joan Mitchell (1926-92)—Fifteen paintings from the mid-fifties, when the artist was in the process of refining one of the most rapturous and distinctive idioms in the Abstract Expressionist movement. Three square canvases in the main gallery bring rhythm and melody into exquisite balance: boldly flowing strokes in Mitchell's signature shades of rose and lilac, slashed through with searing red and cobalt blue. A major show. Through May 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clifford Odets (1906-63)—"In Hell + Why," a group of rarely viewed paintings on paper, made during the playwright's bouts of insomnia and procrastination. Through June 8. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—"Xenology: Immigrant Instruments" features two works designed by the artist, along with earlier versions and documentation of their use. "Alien Staff" is a walking stick topped with a small video monitor; "Porte-Parole" is a strap-on TV mouthpiece that replaces the act of speech with a videotaped version. Through April 27. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**will barnet,** Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. Through April 27.... **katherine bowling,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 4.... **warren brandt** and **susan shatter,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 4.... **willem de kooning,** C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. Through June 1.... **katharina fritsch,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through June 8.... **gregory gillespie,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 7), and Kind, 136 Greene St. (through May 31).... **nancy graves,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through May 24.... **james hyde,** Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 4.... **alex katz** and **patrick mimran,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through May 11.... **ellen k. levy,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. Through April 27.... **agnes martin,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 27.... **lika mutal,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through May 31.... **john newman,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through May 18.... **joan snyder,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. Through May 11.... **william tucker,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 25.... **tom wesselmann,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through May 4.... **sandy winters** and **jack beal,** Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 3.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Dan Flavin—Twelve sculptures using fluorescent-light tubes to unsurprisingly spectacular effect. The familiarity and ubiquity of Flavin's work notwithstanding, he never grows tiresome. Through April 27. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

Gregory Green—"For Information Purposes Only," an installation of homemade bombs—book bombs, pipe bombs, suitcase bombs, napalm. In each case, one crucial element is missing; the artist provides instructions for completion. (Really.) Through April 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

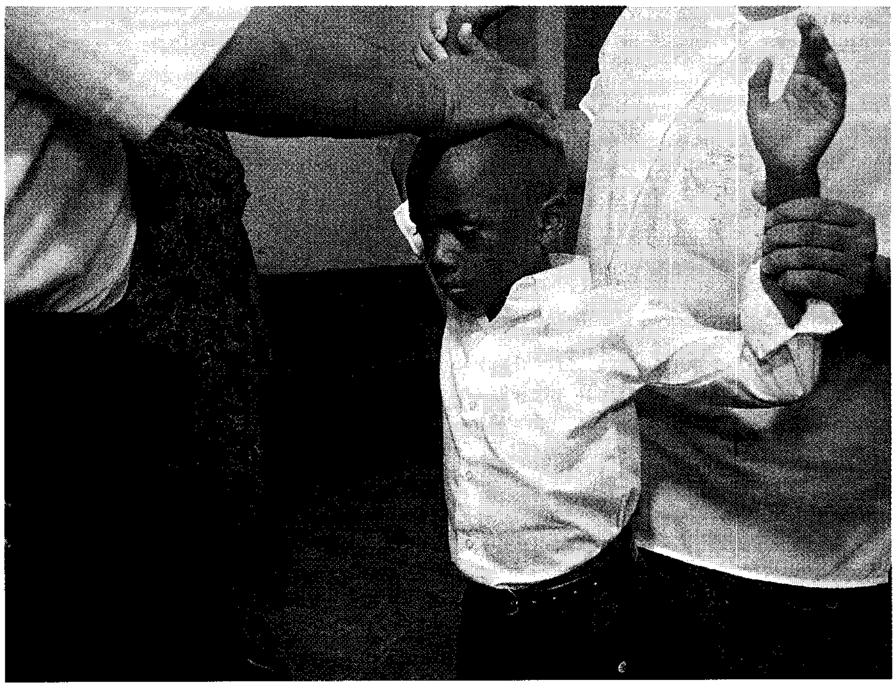
Suzanne McClelland—How to make a sensitive abstract painting: take a medium-to-large canvas; confine yourself to a muddy gray-ochre palette; alternate diaphanous washes with raw clots of gesso or opaque paint; scribble on nervous letters and other semilegible markings à la Twombly. Maybe not. Through May 11. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

Jack Pierson—Large-scale photographs of flowers printed on canvas, and an installation that serves as the artist's temporary studio. Pierson isn't afraid of admitting to a fondness for treacle, but ravishing color and a graininess verging on decomposition give these pictures, which might otherwise seem corny and conventional, an electric charge. The installation, replete with tacked-up photos, art works by Pierson and others, memorabilia, and decrepit furnishings, provides the show's conceptual edge: the artist's personality remains the overarching theme. Through May 4. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Walter Robinson—Spin paintings. A decade ago, the artist started using carnival means to make these high-art hybrids of Abstract Expressionism, color-field painting, and Op art; though his gesture had an unmistakably Dadaist edge, the pictures are often surprisingly beautiful. Through April 27. (Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Rob Wynne—"Sleepwalking," an ambitious installation of mixed-medium pieces employing patterned wallpapers, photographs, and computer-generated embroideries. The exalted and punishing emotions of grand opera provide one leitmotiv: "Oh! I never thought that you would die so soon" couples an effulgent Maria Callas in Bellini's "La Sonnambula" with a line from the libretto which also served as the composer's epitaph. The artist ranges over a wide field of reference without ever losing his sense of focus, and he invokes grand themes—the transience of beauty, the transformative powers of aesthetic experience—with considerable aplomb. Through May 11. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Short List—**matthew abbott,** Boesky and Callery, 51 Greene St. Through April 27.... **david baker,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. Through May 18.... **will berry,** Arstark, 568 Broadway. Open Sundays, 2 to 6; through May 11.... **mary ellen carroll,** Tz'art, 28 Wooster St. Through May 11.... **arturo elizondo,** Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 12.... **hamish fulton,** Weber, 142 Greene St. Through May 18.... **fabrice hybert,** Tilton, 49 Greene St. Through May 18.... **martin kline,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery. Through May 18.... **pepon osorio,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Starts April 25.... **tony oursler,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Through May 25.... **jorge pardo,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. Through May 18.... **dan peterman,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. Through May 18.... **james rosenquist,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through May 18.... **patricia smith,** Black + Herron, 79 Grand St. Through May 4.... **robert wilson,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through April 27.



A photograph from Thomas Roma's series "Come Sunday," at MOMA.

OTHER VENUES

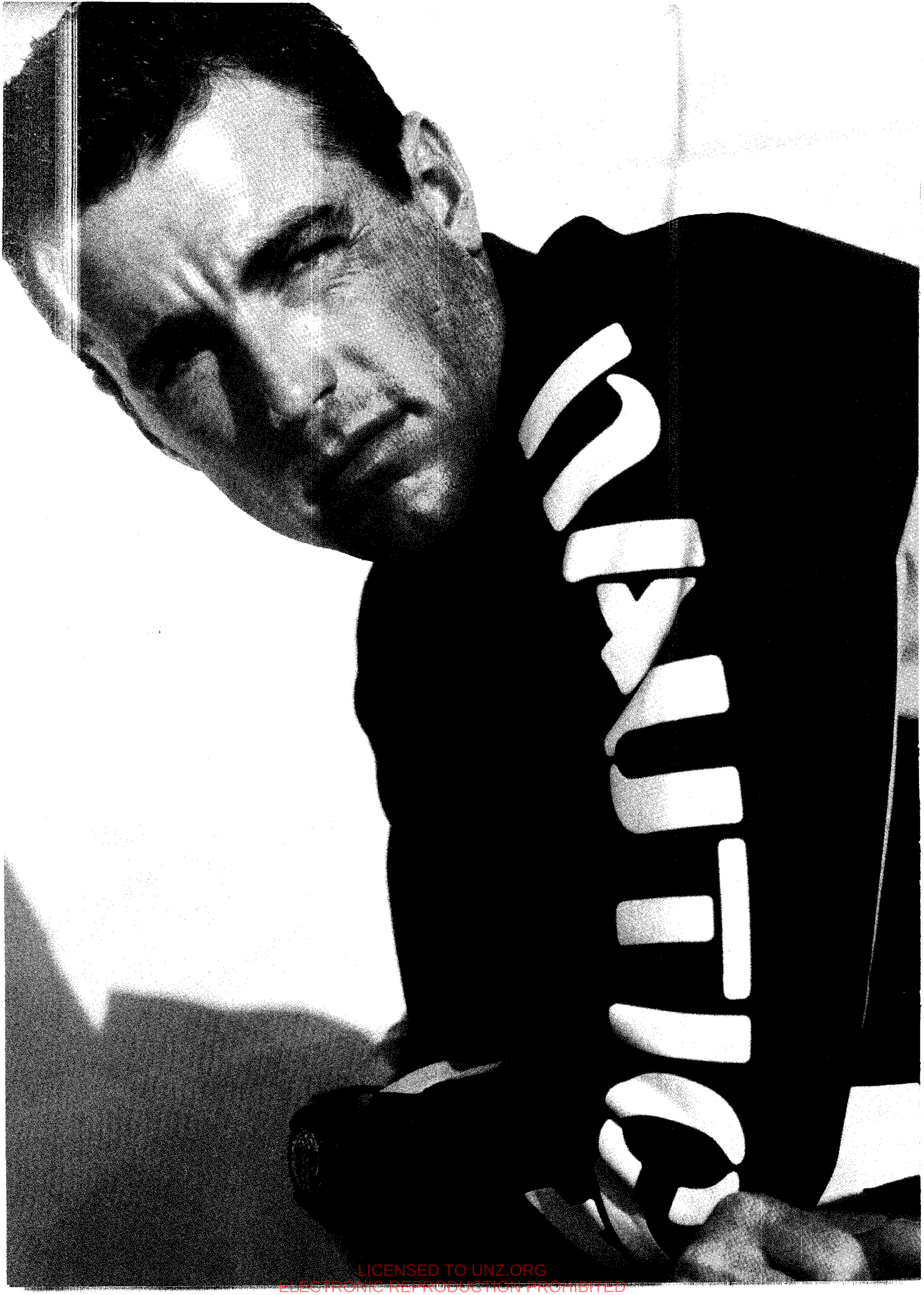
"The Avant-Garde Letterhead"—Numerous examples of writing paper, envelopes, postcards, and other scrivened ephemera by such artists and designers as Tristan Tzara, Kurt Schwitters, Herbert Bayer, and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. Organized by the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum. Through May 8. (American Institute of Graphic Arts, 164 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—May 1-2: Impressionist and modern paintings, including a large, richly detailed Parisian streetscape by Vuillard and oils by Bonnard, Picasso, Modigliani, and Dubuffet. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—April 24: Japanese art.... ¶ April 29-30: Two days of print sales.... ¶ April 30-May 1: Two days of auctions of Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. The April 30 sale includes works by Degas, Gris, and Miró from the Joseph H. Hazen collection and an important Gauguin ("Nature Morte à 'l'Espérance' ") from the estate of Joanne Toor Cummings; the afternoon of May 1 will include the collection of Eugene A. Solow, who helped found Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art.... ¶ May 7-8: Contemporary art, including (on May 7) de Kooning's "Mailbox" (1948) and Pollock's "Some-

nau ca


NAUTICA

PRINTED ON RECYCLED STOCK

NAUTICA
SUMMER SPORTS
H_2O
nautica
NEW YORK · NEWPORT BEACH · ATHENS [illegible]

©1996 NAUTICA INTERNATIONAL, INC.

thing of the Past" (1946). (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

Swann's—Six hundred lots of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photography. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. April 24.)

Domestic Abuse Awareness Project—A benefit auction of contemporary photography. (The Madison, 29 E. 32nd St. April 25. For information, call 353-1755.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—A hundred dealers offer a bit of everything. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. May 1-5. Tickets at the door.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ferenc Berko—Pictures from the thirties and forties, including several innovative nudes, light-handed photojournalistic images made in European capitals and in India, semi-abstract views of Chicago, and pioneering color work from 1947 to 1949. Through May 4. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

William Klein—An exhibit of previously unpublished pictures from "New York 1954.55," a reëdited and redesigned version of the photographer's 1956 book, "Life Is Good and Good for You in New York." Through May 11. (Greenberg and Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

Irving Penn—Portraits and still-lifes from throughout the artist's career, including twenty-three silver, platinum, and Cibachrome prints not shown before and recent experimental works. Through May 11. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Portraits of the artist's wife, Rebecca Salsbury, taken and printed between 1920 and 1932. Through May 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947-1954." Still-lifes of eggs and bread and of glasses of water and beer, nudes, Prague castles and gardens, all of them contact prints made with charcoal, carbon, and carbro processes. Through July 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Horst: A Retrospective." Elegant, meticulous fashion photography is his hallmark, but this comprehensive survey also includes portraits (Dietrich, Cocteau, Chanel), society interiors, abstract studies, and nudes. Through June 2. (A complementary show of works by Horst is at Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway, through June 1.) . . . ¶ "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Through June 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Chicago Photography, 1935-1965"—Pictures by thirty artists who worked and taught in the "city of the big shoulders," including Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Siegel, Callahan, Siskind, Metzker, and Ishimoto. Through May 31. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Short List—**ron agam,** Tweed, 52 Chambers St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through May 17. . . . **richard artschwager,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through April 27. . . . **susanna briselli** and **margaretta k. mitchell,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **paul caponigro,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 27. . . . **barbara ess,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **frank majore,** Borden, 560 Broadway. Through April 27. . . . **mariko mori,** Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. Through April 27. . . . **mark morrisroe,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through April 28. . . . **bastienne schmidt,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. Through May 18. . . . **louis stettner,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through June 1. . . . **stefan themerson,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. Through April 27. . . . **arthur tress,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through May 11. . . . **david vestal,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through April 27.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season. **la bohème.** (April 24 at 8 and April 27 at 12:30.) . . . **andrea chénier.** (April 25 at 8.) . . . **roméo et juliette.** (April 26 at 8.) . . . **james levine twenty-fifth anniversary gala:** The Met's artistic director marks a quarter of a century with the company by conducting for six and a half hours or so, with the help of sixty star singers. (April 27 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

L'Opéra Français de New York—Yves Abel leads a semistaged production of "La Belle Hélène," Offenbach's spoof of Greek mythology, with soprano Angelina Réaux and tenor Gordon Gietz. (Alice Tully Hall. April 24 at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—A double bill of operatic comedies by Donizetti, "L'Aio nell'Imbarazzo" and "Il Campanello di Notte." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802, ext. 428. April 24 and April 26 at 8 and April 28 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. April 25, April 27, and April 30, all at 8, and April 26 at 2: Mendelssohn's E-Minor Violin Concerto (featuring Viktoria Mullova) and Bruckner's Symphony No. 6, with Herbert Blomstedt conducting. . . . ¶ May 2, May 4, and May 7, all at 8, and May 3 at 11 a.m.: Paavo Berglund leads Schubert's Symphony No. 4, Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Yefim Bronfman), and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5.

Israel Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. April 24 at 7: An all-Beethoven benefit program that comprises the "Leonore" Overture No. 3, the Triple Concerto (with violinist Itzhak Perlman, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, and pianist Emanuel Ax),

A WEEKEND WITH US COULD GO TO YOUR HEAD. PERHAPS THE ALTITUDE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

High above The Waldorf=Astoria, you will find one of New York's best guarded secrets, The Waldorf Towers. From our private entrance and lobby to our beautifully appointed executive guest rooms and suites to the exclusive benefits of our Astoria Lounge, it is the perfect setting for a weekend escape. One, we might add, that could leave you breathless. For reservations, call your professional travel agent, or call us at 1-800-WALDORF.

$259
per room per night

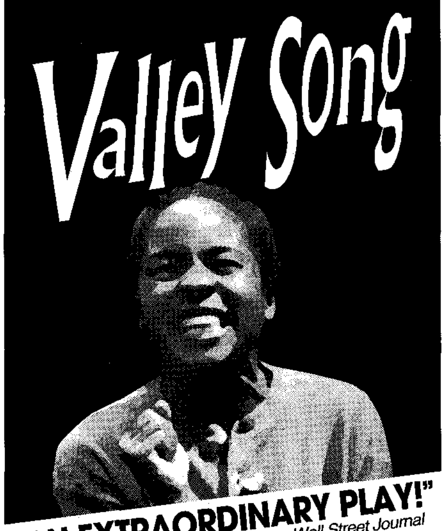
A member of The Leading Hotels of the World

The Waldorf Towers
100 East 50th Street, New York, NY 10022

Single or double occupancy. Taxes additional. Rates subject to availability and to change without notice.
Valid from 4/8/96 through 6/5/96 on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. Thursday night requires a Saturday night stay.
Not available to groups, and cannot be combined with any other promotion.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB

"BEAUTIFULLY DONE. VIVID AND MOVING."
—Vincent Canby, *The New York Times*



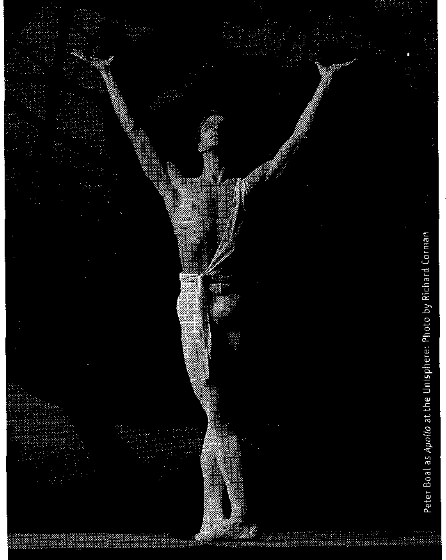
"AN EXTRAORDINARY PLAY!"
-Donald Lyons, *The Wall Street Journal*

NOW THRU JUNE 30 ONLY!

VALLEY SONG
Written and Directed by ATHOL FUGARD
with LISA GAY HAMILTON and MARIUS WEYERS

Call CityTix 212-581-1212
CITY CENTER W. 55th St. (bet. 6th & 7th Ave.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
1996 Spring Season now through June 30th



Peter Boal as *Apollo* at the Unisphere. Photo by Richard Corman

Don't miss classics by Balanchine, Robbins and Martins as well as innovative new works.

For ticket information call
(212) 870-5570

and the Symphony No. 7. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: An all-Tchaikovsky concert that includes his Violin Concerto (featuring Gil Shaham) and Symphony No. 5.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Three figures better known outside the concert hall take turns in speaking roles at a benefit performance conducted by Christopher Seaman. Ted Koppel narrates Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait"; Dudley Moore reads Ogden Nash's poems for, and joins Rena Fruchter as duo-pianist in, Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals"; and Mr. Moore and Lynn Redgrave are the reciters in Walton's charmingly eccentric "Façade." (Carnegie Hall. April 26 at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—In a career of more than seventy years, the Swiss conductor Paul Sacher has procured many dozens of new works from the century's leading composers and midwifed their sometimes difficult births. He commissioned Bartók's Divertimento for String Orchestra, in 1939, and conducted its première the following year—and by a happy coincidence the Orchestra of St. Luke's has programmed it for the eve of Sacher's ninetieth birthday. (In Basel, where Sacher still lives, it will already be the wee hours of the birthday itself.) It shares the bill with Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 271, with John Browning) and Schumann's D-Minor Symphony (his so-called Fourth, though it was composed immediately after his First). Roberto Abbado conducts. (Carnegie Hall. April 27 at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony—Leon Fleisher and Gary Graffman are America's two leading one-handed pianists—which is to say that, though each has the usual complement of hands, they mainly perform repertoire for left hand alone. In this concert, they offer William Bolcom's "Gaea," which must be the first concerto ever written for two pianos left-hand. You may wonder how their sound will differ from what a two-handed player at one piano would produce, but preserving the peculiar character of left-hand music is one of the challenges Mr. Bolcom has sought to address. The work has few rivals as a compositional tour de force: it is actually two separate concertos for a single piano left-hand with chamber orchestra. Each can stand on its own, but they can also be fit together (like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle) and played simultaneously. In this concert, "Gaea" will be presented both ways. Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 completes the program, which is conducted by David Zinman. (Carnegie Hall. April 28 at 3.)

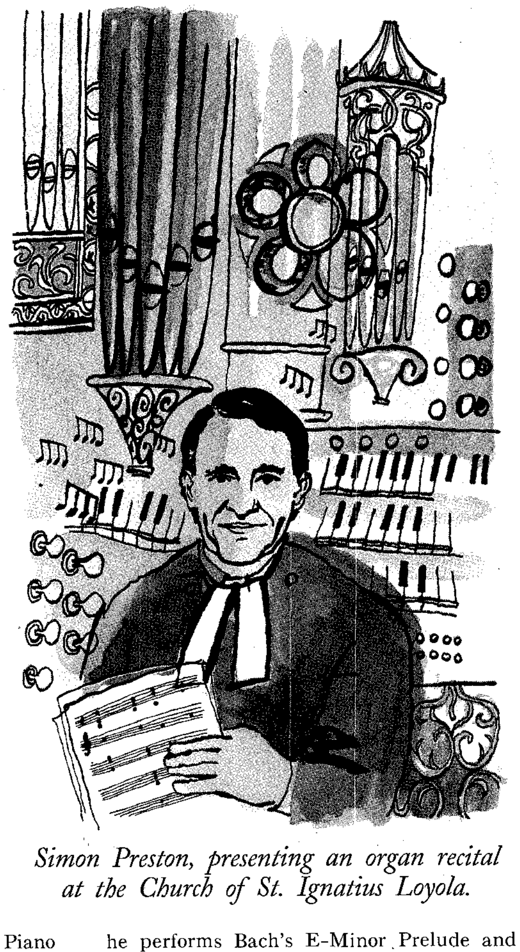
American Symphony Orchestra—April 28 at 3: Leon Botstein conducts turn-of-the-century French works of a mystico-religious bent: Roussel's 1903 Tolstoy-inspired tone poem "Résurrection" and Debussy's "Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien" (written in 1911 as incidental music for D'Annunzio's play); with the Pro Arte Chorale. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ May 5 at 8: JoAnn Falletta leads suites from Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" and Ginastera's ballet "Estancia," as well as the latter's Piano Concerto No. 1 and Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand (both featuring João Carlos Martins). (Carnegie Hall.)

Rachmaninoff's Vespers—Robert Shaw directs his choir in this a-cappella masterpiece. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. May 2 at 7. For information about tickets, call 247-7800.)

Toshiba Philharmonic Orchestra—Notwithstanding the admiration that corporate America has expressed for Japanese management methods, stateside companies have yet to emulate the musicianship of Toshiba Corporation. In 1989, the company's then-chairman, Shoichi Saba, established an in-house orchestra of fifty employees who (as he puts it) "found that music and performances added a sense of tranquillity and pleasure to the lives of businesspeople." Seven years later, the orchestra's ranks have expanded to a full symphonic complement of ninety-three engineers, sales executives, research scientists, managers, and secretaries (among others), all of whom win their chairs in the orchestra solely by the merit they display in auditions. In this concert, Yoshinori Kawachi conducts Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture, Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5, and Dvořák's Cello Concerto (featuring Ko Iwasaki). (Carnegie Hall. May 6 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Simon Preston—The former organist and choirmaster of Westminster Abbey (and director of music for Fergie and Andrew's wedding in 1986—but never mind about that) makes his only New York appearance this season, playing the largest mechanical-action organ in town, a much acclaimed N. P. Mander instrument built in 1993. Mr. Preston went freelance in 1987—a brave step for a performer whose medium is somewhat tangential to the general recital circuit—and in the years since has become one of the world's most successful concert organists. In this recital, he performs Bach's E-Minor Prelude and Fugue, Duruflé's Suite (Op. 5), Franz Schmidt's Toccata, and Joseph Jongen's "Sonata Eroica." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. April 24 at 8.)



Simon Preston, presenting an organ recital at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola.

LUCINDA ROGERS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—April 28 at 5 and April 30 at 7:30: A program of serenades, including Nielsen's "Serenata in Vano," Dvořák's D-Minor Serenade for Winds and Strings (Op. 44), and Mozart's B-Flat-Major Serenade (K. 361). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: Members and colleagues of the society present contemporary works. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330.)

"Pavarotti Plus"—The tenor, with several colleagues and the New York City Opera Or-

WE KNOW IT'S PERFECT, BUT WE TAKE ANOTHER 1000 HOURS JUST TO MAKE SURE. MASTER DATE.

Master watches. Made in the traditional school. The gold seal on the caseback of your Master Date confirms it's a watch you can rely on. Completed to perfection by Jaeger-LeCoultre's master-watchmakers, each watch has been through 1000 hours – six continuous weeks – of temperature extremes, intense magnetic fields and calculated shocks. The 300 hand-finished parts of the Calibre 891/447 automatic calendar movement performed flawlessly, then as they do now, to tell you the date, day and month, as the seconds sweep around the dial. Jaeger-LeCoultre's Master watches – built for those with nothing more to prove.

Jaeger-LeCoultre
Automatic
MON
AUG

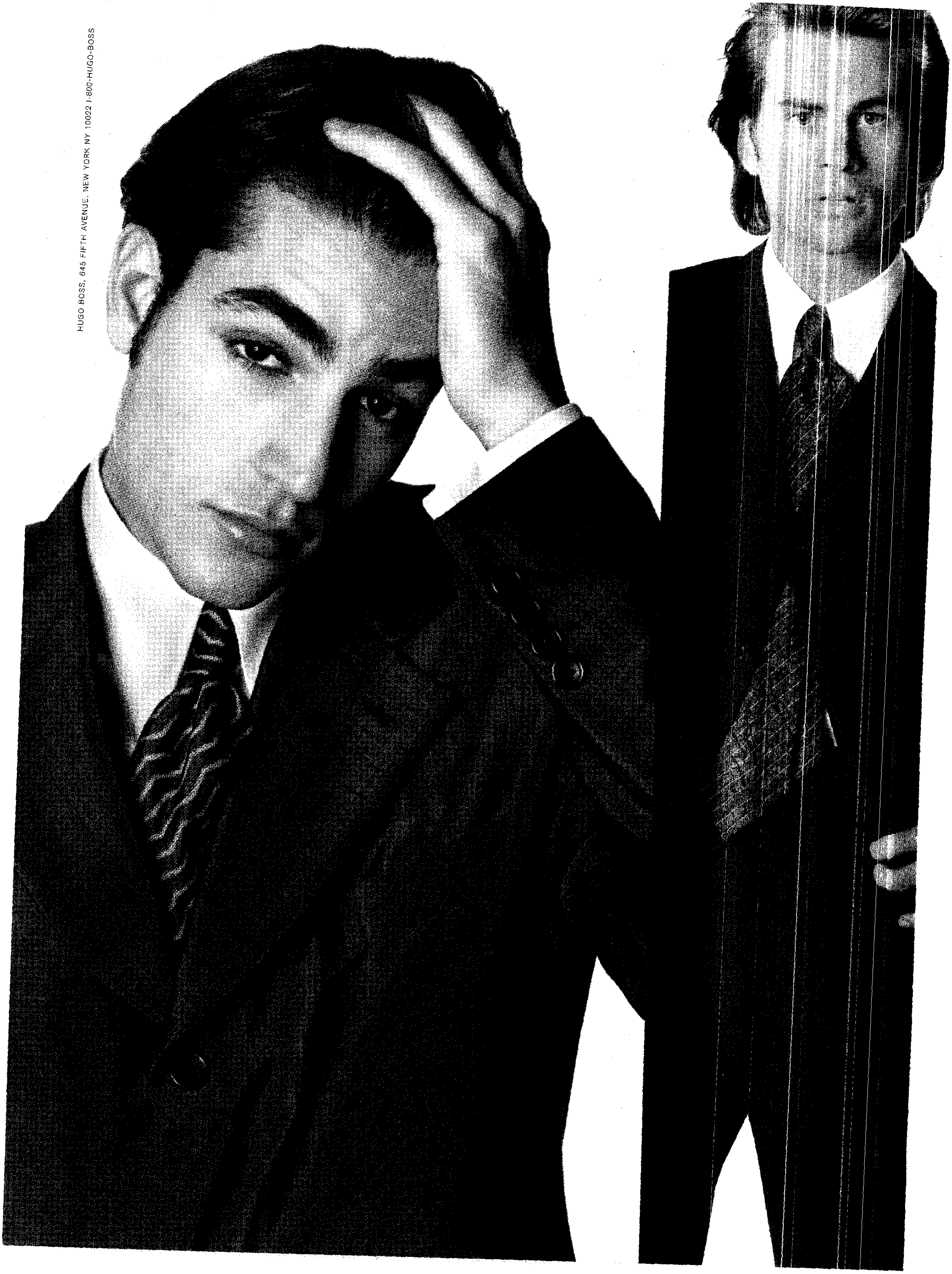
MASTER CONTROL
1000
HOURS

The numbered gold seal certifies that your Master Date has proved its reliability in 1000 hours of endurance testing.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

Jaeger-LeCoultre's watchmaking masterpieces and their history are revealed in the company's 200-page luxury catalog. For a free copy, contact: Jaeger-LeCoultre, P.O. Box 1608, Winchester, VA 22604, Telephone (800) JLC-Time.

HUGO BOSS, 645 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK NY 10022 1-800-HUGO-BOSS



BOSS
HUGO BOSS

BARNEYS
NEWYORK

Photograph by Richard Avedon

When you're old enough to know better.
SERENGETI
SUNGLASSES
SERENGETI At Sunglass Hut, LensCrafters, Pearle Vision or call 1. 800. 525. 4001.
SERENGETI is a registered trademark of Corning Incorporated, Corning, New York 14831

THE LUXURY COLLECTION™
ITT SHERATON

The flight from Singapore was exhausting. Like a godsend, my assistant showed up with the perfect cure for jet lag. Or was it the butler at The St. Regis?

For reservations call your travel professional or 1-800-325-3589.

THE ST. REGIS
New York
Fifth Avenue at 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel: 212.753.4500, Telex: 148368, Fax: 212.787.3447
© 1996 ITT Sheraton Corporation

chestra (conducted by Marco Armiliato). (Avery Fisher Hall. May 1 at 8.)

MIDORI—The violinist is joined by pianist Robert McDonald in sonatas by Mozart and Saint-Saëns and in Schubert's C-Major Fantasia and Prokofiev's "Five Melodies" (Op. 35b). (Carnegie Hall. May 3 at 8.)

MUSIC BY DUPRÉ—In a pair of concerts at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, eight New York organists take turns performing in a tribute to the French organist and composer Marcel Dupré (1886-1971), who reigned for thirty-seven years as Charles-Marie Widor's successor in the loft of Saint-Sulpice in Paris. May 3 at 8: Richard Heschke plays the Trois Préludes et Fugues (Op. 7), cellist Arthur Fiacco joins Kent Tritle for the "Berceuse Enfantine," Stephen Tharp performs the Deux Esquisses (Op. 41), and Stephen Hamilton interprets "Le Chemin de la Croix." . . . ¶ May 4 at 8: Peter Stoltzfus plays the "Symphonie-Passion," Timothy Smith offers the "Cortège et Litanie" (which Marvin Rosen will also perform, in its piano version), McNeil Robinson presents the "Variations sur un Noël," and Kyler Brown performs the "Lamento" and directs the Virgin Consort in the composer's Quatre Motets (Op. 9). (145 W. 46th St. 921-2939.)

YO-YO MA AND EMANUEL AX—The cellist and the pianist offer a pair of recitals at Carnegie Hall. May 4 at 2: A family concert. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2: An all-Beethoven program: the "Zauberflöte" Variations and the Sonatas No. 3, No. 4, and No. 5.

EMERSON STRING QUARTET—The foursome offers the première of Rorem's String Quartet No. 4, each of whose ten movements was inspired by a different Picasso painting. Also on the program are quartets by Brahms (in B-Flat Major, Op. 67) and Dvořák (in A-Flat Major, Op. 105). (Alice Tully Hall. May 5 at 2.)

K & K—In their annual spring marathon, the intrepid duo of cellist Joel Krosnick and pianist Gilbert Kalish alternates music by Ralph Shapey with works by Brahms. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. May 5 at 3 and 7:30, with a single ticket providing entry to both.)

JESSYE NORMAN—The soprano performs songs by Brahms, Wolf, and John La Montaine, as well as John Carter's Cantata. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 5 at 5.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

CHRISTINE BREWER: Soprano, performing British and American songs. (Alice Tully Hall. April 25 at 8.) . . . **BEAUX ARTS TRIO:** Offering piano trios by Hummel (in E Major), Schubert (in B-Flat Major, D. 898), and Smetana. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 26-27 at 8.) . . . **DUFAY COLLECTIVE:** The British early-music group, well represented by recordings on the Chandos label, performs music from the thirteenth century. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. April 29 at noon. Admission by contribution.) . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and Symphony No. 1, as well as Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." (Carnegie Hall. April 30 at 8.) . . . **EVELYNE CROCHET:** Pianist, in an all-Schumann program. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. May 2 at 8.) . . . **LA GRAN SCENA:** In operatic parodies. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 3-4 at 8. Through May 11.) . . . **LAUREN FLANAGAN:** Soprano, in a program that includes Hindemith's "Marienleben"; with pianist Emma Tahmizian. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. May 4 at 8.) . . . **ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE:** Music by Telemann. (Temple Emanu-El, 1 E. 65th St. May 7 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

OUT FOR A SPIN—New Yorkers bemoaning the current dearth of champions here will have reason to drop into Madison Square Garden again when Michelle Kwan, Oksana Baiul, Surya Bonaly, Viktor Petrenko, and Todd

A Novel of Politics

PRIMARY COLORS

by

ANONYMOUS

#1 National Bestseller

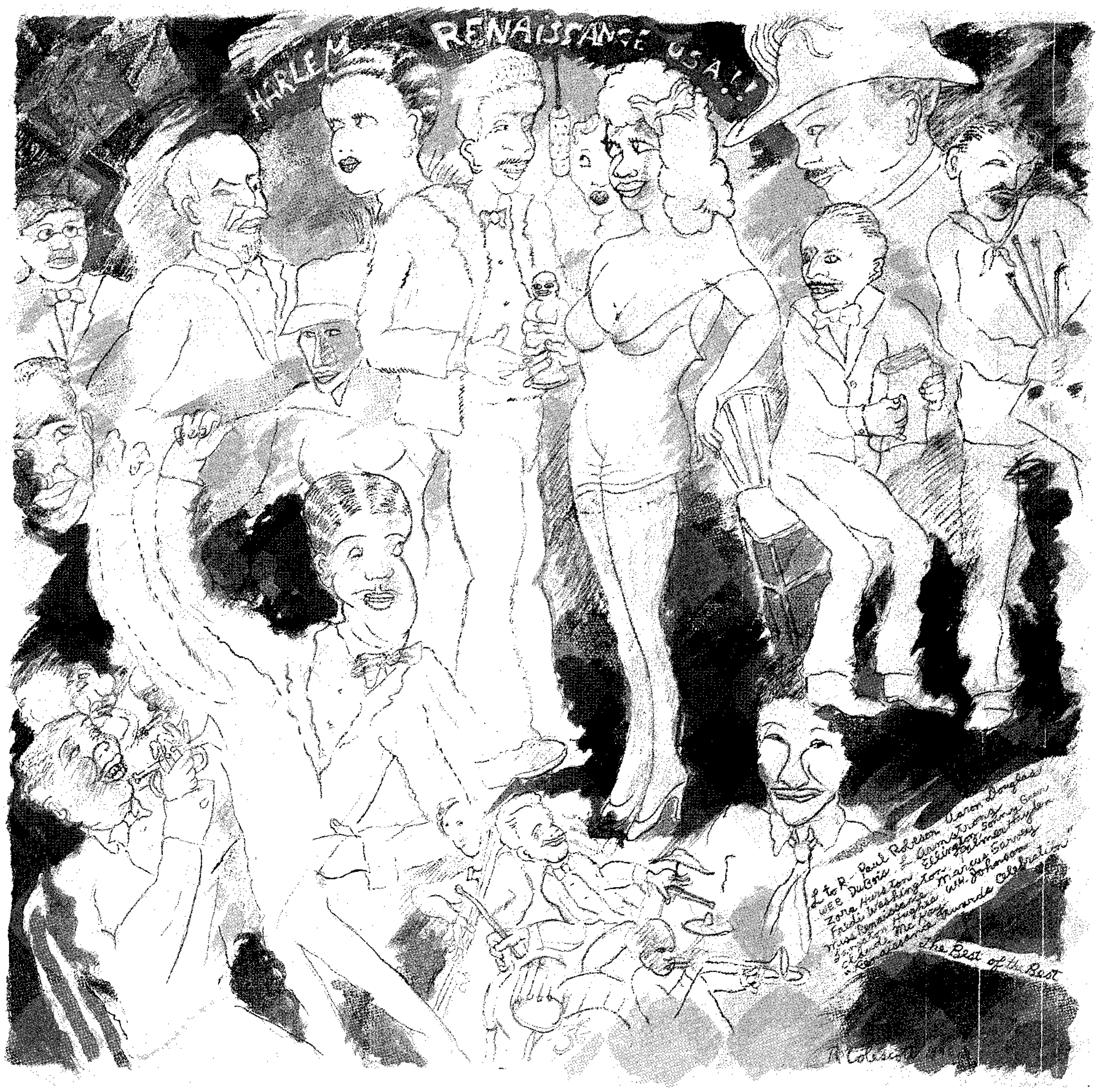
Don't miss the fun!

Illustration: Steven Blumenthal

RANDOM HOUSE

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club Also available as a Random House AudioBook http://www.randomhouse.com/

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


HARLEM RENAISSANCE USA!!
L to R - Paul Robeson Aaron Douglas
WEB DuBois L. Armstrong
Zora Hurston Ellington Sonny Greer
Fredi Washington Palmer Hayden
Miss Renaissance Marcus Garvey
Langston Hughes W.H. Johnson
Claude McKay
"Renaissance Awards Celebration"
The Best of the Best
R Colescott

The painter Robert Colescott peopled the festive scene above with luminaries of the Harlem Renaissance: Zora Neale Hurston, Paul Robeson, Langston Hughes, Claude McKay, et al. On May 5, Big Onion Walking Tours explores the Harlem that many of those figures frequented—from the 135th Street Library (now the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture), where artists and writers mused and perused, to Striver's Row, where the affluent among them settled. For more information, call 439-1090.

Eldredge, among others, jump onto the ice for the Campbell's Soups Tour of World Figure Skating Champions. The program, which includes both pairs and men's and women's solos, is not a competition, so the touring skaters shouldn't have to suffer the televised stress of their brief Olympic programs. "In a show," eighteen-year-old former national champion Nicole Bobek says, "you can go with what feels right that day." (465-6741. April 29 at 7:30.)

Spokespersons—If you harbor an image of yourself biking of a weekend through seaside municipalities where you wave to the local populace on virtually traffic-free streets but *you're the sort who can never get it together* to leave the city, consider joining thirty thousand like-minded individuals on May 5 for the Great Five Boro Bike Tour. The noncompetitive ramble starts in Battery Park, follows Sixth Avenue to Central Park and Seventh Avenue on up to the Bronx, veers south and east to Queens, rolls down to Brooklyn and over the Verrazano Bridge, and winds up at Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. For more information, call 932-0778 or E-mail bikenyc@pipeline.com.

Spring and All—April 27-28: The Brooklyn Botanic Garden celebrates Sakura Matsuri, the Japanese cherry-blossom festival, with *taiko* drumming, kimono fashions, tea ceremonies, swordplay demonstrations, and ikebana exhibits. (Washington Ave. at Eastern Parkway. For more information, call 1-718 622-4433, ext. 215.)

National Poetry Month—April 24 at 7: *The New Yorker's* poetry editor, Alice Quinn, introduces a tribute to Virginia Hamilton Adair, with readings of Adair's verse by Deborah Garrison, Eamon Grennan, Galway Kinnell, and Sharon Olds, among others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For more information, call the Academy of American Poets at 274-0343.) . . . ¶ April 24 at 7:30: Poets Kenneth Koch and Ron Padgett and artists Jane Freilicher and Larry Rivers recall their friend Frank O'Hara and read from his poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 28 at 7:30: Poets John Ashbery, Jorie Graham, Robert Hass, and C. D. Wright and nonversifiers Richard Ford and Roy Blount, Jr., read some of their favorite American poems. (Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 30 at 6: A tribute to the late Jane Kenyon, with readings and reminiscences by her husband, poet Donald Hall, and by Robert Bly, Marie Howe, and others. (Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Pl., between Second and Third Aves. No tickets necessary.)

More Readings—April 24 at 6:30: Louise Erdrich introduces a reading from her latest novel, "Tales of Burning Love," by Frances McDormand; Lois Smith reads Isak Dinesen's short story, "A Blank Page." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: Sam Shepard reads from his forthcoming collection of short stories, "Cruising Paradise." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 334-1660.) . . . ¶ May 6 at 7:30: Caribbean writers Edwidge Danticat ("Krik? Krak!"), Fred D'Aguiar ("The Longest Memory"), and Dany Laferrier ("How to Make Love to a Negro") read from their work. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.)

Talks—April 25 at 8: Composer William Bolcom ("McTeague") talks about contemporary American opera. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. For more information, call 308-6728.) . . . ¶ April 28 at 8:15: Choreographer Twyla Tharp screens clips from her three decades of work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

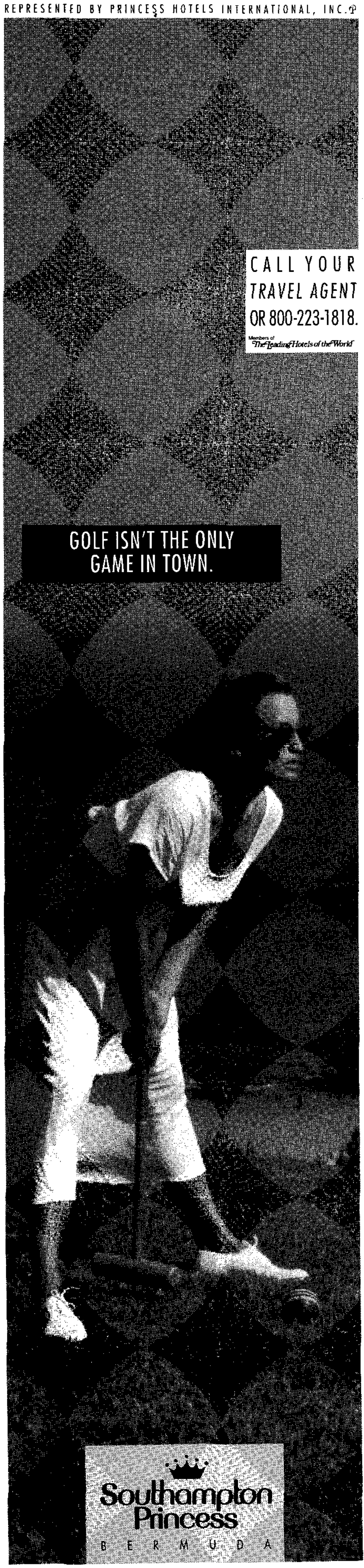
Walk—May 4 at 7:15 A.M.: The Shorewalkers circumambulate Manhattan from New York Harbor to Spuyten Duyvil, past the Harlem River Gorge and Hell Gate, and on to an evening rendezvous at South Street Seaport. For more information, call 330-7686.

Yeah, finding the right hairdresser and the right drink both take a little time.

Dewar's®

You've got a real life. Enjoy it responsibly. Dewar's® "White Label"® · Blended Scotch Whisky · 40% ALC/VOL (80 Proof) · ©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY

REPRESENTED BY PRINCESS HOTELS INTERNATIONAL, INC.



CALL YOUR
TRAVEL AGENT
OR 800-223-1818.

Members of The Leading Hotels of the World

GOLF ISN'T THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN.

Southampton Princess
BERMUDA

THE SOUL OF BERMUDA.
THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING

Barb Wire—Pamela Anderson Lee is a bar owner and revolutionary, in an action film directed by David Hogan. With Temuera Morrison. Written by Charles Pfarrer and Ilene Chaiken. Opening May 3. (84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Butterfly Kiss—Amanda Plummer and Saskia Reeves play homicidal lovers, in Michael Winterbottom's English road movie. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce. Opening May 3. (Quad Cinema.)

Captives—A dentist (Julia Ormond) falls in love with a convict (Tim Roth) in a London prison, in a drama directed by Angela Pope and written by Frank Deasy. Opening May 3.

Cemetery Man—Michele Soavi's horror comedy features Rupert Everett as a zombie killer. (Reviewed below in Current Films.) Opening April 26.

The Craft—A thriller in which four Los Angeles teen-agers (Robin Tunney, Fairuza Balk, Neve Campbell, and Rachel True) take up witchcraft. Directed by Andrew Fleming. Written by the director and Peter Filardi. Opening May 3.

The Great White Hype—Samuel L. Jackson stars as a boxing promoter who sends a retired fighter (Peter Berg) into the ring against the champion (Damon Wayans), in a comedy directed by Reginald Hudlin. With Jeff Goldblum. Written by Tony Hendra and Ron Shelton. Opening May 3.

I Shot Andy Warhol—Lili Taylor plays Valerie Solanas, the writer who in 1968 pumped the Pop artist full of lead, in a drama directed by Mary Harron, who co-wrote the screenplay with Daniel Minahan. With Jared Harris as Warhol and Stephen Dorff as Candy Darling. Opening May 1. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Last Dance—Sharon Stone stars as a death-row inmate who falls for her attorney (Rob Morrow), in a drama directed by Bruce Beresford. Written by Ron Koslow. Opening May 3.

Madame Butterfly—Puccini's opera, directed by Frédéric Mitterrand. With Ying-Huang and Richard Troxell. In Italian. Opening May 3. (Lincoln Square.)

Mulholland Falls—Lee Tamahori directs Nick Nolte, Chazz Palminteri, Michael Madsen, and Chris Penn in a police drama set in Los Angeles in the nineteen-fifties. With Melanie Griffith, Treat Williams, and John Malkovich. Written by Pete Dexter. Opening April 26.

The Pallbearer—In Matthew Reeves's comedy, David Schwimmer plays a young architect who agrees to eulogize a recently deceased but long-forgotten schoolmate. With Gwyneth Paltrow and Barbara Hershey. Written by the director and Jason Katims. Opening May 3.

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme directs and stars in an action film about a petty thief who enters a championship martial-arts tournament. With Roger Moore. Written by Gene Guintano and Paul Mones. Opening April 26.

Sunset Park—Rhea Perlman plays a high-school basketball coach, in a comedy directed by Steve Gomer. Written by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld and Kathleen McGhee-Anderson. Opening April 26. (84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Truth About Cats and Dogs—A romantic comedy about a radio-talk-show host (Janeane Garofalo) who asks a model friend (Uma Thurman) to stand in for her when a suitor (Ben Chaplin) comes calling. Directed by Michael Lehmann. Written by Audrey Wells. Opening April 26.

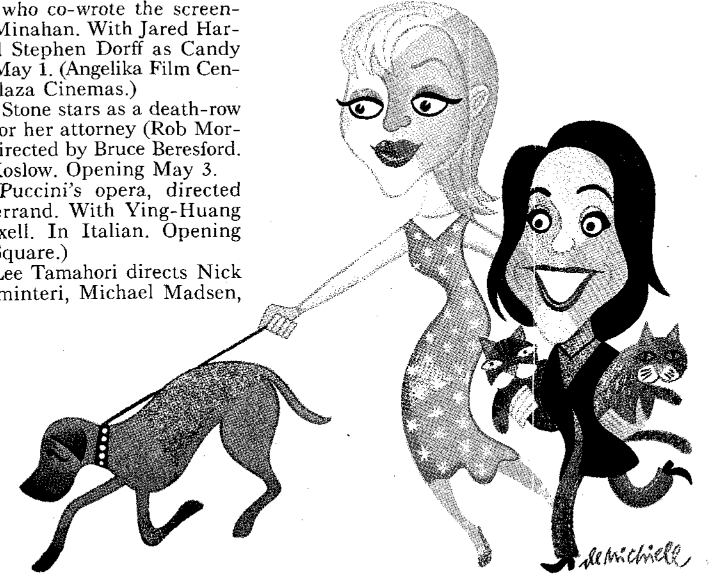
Two Friends—Jane Campion's 1986 film about teen-age life, starring Emma Coles and Kris Bidenko. Written by Helen Garner. April 24-May 7. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, *the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 42.)*

The Birdcage—Mike Nichols's remake of "La Cage aux Folles" (1978) largely contents itself with decking out what appears to be a profoundly, unalterably French farce in American drag; the cautious, sensible approach taken by Nichols and his screenwriter, Elaine May, has the drawback of making this movie feel a little, as the French might say, de trop. Although Robin Williams and Nathan Lane, as the bickering middle-aged lovers originally played by Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, are skillful, the script doesn't give them much opportunity to distinguish themselves from their memorable predecessors. Oddly, the funniest performer here is Gene Hackman, playing an aggressively straight, family-values-spouting politician. Also with Dianne Wiest.—T.R. (3/18/96) (Baronet, Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 34th St. East, and Village Theatre VII.)

Cemetery Man—It begins promisingly, like one of the old Mario Bava Italian horror movies: a graveyard watchman (Rupert Everett, in various stages of undress) who dispatches

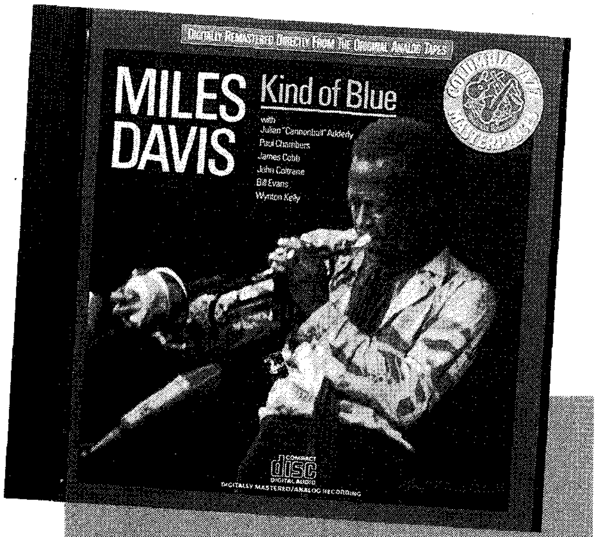


Opening April 26, Uma Thurman and Janeane Garofalo in Michael Lehmann's "The Truth About Cats and Dogs."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Get this Jazz Landmark

FREE

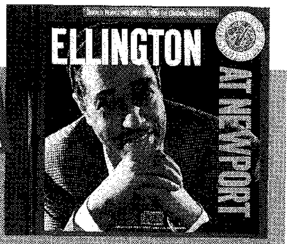

Digitally Remastered Directly From The Original Analog Tapes
MILES DAVIS
Kind of Blue
with
Julian "Cannonball" Adderly
Paul Chambers
James Cobb
John Coltrane
Bill Evans
Wynton Kelly
Columbia Jazz Masterpieces
compact disc
Digitally Mastered/Analog Recording

"A classic of off-hand innovation, it belongs in every collection of modern jazz." — Rolling Stone

...when you audition these two

RISK-FREE!

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
THE HOT FIVES



"Nothing (Armstrong) ever did could surpass the exuberant sense of liberation that these recordings reflect." — People

"An album to sample again and again." — Houston Post

Keep them both for $9^{95}

Listen to these two jazz landmarks and if you are not completely delighted, simply return them within 14 days and owe nothing. Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* is yours to keep in any event — FREE. Or you can keep both of them for the Special Introductory Price of just $9.95 plus $4.95 shipping and handling.

You'll then be able to explore more of the greatest jazz recordings of all time with *The Legends of Jazz* from The Columbia House Music Collection. In this unique series you'll audition, on a similar risk-free basis, landmark recordings of classic jazz at its best from a wide range of artists. Like John Coltrane's breakthrough album, *Giant Steps,* Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage,* Benny Goodman's legendary 1938 *Live At Carnegie Hall,* Thelonious Monk's first major label release, *Monk's Dream,* Dexter Gordon's 1962 comeback, *Go,* the Dave Brubeck Quartet's chart-topping *Time Out,* and many more of the albums that have made jazz the classic music of America. Plus each *Legends of Jazz* set comes with a FREE photo-packed booklet with fascinating background about the music and artists you'll hear.

There's no risk. You can listen to each of these fabulous albums for 14 days and return any you don't want. There is no minimum number of albums you must buy. And you may cancel your subscription at any time.

So, whether you're already a jazz aficionado, or are just beginning to discover the world of jazz, this exciting series is an unparalleled way to build your library of classic — and often hard-to-find — recordings.

See the coupon for full details and send for your first set — including your FREE copy of Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* — TODAY!

THE LEGENDS OF JAZZ **Mail to: The Columbia House Music Collection, Dept. W6A, P.O. Box 1134, Terre Haute, IN 47811**

YES! I want to explore The Legends of Jazz. I understand that:

- My first set will contain: My FREE copy of Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue*...Plus Louis Armstrong, *The Hot Fives*...and Duke Ellington, *At Newport*, and my FREE booklet for a 14-day Risk-Free Audition.
- If I am not completely delighted, I may return *Louis Armstrong* and *Duke Ellington* within 14 days for a full refund and you will cancel my subscription. *Kind of Blue* and the booklet are mine to keep no matter what I decide. Or I may keep *Louis Armstrong* and *Duke Ellington* for just $9.95 plus $4.95 shipping and handling.
- Then, about every 4-6 weeks, I will receive another set of landmark jazz recordings to preview Risk-Free for 14 days. I may keep them for just $29.95 for 3 CDs or $19.95 for 3 cassettes, plus $4.95 shipping and handling. Or I may return all 3 within 14 days for a full refund or credit, as applicable, or return just those I don't want for a refund or credit of $9.98 per CD or $6.65 per cassette.
- **I understand that there is no minimum number of albums to buy, and that I may cancel my subscription at any time.**

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON TODAY

Please send my recordings in (choose one): ☐ CDs ☐ Cassettes 779017 6A 6B

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________ APT. # ________

CITY ____________________ STATE ______ ZIP ____________

Note: We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax will be added to all orders.

COLUMBIA HOUSE
MUSIC COLLECTION

© 1994 The Columbia House Company, 1400 N. Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47812

the dead when they come back to life falls for a beautiful widow, and their romance is sexy, ghoulish fun. But eventually the watchman loses his mind, becoming unable to distinguish the dead from the living, and the movie loses its humor as it turns into a listless existential exercise about the meaning of life and death. The director, Michele Soavi, shoots with a hip, decorative eye—he has a gift for atmosphere—but his story is missing the sensational excesses of a "Re-Animator" or an "Evil Dead 2"; he takes the madness seriously.—B.D. (84th Street Sixplex and Village East Cinemas; starting April 26.)

A Family Thing—An Arkansas tractor salesman (Robert Duvall) discovers that his real mother was a black woman, and sets off for Chicago to find his black half brother (James Earl Jones). The men don't hit it off right away, but they are destined, of course, to transcend their mutual suspicion; the movie, taking everything slow and easy, manages to make their eventual rapport credible. Written by Billy Bob Thornton and Tom Epperson (who also collaborated on "One False Move"); directed by Richard Pearce ("The Long Walk Home").—T.R. (4/1/96) (Criterion Center, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Regency.)

Opening May 3, Samuel L. Jackson in "The Great White Hype."

Fargo—Everybody in Joel and Ethan Coen's movie talks with painful slowness, as if the icy Minnesota air were freezing their chops; the resulting mood is lugubrious and oddly winning. The story, about a hopeless businessman (William H. Macy) who hires a couple of crooks (Peter Stormare and Steve Buscemi) to kidnap his wife, offers the usual Coen compound of random daftness and concentrated violence. Frances McDormand has a high old time as the police chief of the town of Brainerd; decent and unhurried (her character is seven months pregnant), she brings order to the weirdness and warms it up.—A.L. (3/25/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and 19th Street East 6.)

Flirting with Disaster—David O. Russell's farcical road movie sets a thirtyish New Yorker (Ben Stiller), adopted as a small child, on a cross-country search for his biological parents, accompanied by his wife (Patricia Arquette) and an adoption-agency official (Téa Leoni). His quest for an identity turns into a tour of older-generation life styles which gives him a frightening glimpse of what it means to have a strong, invulnerable sense of self. Russell turns this fairly witty conceit into a film of flat one-liners, dumb sight gags, and shockingly corny mixups. Despite some expert performances—by George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore as the adoptive parents (nervous urban kvetches), and Alan Alda and Lily Tomlin as the biological ones (devious ex-hippies)—the picture remains as confused as its hero; unlike him, it never does find its identity.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Embassy 3, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

James and the Giant Peach—Adapted from Roald Dahl's surreal adventure story, Henry Selick's short, spiky movie is pretty adventurous itself. James (Paul Terry), a young orphan, goes to live with a brace of loathsome aunts (Miriam Margolyes and Joanna Lumley). His chance to flee their Dickensian gloom comes with the appearance of a magic peach in the garden: he crawls inside, where he finds a posse of insect friends, and travels by air and sea to an improbably benign New York. The film opens and closes on live action, with rubbery stop-motion animation in between. The bugs, designed by the children's illustrator Lane Smith, are enlivened by voice-overs from, among others, Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon. The movie, like the peach, offers a bumpy ride, and the level of invention dips and soars without warning, but Selick's feeling for texture—for the climates of bliss and apprehension—is so sure that you gradually come to relish the oddity of the whole enterprise. As a tribute to the cranky genius of Dahl, it's both fond and, in the best sense, fruitful.—A.L. (4/22/96) (86th Street East Twin, Guild, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII.)

Kids in the Hall: Brain Candy—After five years on television, the great cross-dressing Canadian troupe gets its own movie and runs with it, to greater effect than such recent Lorne Michaels protégés as Chris Farley and Adam Sandler have. The plot, about a Prozac-like pill that can make everyone happy, allows the five sketchmeisters to populate the screen in a multiple-role heaven that would stir Alec Guinness's heart. Not all of the pieces work, but a few are truly inspired. (Scott Thompson's out-of-the-closet number—an homage to Gene Kelly, shot in Stanley Donen color and complete with suburban lawn sprinklers—is a real jaw-dropper.) The Kids haven't yet mastered the ebb-and-flow rhythms of Monty Python, but, more often than not, they make their funny points.—B.D. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Waverly.)

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—The latest demonstration of Parisian decorum from the French director Claude Sautet ("Un Coeur en Hiver") presents a set of characters who betray their true desires by refusing to indulge them. Nelly (Emmanuelle Béart) leaves her marriage and goes to work for Arnaud (Michel Serrault), a former judge who is writing his memoirs. The two tiptoe toward love, then pull back. The nearest that Nelly comes to the brink is a fling with Arnaud's publisher, Vincent (Jean-Hugues Anglade); what she desires in him, it would seem, is a younger version of Arnaud himself. The movie is played (as you would expect) with watchful finesse, particularly by the morose and sardonic Serrault, but you sometimes long for a little wildness; Béart's character should be driving men crazy, but what does she do? She *interests* them. With a delicious cameo by Michel Lonsdale, whose presence suggests an altogether creepier and funnier film. In French.—A.L. (4/22/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Primal Fear—In Gregory Hoblit's conventional but enjoyable courtroom drama, Richard Gere plays an attorney defending a young man accused of killing the Archbishop of Chicago. The story is full of tired characters (a prosecutor who's an old flame, a corrupt city developer), yet Frances McDormand, Laura Linney, John Mahoney, and Andre Braugher are all so casually skillful that Gere's c'mon-you-know-you-want-me style has the room it needs to play. But it's Edward Norton, as the Boo Radley-like defendant, who steals the movie. Hoblit has an economical style, and he gets the job done with very little fuss.—B.D. (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, New York Twin, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

ALSO PLAYING

ANGELS & INSECTS (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **ANTONIA'S LINE:** Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3. . . . **AUGUST:** Eastside Playhouse and Quad Cinema. . . . **BABE** (9/4/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CARRIED AWAY:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE CELLULOID CLOSET:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas. . . . **CELTIC PRIDE:** 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **CHUNGKING EXPRESS:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **COLD FEVER:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **DEAD MAN WALKING** (1/8/96): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **DIABOLIQUE** (4/1/96): Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **EXECUTIVE DECISION:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Gemini, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **FAITHFUL:** Cinema 3rd Avenue, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **FEAR:** Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Ziegfeld. . . . **THE FLOWER OF MY SECRET** (3/25/96): Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **FOR THE MOMENT:** Cinema II. . . . **GIRL 6:** Criterion Center. . . . **HEAT** (12/25/95-1/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **IT'S MY PARTY:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **JANE EYRE:** Paris. . . . **JUMANJI** (12/25/95-1/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE JUROR** (2/12/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE LAST SUPPER:** First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **LEAVING LAS VEGAS** (11/6/95): 59th Street East Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **LOADED:** Angelika

ANTHONY FREDA

Live well.

"I know so much has been given to me in my life, to each of us, for which we've never paid. All we can do is pass it on to someone else. As we climb, lift somebody with us."

Make a plan.

"I believe we have to be responsible for ourselves or we will be a liability to somebody along the way. We determine our fate. It has to come from within to know that you can, and you will."

Be your own rock.

Prudential offers life insurance, investments, health coverage and real estate that can help you manage your life. And live well.

The**Prudential**

http://www.prudential.com

NOW I WILL NEVER LEAVE THE DINNER TABLE

by Jane Read Martin
and Patricia Marx

illustrated by Roz Chast

Patty Jane Pepper,
the ingenious heroine of
Now Everybody Really Hates Me,
has arrived at the dinner
table and—if her perfect
vegetable-loving sister Joy
(or, as Patty Jane calls her,
"No Joy") has anything to do
with it—she won't be leaving.
Jane Read Martin and
Patricia Marx's witty tale
and Roz Chast's hilarious
illustrations cleverly
capture this "unjust" world
of spinach, sisters—
and certain revenge.

HarperCollins*Children'sBooks*
http://www.harpercollins.com/kids/

Film Center. . . . **LOTTO LAND:** Embassy 4 and Village East Cinemas. . . . **MA SAISON PRÉFÉRÉE:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **MIGHTY APHRODITE** (10/30/95): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MRS. WINTERBOURNE:** Chelsea Cinemas, Gemini, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **THE MONSTER:** Quad Cinema and 68th St. Playhouse. . . . **MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000: THE MOVIE:** 84th Street Sixplex and Village Theatre VII. . . . **OLIVER & COMPANY:** 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **RICHARD III** (1/22/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SENSE AND SENSIBILITY** (12/18/95): First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **SGT. BILKO** (4/8/96): Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, and Orpheum VII. . . . **THE SUBSTITUTE:** Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 2, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini I and 2, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

The Battle of Chile (1976)—A great two-part three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government must be unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 25 and May 2.)

A Better Tomorrow (1986)—Tears drop like rain, blood drops like rain, bullets drop like rain in John Woo's first Hong Kong shoot-'em-up, a supercharged wallow through macho sentimentality about two honorable gangsters, played by Ti Lung and Chow Yun-fat. They get squeezed between a vicious mobster and corrupt police and dissed by Ti Lung's naïve cop brother (Leslie Cheung) until he realizes just how street-noble these two antiheroes are. In a way, Woo unites the Warner Bros. of Cagney and Bogart with the Warners/Seven Arts of "The Wild Bunch," but all that means here is that corn flies at you from both barrels. Still, you can see why the picture propelled Chow Yun-fat to Asian superstardom: he can look soulful and ruminative while chewing on a match as he prepares to take out a roomful of bad guys. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village; April 27, May 1, and May 7.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," all by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. Directed by Harry Beaumont.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 2.)

Charley Varrick (1973)—Walter Matthau as a droll, wily bank robber who discovers he has stolen Mafia money, and outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. He's presented as an underdog figure, an old-timey hood David against the Mafia Goliaths; he traps everyone who stands in his way to freedom, and gets everyone killed. It's noisy and brutal, with sentimental flourishes. The director, Don Siegel, slogs along from scene to scene. And when the gruesome sequences need suspense, Lalo Schifrin's music beats your ears.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 4.)

La Chinoise (1967)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy (and elegy) about the late-sixties incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop. The film is made in a new, semi-satirical shorthand; it centers on the terrorist actions of a group of young French Maoists—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed." Those who dislike verbal allusions will be irritated, and those who want only straightforward action may be driven wild by Godard's neo-Brechtian displacement devices (his voice on the soundtrack, a cut to Raoul Coutard at the camera) and by his almost novelistic love of digression—his inclusion of anecdotes, of speculations about movie art, and of direct-to-the-camera interviews. In a section toward the end Godard brings in Francis Jeanson playing himself—an older radical from a humane tradition; Jeanson asks Véronique the political questions that resonate through the movie—questions about the consequences of terrorism. The movie is like a speed freak's anticipatory vision of the political horrors to

What gives a woman style?

"I'M NOTHING TO LOOK AT," the Duchess of Windsor admitted. Rita de Acosta Lydig paid no attention to what was "in fashion." Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had none of the attributes of the ideal American girl, and Diana Vreeland never had money. Yet each of these women had a personal magnetism and allure so strong that she could "dominate a room from a footstool." How did they do it? And what can you learn from them?

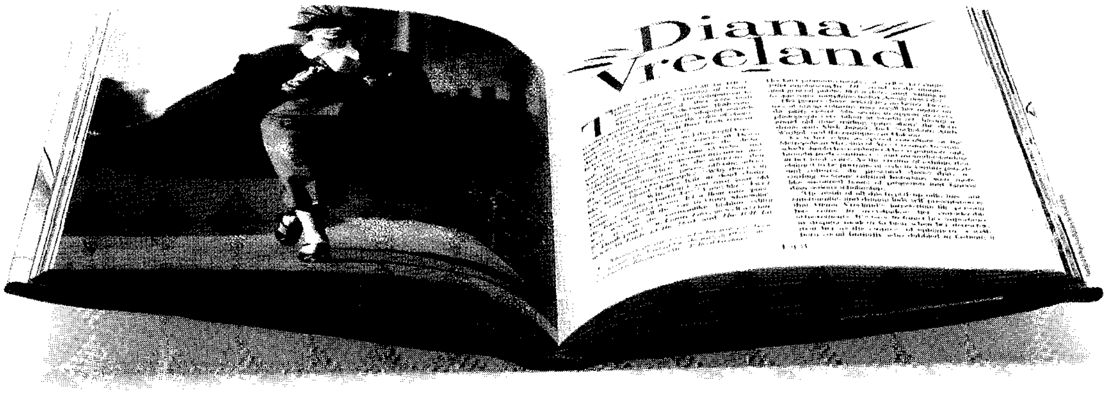
The *Power of Style* is a riveting examination of the lives, struggles, secrets, and triumphs of fourteen women who came to represent the epitome of style during the 20th century.

In 192 handsome pages (with over 200 color and black and white illustrations), you'll learn everything: from why Daisy Fellowes *preferred* affairs with married men to what Rita de Acosta Lydig taught Sarah Bernhardt about walking gracefully...from what it was like to be a house guest at Pauline de Rothschild's to Mona Bismarck's transformation into the first "best-dressed woman in the world." Discover the women behind the legends: Coco Chanel...Babe Paley...C.Z. Guest...Elsie de Wolfe...Slim Keith and many more.

It's the most talked about book of the fashion year. And...

The Women Who Defined the Art of Living Well
Mona Bismarck
Coco Chanel
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
Elsie de Wolfe
Diana Vreeland
By Annette Tapert and Diana Edkins

(Sh-sh sh-sh! It's 20% off for you!)


Diana Vreeland

As a Condé Nast reader, you are entitled to a special 20% savings when you order *Power of Style* direct. To order, send check or money order for $32* (20% off the cover price of $40), plus $3 for shipping and handling to:

The Condé Nast Collection • P.O. Box 10214 • Dept. 310037-031 • Des Moines, IA 50336

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-438-9944

* Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add appropriate sales tax. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

come; it's amazing. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 26-27.)

Fury (1936)—This melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man was Fritz Lang's first American movie. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 5.)

Hard-Boiled (1993)—Hong Kong action specialist John Woo does a vivid cartoon version of the kinetics and the twisted-loyalty themes of Sam Peckinpah in this tale of duelling triads and lawmen. Undercover police as well as innocent bystanders are caught in the crossfire when supercop Chow Yun-fat gets to the bottom of an enormous criminal arsenal. Images of a tearoom and a hospital shot up and transformed into charnel houses may reflect the chaos of Hong Kong, but Woo is no message-movie maker—he works everything out strictly in terms of violent spectacle. His operatic excesses push it all into pitch-black comedy. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village; April 26, April 30, and May 6.)

The Idiot (1946)—The young Gérard Philipe is an extraordinarily sensitive Prince Myshkin, and Edwige Feuillère, that remarkable mistress of the language of gesture, is a spectacular Nastasya in this emotional, surprisingly effective version of the Dostoyevski novel. Directed by Georges Lampin. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; April 26.)

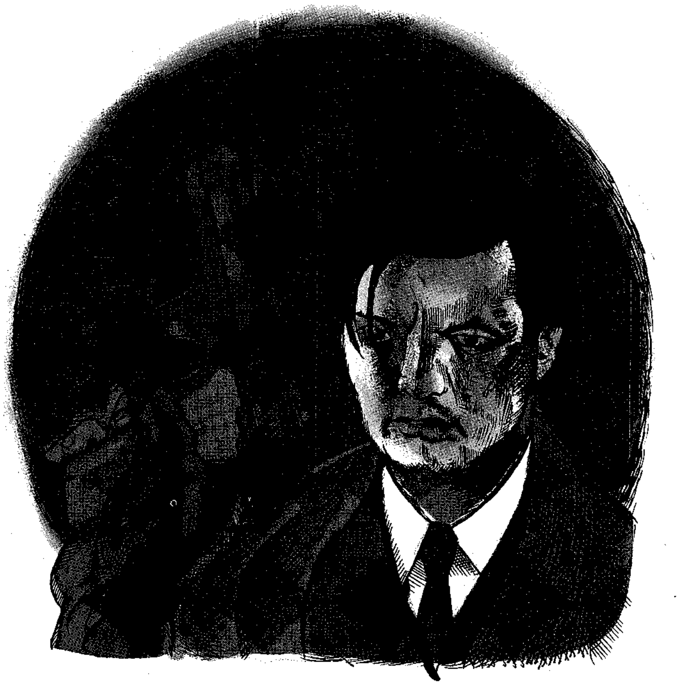
Intimate Lighting (1965)—A satirical folk comedy about a young cellist with the Prague symphony who takes his big-city girlfriend with him when he goes to a small town to visit a friend from his days at the Conservatoire. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in tiny, match-flare-size details; he shows us lives that have become a negotiation of small irritants. Day-to-day living in the town is like a prolonged silent-movie comedy. You find yourself doing small double takes as you watch this movie. It builds to a freeze-frame closing gag that's so funny and so completely dotty that you're not likely to forget it. In Czech.—P.K. (Symphony Space; May 7.)

Just Imagine (1930)—Perhaps the only sci-fi musical comedy ever made, this is set in New York fifty years in the future—1980. It's a lighthearted, cheerfully foolish view of scientific progress: papier-mâché skyscrapers soar into the painted heavens, stop-and-go signs refer to the traffic of airplanes, and J-21 (John Garrick) is a suitor for the hand in marriage of LN-18 (Maureen O'Sullivan). What helped to make it a hit were the broad antics of the Swedish-accented yokel comic El Brendel in the role of Single-O, a Rip van Winkle character who had died in 1930 and was revived in 1980. David Butler directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 26-27.)

Monsieur Vincent (1947)—Pierre Fresnay's performance as the desperately compassionate Vincent de Paul gives extraordinary feeling to Jean Anouilh's sensitive, lucid scenario. The character is simplified, but the emotions—the revulsion and horror at poverty, misery, cruelty—come through without mawkishness. Directed by Maurice Clouche; cinematography by Claude Renoir. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; April 27.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances; he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes her character's shyness deeply charming. And with Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. From Daphne du Maurier's novel.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 5.)

Salvador (1986)—Written by Oliver Stone, who also directed, and the freelance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. He writes and directs as if someone had put a gun to the back of his neck and yelled "Go!" and didn't take it away until he'd finished.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 28 and May 2.)



Starting April 26 at the Cinema Village, fourteen films featuring the Hong Kong action star Chow Yun-fat.

The Shootist (1976)—In this movie that sets out to be a classic, John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer. Wayne wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 6.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A restored print of Jacques Demy's stylized, unabashedly emotional story of lost love, in which all the dialogue is sung. Catherine Deneuve plays a restless provincial girl who rebels against her overprotective widowed mother (Anne Vernon) by stepping out with a handsome auto mechanic (Nino Castelnuovo). The movie's reputation as a sentimental crowd-pleasing novelty item seems as grossly unjust as the condescension that Deneuve's acting used to receive; it's as if both the movie and its star were being punished for the miraculous simplicity—the sheer obviousness—of their beauty. In French.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Film Forum.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**theatre 2:** Through April 25: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (†). . . . ¶ From April 26, a five-week program of musicals made from 1929 until 1934, the first year the Hays Code was strictly enforced. Included in the first two weeks of the series are "Just Imagine" (†) and "Broadway Melody" (†). . . . **theatre 3:** "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—From April 26, a three-week showing of fourteen films by the Hong Kong action star Chow Yun-fat, including "Hard-Boiled" (†) and "A Better Tomorrow" (†).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—April 25 at 2:30: "Potemkin" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; silent). . . . April 25 at 3 and 6: "119 Bullets + Three" (1995, Yeud Levanon). . . . April 25 at 6 and 8 and May 2 at 1: "The Battle of Chile" (†). . . . April 26 at 2:30 and May 2 at 6: "The Blue Light" (1933, Leni Riefenstahl; in German and Italian, with no English subtitles). . . . April 26 at 6 and April 27 at 5: "La Chinoise" (†). . . . April 26 at 8 and April 27 at 2: "Weekend" (1967, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . April 28 at 2 and May 2 at 8: "Salvador" (†). . . . April 28 at 5 and April 30 at 2:30: "Mafioso" (1962, Alberto Lattuada; in Italian). . . . April 29 at 2:30 and April 30 at 6: "This Happy Breed" (1944, David Lean). . . . April 29 at 6: "Little Vera" (1988, Vasily Pichul; in Russian). . . . May 2 at 3 and 6: "Papapapá" (1995, Alex Rivera). . . . Starting May 3, a five-week retrospective of films directed by Don Siegel, including "Charley Varrick" (†) and "The Shootist" (†). . . . May 6 at 6:30: A program of films by Chris Welsby. . . . May 7 at 3: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932, Ernst Lubitsch).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Through April 25: Recent films from Africa. . . . From April 26, a four-week program of recent films from Iran and a retrospective of films by the Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami.

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—April 30 at 6: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola). . . . April 30 at 9:15: "The Godfather Part II" (1974, Coppola). . . . May 7 at 7: "Some Like It Hot" (1959, Billy Wilder). . . . May 7 at 9:15: "Intimate Lighting" (†).

French Institute/Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 24-27, April 30, May 2-5, and May 7: A tribute to the Comédie-Française, its actors, and its authors in Florence Gould Hall and in the Tinker Auditorium, including such films as "The Idiot" (†) and "Monsieur Vincent" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—April 28 at 2: "Tron" (1982, Steven Lisberger). . . . April 28 at 4: "Zelig" (1983, Woody Allen). . . . May 4 at 2: "M" (1931, Fritz Lang; in German). . . . May 4 at 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934, Alfred Hitchcock). . . . May 5 at 2: "Fury" (†). . . . May 5 at 4: "Rebecca" (†).

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A five-week festival of recent films from Africa. April 26 at 7 and April 28 at 2: "Keïta! The Voice of the Griot" (Dani Kouyaté; Burkina Faso). . . . April 27 at 2 and May 3 at 7: "Rwendo" (Farai Sevenzo; Zimbabwe), "Maral Tanie" (Mahamat Saleh Haroun; Chad), and "Gombèlè" (Issa Traore; Burkina Faso). . . . May 4 at 2: "The Battle of the Sacred Tree" (Wanjiru Kinyanjui; Kenya) and "A Taxi for Aouzou" (Issa Serge Coelo; Chad). . . . May 5 at 2: "Wariko, the Jackpot" (Kramo-Lanciné Fadika; Ivory Coast).

GARY PANTER

Maybe your computer should be upgraded before you buy it.

Better multimedia

Aptiva™ gives you Total Image Video,™ TheatreSound™ and dual processors for a breathtaking combination of sights and sounds with full-screen video.

Leading service

With Online Housecall,[1] IBM technicians are on call 24 hours a day and can access your Aptiva remotely if you have a question or a problem.

More power

Now more powerful than ever with a 150 or 166MHz Pentium® processor[2] (60 and 66MHz external speed), a media processor and 1GB or 1.6GB hard drive.

More software[3]

Including Windows® 95, The Adventures of Hyperman,™ Silent Steel,™ Magic Theatre,™ and Sports Illustrated For Kids.®

More smarts

Aptiva's Wake-up On Ring feature powers the machine up when a call comes in. Rapid Resume™ lets you shut down mid-program, then pick up where you left off.

Cooler interface

VoiceType™ Control lets your Aptiva understand spoken commands.

Better communications

Aptiva technology includes multiuser voicemail, fax and a full duplex speakerphone.

Faster connections

A built-in 28.8Kbps modem means faster connections and less waiting as you explore the online world.

IBM®

Solutions for a small planet™

Configurations may vary by retailer.

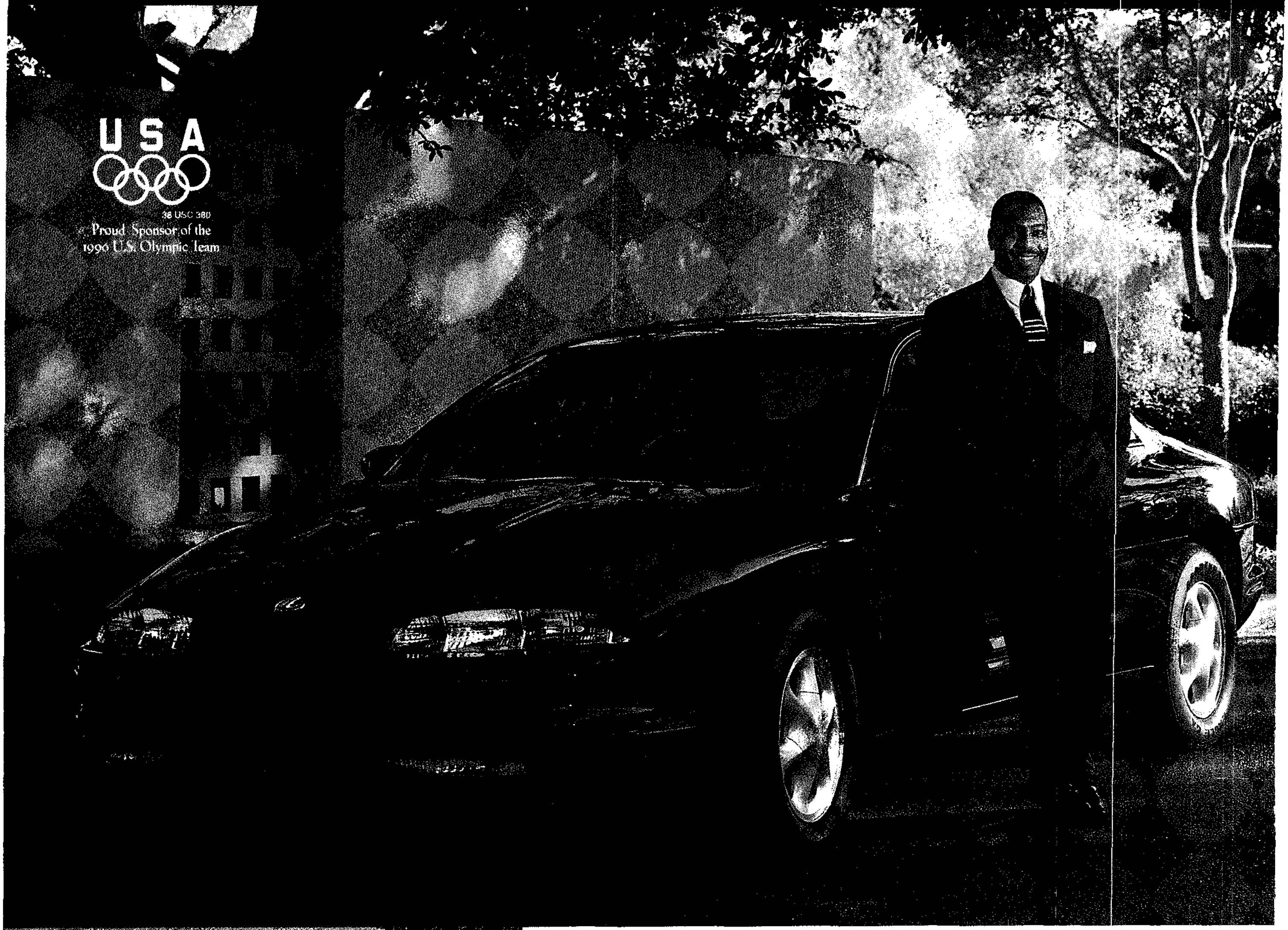
For more information about the pre-upgraded Aptiva
or to order directly, call 1 800 426-7235, ext.4297, now.

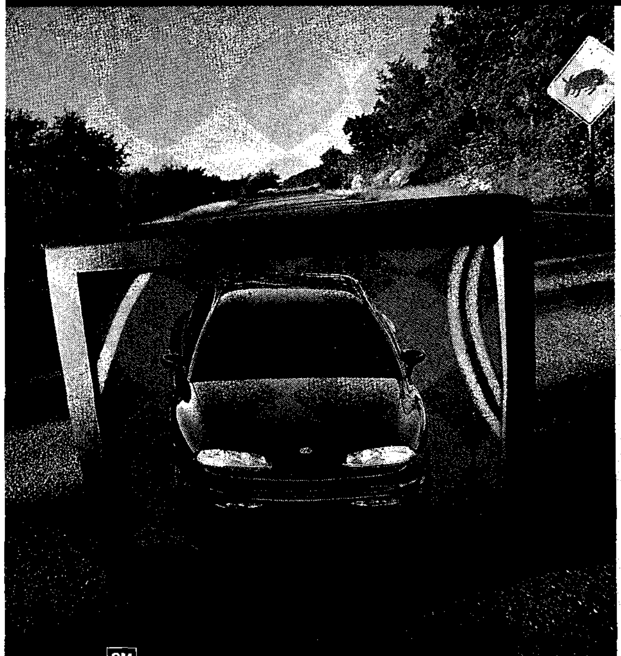
Or visit us at http://www.pc.ibm.com/aptiva/

---

[1] Available at no additional cost for pre-installed operating systems for 60 days from initial service call. [2] Denotes internal processing speeds. GB stands for 1 billion bytes. [3] May not include all documentation and may differ slightly from retail versions. IBM is a registered trademark and Aptiva, Total Image Video, TheatreSound, Rapid Resume, VoiceType and Solutions for a small planet are trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation. All other company and/or product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies. ©1996 IBM Corporation.

WHEN NAVARRA WILLIAMS DROVE HOME HIS NEW 250 HORSEPOWER AURORA, HE KNEW HE HAD ARRIVED. HE JUST DIDN'T THINK HE'D GET THERE SO QUICKLY.





When Navarra Williams first started working in the cable industry eleven years ago, the thought of driving a top-of-the-line luxury performance sedan was only a dream. But thanks to a lot of hard work—and his new Aurora™—the dream's now a reality. With its powerful V8 engine, precise handling and sleek, muscular exterior, Navarra says his Aurora really stops traffic. Literally. "People are always coming up to me and asking about it." If you see him on the road, AURORA ask Navarra yourself. That is, if you can catch him. Demand better. Aurora by Oldsmobile.

GM ©1995 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Buckle Up, America!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

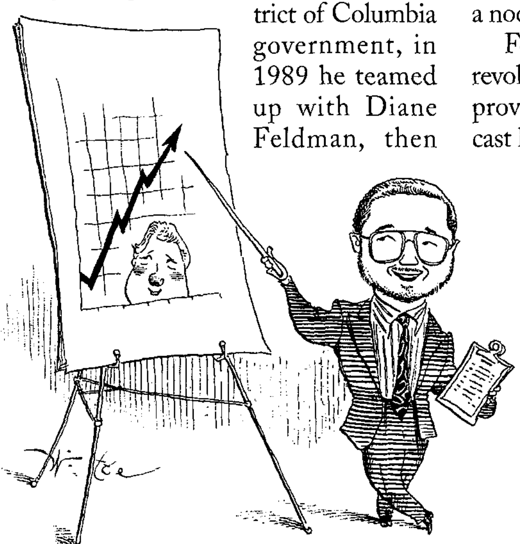
THE POWER OF PRAGMATISM

It's a rainy April afternoon, and much of Washington's black political élite has gathered at a hotel on Capitol Hill for a closed-door strategy session, organized by the Democratic National Committee, for two hundred and fifty of the nation's leading black ministers. At the restaurant in the lobby, Ron Lester is spooning up chicken-noodle soup and spinning anecdotes from his recent stint as pollster for Jesse Jackson, Jr. Suddenly, Jesse, Sr., ambles over and starts talking not about his son's campaign for Congress but about his own decision to forgo a race against Bill Clinton. "I was seriously contemplating running, if for no other reason than to stop the clock from being turned back," Jackson says. "But, with the Buchanan-Gingrich forces so dominant in the Republican Party this year, it has tended to illuminate Clinton's better side. He is the option over that group. It's not murky."

To Lester, Jackson's conclusion is merely the most vivid sign of the larger dynamic that the pollster spends much of his time explaining these days: the rallying of black voters around President Clinton—a development that not long ago seemed by no means inevitable. Three years back, when memories were fresh with images of a dissed Sister Souljah and a dumped Lani Guinier, the President's support among blacks had sunk as low as fifty-three per cent; when Clinton announced that he would review all federal affirmative-action programs, it threatened to plunge even further. But today, as Lester rises to address the ministers, this shaky past is nearly forgotten. Among African-Americans, he says, "the President's favorable ratings and his job-approval ratings are higher than Lyndon Johnson's were in 1965, when he signed the Voting Rights Act."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

A soft-spoken forty-two-year-old with graying, close-cropped hair and the sort of studious, unfashionable glasses you'd expect to see on someone with an advanced degree from M.I.T., Lester is America's premier black pollster. After a decade of working in Democratic politics and cycling through a series of jobs in the District of Columbia government, in 1989 he teamed up with Diane Feldman, then Mayor Marion Barry's number cruncher, to start a polling firm to cater to "the burgeoning market of black candidates, particularly for Congress," he explains. "With redistricting in 1990, the number of African-American seats increased from twenty-four to forty. We saw it coming."



Ron Lester

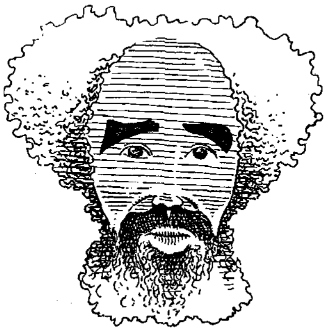
A successful run with the underdog D.C. mayoral candidate Sharon Pratt Kelly made Lester a player, helping him to amass a serious roster of black client-candidates, and to win a coveted contract with the D.N.C. But it was Colin Powell who made him a star. Last fall, as pundits pontificated about the chances that a Powell candidacy would cause a historic shift of black voters to the Republican Party, Lester's polls suggested otherwise, showing Clinton beating the General among African-Americans by a three-to-one margin. Similarly, Lester now predicts that Powell's presence in the Vice-Presidential slot would lure less than twenty per cent of the black vote to the G.O.P. ticket. The reason, he says, boils down to guilt by association: "The Republican Party is like a noose around Powell's neck."

For Clinton, by contrast, the Gingrich revolution has been an unqualified boon, providing him with the opportunity to cast himself as the last fire wall against an incendiary series of Republican proposals—on school lunches, child immunizations, Head Start, summer jobs, Medicaid, and welfare—that have, in Lester's words, "scared the hell out of a lot of people, especially minorities." In fact, Lester contends, it is Clinton's performance on these and other economic issues, more than his "mend it, don't end it" stance on affirmative action, which has been responsible for making him a more popular Presidential choice among blacks than even Jackson. "The task for the President now is not persuasion—black voters are there," Lester says. "The task is turnout."

In the White House and the D.N.C., there is near-universal consensus that for Clinton to win, and for Democrats to have any hope of retaking control of the House or the Senate, the sharp decline in black voting that contributed to the disaster of 1994 must be reversed. At the private ministers' briefing, Lester tells the crowd that in swing states the Party is aiming for a black turnout of sixty-five per cent—a wildly ambitious goal, consider-

A MAN ON A MISSION

DURING a week of marathon funerals, a black man who was attending a service for W. Haywood Burns, at the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, leaned over to a friend in a tightly packed pew and said, "Look at this crowd." As he spoke, what could easily be observed was blacks and whites sitting together uncomfortably, but only because the place was so packed. "Funniest thing," he continued. "In the first half hour, it was only the whites arriving. Then, a half hour later, all the blacks came. And now they're all sitting together. Funniest thing."


W. Haywood Burns

Burns died in the same week as Ron Brown, as violently and as tragically, in a car crash in South Africa. Like Brown, he was on a mission; specifically, he was attending a conference on democracy and international law. More generally, his mission was to insure justice and peace for poor black Americans—and for anyone else who found justice and peace elusive. Also like Brown, Burns believed that the key to achieving those ends lay in expanding opportunities.

Burns, fifty-five, was a graduate of Harvard College and Yale Law School and had done time at a blue-chip law firm and in the blue-chip arm of the black struggle—the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc. He was also a founder of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, the so-called legal arm of the black revolution, and that work took him into more radical territory—where he represented, among others, the Black Panthers, Vietnam War resisters, Angela Davis, and sixty of the inmates who rioted to protest conditions at Attica prison in 1971. He was the dean of the once upstart City University School of Law at Queens College—the first black dean of a New York law school—and at the time of his death he was teaching a course in critical race theory, a controversial analysis of how race affects the law. He and a colleague who was killed with him, M. Shanara Gilbert, were the only tenured black faculty at the institution.

ABOUT halfway into the funeral service, the presiding minister, the Reverend Calvin O. Butts, announced that the children of W. Haywood Burns would now speak, and five young people rose. Three were white and Latino, one was black and white, and one was Wasp and Jewish, as he later described himself. That was Seth, twenty-seven, and the eldest, who spoke for them all. "We are Haywood Burns's children," he said.

In the course of describing the relationship between the father and his children, Seth, reaching down at one point to take his darker brother's hand and bring it to his lips, spoke of something we don't read or hear much about in these days of headlines decrying the decline of family values and black men doing wrong. Seth talked about the closeness of this family, including Jennifer, Burns's wife and the mother of three of the children. He talked about Christmas celebrations when they all lip-synched to rock and roll, about when Jennifer and his dad "celebrated anniversaries every other day, . . . cuddled tightly each dawn, and meditated on dreams of future possibilities." Suddenly, for those of us who had known Burns, it was easy to imagine him alive, with his round, bearded face and guileless smile, and his shock of bushy hair, wearing a rumpled dark suit, which someone at the funeral suggested might have been his only one.

—CHARLAYNE HUNTER-GAULT

ing that since 1968 the figure has typically hovered at just over fifty per cent.

But, standing before the preachers, Lester presents a chart—one that looks, as he puts it, like a melon passing through a boa constrictor—showing that the black electorate is disproportionately young. He points to the melon and says, "This has often been referred to as a sleeping giant. This is a powerful generation of people. Now, if we can encourage these young people to register and vote, we will win, and we will change history." With a rhetorical flourish that might ordinarily seem too optimistic, he concludes, "And it will indeed be a new day." As Clinton can attest, however, the looming threat of darkness has a way of bringing on some unexpected dawns.

DA MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN his first hundred days as Mayor of San Francisco, Willie Lewis Brown, Jr., has governed the city with the same dominance—and controversy, some are already saying—that he wielded in the California State Assembly during the previous fifteen years of his political career. Brown's new job has shrunk his power base even as it has increased his national exposure—a subject that he addressed recently over breakfast at a Union Street bar, in San Francisco.

The Mayor said that the color of his skin has prompted some journalists to automatically enroll him as a spokesman for blacks. "It's a perspective," he said, "which immediately brings to my mind the limits of what they expect me to comment on, and the limits of what they will accept as observations from me. Instead of seeing me as a potential spokesperson for urban America, I am regularly being touted as a spokesperson for black America. And I'm really not a spokesperson for black America. My name is Brown, not Jackson."

Despite his protestations, Da Mayor, as Brown is known to many of his constituents, is shaking up race relations in San Francisco. At a time when the city's black population has declined to about eleven per cent, many companies seeking better access to Brown have elevated blacks to leadership positions. Brown sees this shift as "appropriate," if not secure. "I don't want it to be like it was in New York for David Dinkins," he said, offering his impression that "the private-sector side

FUND	1 YEAR	5 YEAR	10 YEAR	LIFE OF FUND
Dreyfus Appreciation Fund, Inc.	+37.89%	+15.79%	+13.81%	+15.53% (1-18-84)
Dreyfus Core Value Fund Investor Shares	+35.56%	+15.13%	+12.38%	+10.74% (2-6-47)
Dreyfus Disciplined Stock Fund* Class R Shares	+36.86%	+16.80%	-	+15.83% (12-31-87)
Dreyfus Disciplined Equity Income Fund Investor Shares	+35.40%	-	-	+24.34% (9-14-94)

Average Annual Total Returns as of 12-31-95

NOT BAD.

Considering you probably didn't

EVEN KNOW WE HAD EQUITY FUNDS.

1 800 THE LION ext. 4059
843-5466
Visit a Dreyfus Financial Center • Via Internet: http://www.dreyfus.com/funds

To discuss one of these Dreyfus equity funds or others with different investment objectives and track records, call for a Prospectus today.
Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

Dreyfus®

Mutual fund shares are not FDIC-insured and the net asset value of all equity mutual funds will fluctuate. Call to get a Prospectus containing more complete information on the Fund, including management fees, expenses and share classes. Please read it carefully before you invest. Share price and investment return fluctuate so that upon redemption a shareholder may receive more or less than original cost. *The Disciplined Stock Fund offers two classes of shares, Class R and Investor shares. Currently Class R shares are available to all investors. Investor Class shares are not currently available through either purchase or exchange, except to existing Investor Class shareholders. These arrangements may be modified or terminated at any time. ©1996 Dreyfus Service Corporation, Broker-Dealer. Premier Mutual Fund Services Inc., Distributor.

grabbed African-Americans and put them in prominent positions to deal with the Dinkins administration, and the day David left there was no infrastructure. They were all terminated." The fact that Brown has begun his mayoralty by ousting or moving to oust more than half of the city's black department heads (while giving San Francisco its first black fire chief) seems not to trouble him—or, so far, the local media. In any event, Brown would see such criticism as patronizing to San Franciscans. No department head, he said, will keep a job because of race rather than competence.

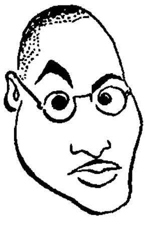
THE "N" WORD

The days when the use of the word "nigger" was an occasion for unpleasantness are not over. But various cultural upheavals and the legacy of Richard Pryor have put a new spin on the old saw "It's not what you say, it's how you say it," and some people are now using the less toxic "nigga" to connote affection. Herewith a few views on what ain't, necessarily, your father's slur.

•

Ellen Gallagher (thirty, visual artist): "When black men use the word with each other, it's like that scene in Toni Morrison's novel 'Sula' where these Irish boys are harassing Sula on her way to school and one day she takes out her pocketknife, very deliberately cuts off the tip of her finger, and says, 'If I can do that to myself, what you suppose I'll do to you?' That's what I think black men did with the word."

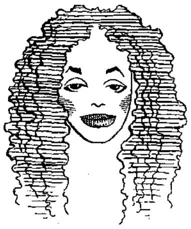
•



Delfeayo Marsalis (thirty, jazz musician): "In general, it's not a word I use. Too many brothers use it as a false assertion of negritude. But in very specific situations I will use it as a political statement. Once, a white musician played with me in Elvin Jones's band for two weeks. He was used to making more money and having better accommodations, so he complained all the time and was a complete drag. So I told him, 'Man, your problem is you need to be a nigger for a couple of days.' He clearly understood."

Vernon Reid (thirty-seven, rock musician): "I don't employ it in regular speech. I grew up in the shadow of the civil-rights movement, and being called 'nigger' had the threat of death behind it. To me, using the word is like the scenario where a hostage starts to identify with his captors, because his survival depends on them. Using it also relieves people of their responsibility. A nigger ain't got to do shit. You don't have to learn anything or be anything more than what you are."

•



N'Bushe Wright (twentysomething, actress): "I don't feel like it's a feminine word, but my friend Stephanie will see you and be like, '*Hey, nigg-ah!!!*' with all the love in the world and a big smile and come hugging you and kissing you 'cause she hasn't seen you in forever. And that's the same exact way that I hear it in the barbershop or walking down the street hearing boyz talking to boyz."

•

Barron Claiborne (twenty-nine, photographer): "If everyone had a decent job and the same rights as everybody else, people could call you 'nigger' all the way to your nice home and your nice car, and you wouldn't care. I'm sure Eddie Murphy feels a little hurt when he's called 'nigger.' But then he gets into his Jacuzzi, and I'm sure it soothes it a little quicker than if I go back to my project. If we eliminated racism, we could have Nigger University and Honkytown and Yellow Fever College, and my Chinese friend and my white friend and I could go to Sambo Burger and have some Whitey french fries and nobody would care, because everybody would have equal opportunity and the word would have no power."

"GHETTO-FABULOUS"

When you're ghetto-fabulous, you're buying your way up and out—even if, mentally or physically, you still live there. You're going for the kind of impenetrable glam that "Entertainment Tonight" bombards you with six nights a week; you're reaching for the baubles and the fake breasts, the knee-high boots, tiny satin T's, and whatever else the bony white girls in *Bazaar* are donning. Never quite tacky, ghetto-fabulous is loud and wrong. It's sophisticated and complicated—but Andre Harrell can explain. He runs the record label that invented it.

"Motown is the first thing that ever taught you about the ghetto as fabulous," he says, and he's talking about Diana and Marvin—cleaned-up, charm-schooled poor kids who became symbols of American fab. He sees little difference between them and Mary J. Blige and Heavy D.—his own legacy of former strugglers now performing and working Mizrahi and Oldham to death, changing the clothes more than the clothes change them. "Without *question*," he says, "fifty per cent of fabulous is attitude. You still gotta be who you are."

Harrell then explains an idea that he obviously finds tiresome. "Middle-class girls *can't* be ghetto-fabulous," he says. "They step straight to fabulous. If a middle-class girl gets long, frosty black nails, she's pushing it. She's doing something not natural."

When Harrell, who grew up in the Bronxdale housing project, signed the paper last fall that named him president of Motown, he was sporting a charcoal Armani suit. "And an Ermenegildo Zegna shirt. Sterling cufflinks from Tiffany. Ralph Lauren suède shoes." *Not* a scarlet Versace jacket with gold emblems. Nothing from anyone's diffusion line. Harrell, the son of a nurse's aide and a grocery-store manager, and the man who, as the president of Uptown Entertainment, oversaw the reimagining of rhythm and blues, wants to look like his money matters, yes—but like it matters little. He gets his hair cut once a week and wears proper Robert Marc spectacles. Dapper as hell. *Clean.* None of that pitiable look-at-me-and-what-I-can-afford madness.

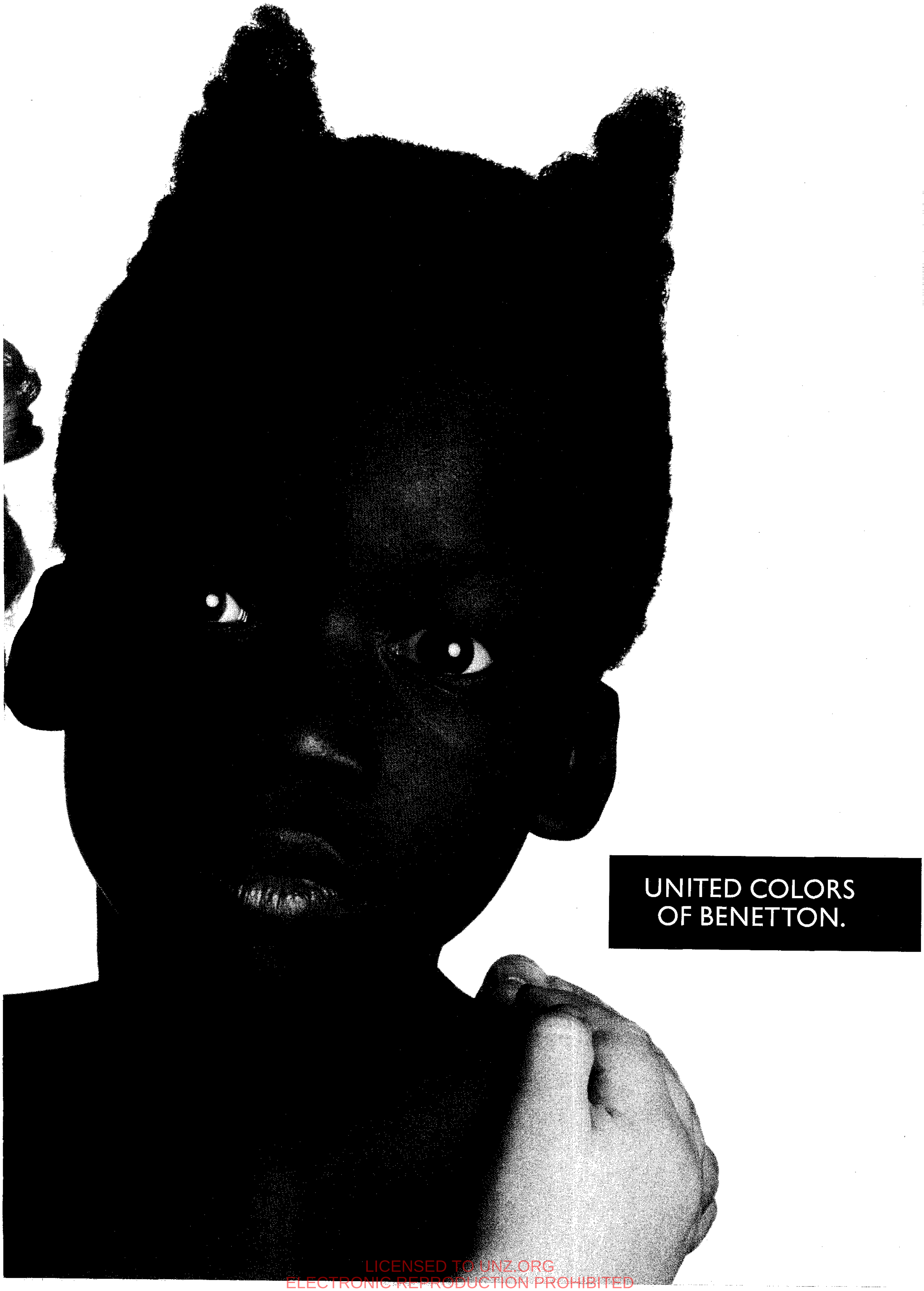
"Money cannot give you taste," he says. "But you can teach someone how to have it. I've acquired it. The only thing ghetto about me is that I come from the ghetto. What I'm doing right now is just straight-up fabulous." ♦

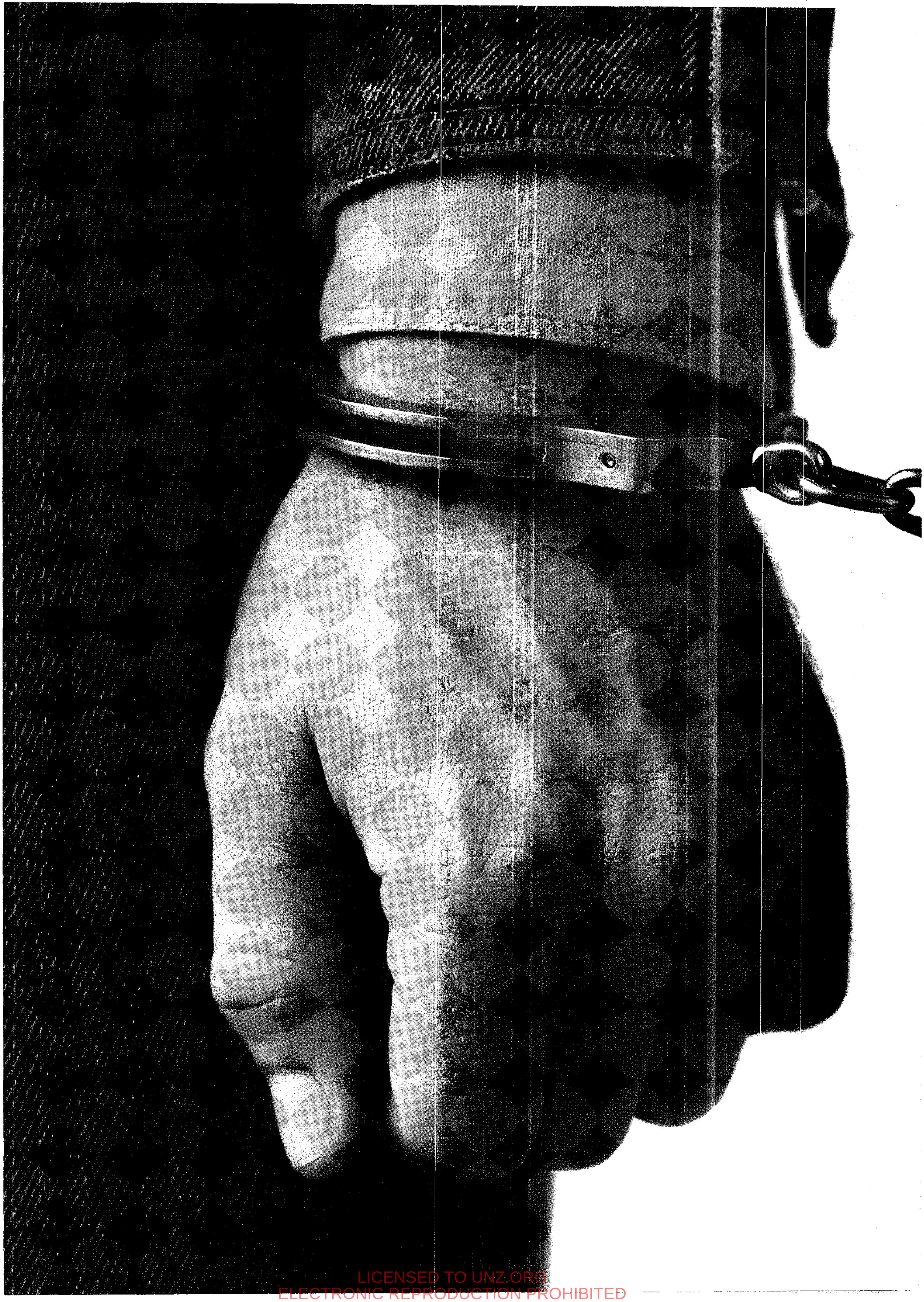
"The Power of Pragmatism," John Heilemann; "Da Mayor of San Francisco," Larry Bush; "The 'N' Word," Touré; "Ghetto-Fabulous," Danyel Smith.

United Colors of Benetton and Sisley are trademarks of Benetton Group SpA, Italy.

WHITE
BLA

CK
YELLO
UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.


UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.



UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.

©United Colors of Benetton. Photographs and concept Oliviero Toscani. http://www.benetton.com

SECOND THOUGHTS

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Eight legends of an era of civil rights—and black power—talk about what went wrong, what went right, and what is to be done.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

ANGELA DAVIS

RACISM has undergone some fundamental changes, both structurally and ideologically, which means that we can no longer use the old theories, the old strategies, in order to try to chart our movement forward. I see racism as such being even *more* dangerous in the latter nineties than it was in the fifties and sixties. For one thing, it is more structurally entrenched in the economic system, and so the globalization of capital has led to racist structures that are often not recognized as racism.

Angela Davis: Racism is even more dangerous now than it was in the fifties and sixties.

I'm one who always warns against the nostalgic identification with the radicalism of the sixties and early seventies. But I think there are lessons that we can learn. Even at the height of the nationalist era, there was a great deal of discussion about the connections between race and class, about the importance of understanding the structural components of racism. There was an understanding that we couldn't assume that racism was just about prejudice—which, unfortunately, is what not only conservatives but liberals are arguing today.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

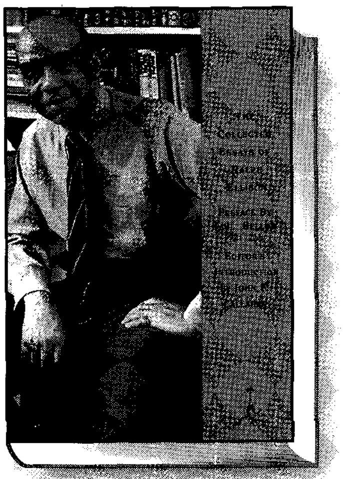
I GOT hit on my head two times by a young Negro, I got robbed, and, I'm telling you, it makes me want to have the death penalty, just for being black. Some of these youngsters, man—the stuff they're doing to people. Some guy wrote a book about dumbing down our children. He could have written one called "Dumbing Down Our Niggers." We learned manners in home and in church. We stopped going to church and we stopped having homes, so we are no longer being civilized, no longer socialized. We remain the natural-born barbarians. We have always taken the values of the larger society and acted them out, but to a large extent the larger society has no input into many of us after we've got our nuts off the sand, as we used to say.

In terms of things getting worse, you know, I think we have lost our vision and our purpose. Back in the sixties and fifties, we knew what we were doing: we were struggling, one, to get rid of the remnants of segregation; two, to get rid of political oppression and exclusion; and, three, to get rid of economic oppression and exploitation. The Supreme Court dealt with the segregation issue; then Congress started passing all kinds of voter-rights and civil-rights acts, and so basically one and two were resolved. If you called a meeting today to ask people to come and discuss segregation, nobody would come but Louis Farrakhan, David Duke, and, maybe, Newt Gingrich. If you called a meeting to talk about how we need more black politicians, nobody would come except a bunch of black politicians and wannabes. But if you called a meeting to talk about money you'd have a standing-room-only crowd, and it wouldn't be all black.

The No. 1 need in the black community today is for a coup d'état against our elected representatives, because our leaders took the only political machinery that we had, which was protest machinery, and parcelled it out among themselves as political-campaign machinery. And that left the com-

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

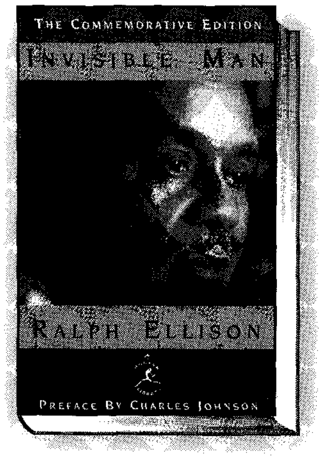
MODERN LIBRARY
CELEBRATES AN
AMERICAN ORIGINAL



THE COLLECTED ESSAYS
OF RALPH ELLISON

"The collection celebrates Ellison's great talent... and, most important, his depth of insight into the American dilemmas of race and culture."

— *THE BOSTON GLOBE*



INVISIBLE MAN

The National Book Award-winning masterpiece that has mesmerized America since its publication in 1952.

"A superb book."

— SAUL BELLOW

MODERN LIBRARY

munity voiceless, unrepresented. All they knew was "Protest, protest, get me into power." And, once they got into power, "Protest, protest, keep me in power." That's it.

JAMES FARMER

MALCOLM and I, in a debate, could say opposite things, and we'd both get thunderous applause. That was because the people in the audience were saying, "I'm not a social engineer, I don't know how to solve these problems, but you two guys are trying to do it. More power to you, both of you."

The March on Washington in '63 was the last great middle-class demonstration. The poor folk were not there. The followers of Malcolm were not there. But after the March on Washington the young people in the inner city, who had been bystanders watching it on TV up in their slum apartments, said, "Hey, let me take a look at this." And these were young people who had rejected the twin foci of the march and of the movement up until that time: nonviolence and interracialism. The young folk from the inner city were saying, "What is this we-shall-overcome, black-and-white-together stuff? I don't know of any white folks except the guy who runs that store on 125th Street in Harlem and garnishees wages and repossesses things you buy. I'd like to go upside his head. Who else do I know? I know the rent collector, who bangs on the door demanding rent that we ain't got. I'd like to go upside *his* head. So there won't be no black and white together." The young people in the street were not only young and angry; they were also illiterate, or largely so, they were unskilled, and they were unemployed and largely unemployable, because of their lack of training, lack of skills, and lack of literacy. The country doesn't realize that Martin Luther King was under attack from the young people in the inner city then. Nonviolence was like a profanity to them.

Most of us thought that if we could wipe out Jim Crow the race problem would be solved. In the sixties, problems were simple. The front seat of a bus, a hot dog at a lunch counter. It was good against evil, right against wrong. Now, sometimes, it's right against right.

MAULANA RON KARENGA

THE movement did not realize how deeply racism was a part of the political culture of America, and how there was not only a racial dimension to oppression but a class dimension, which had to be dealt with. This is how I understand and see this creation of what William Julius Wilson calls this truly disadvantaged crowd: None of the problems we have today are new, except in their exaggerated form. There was dope, there was teen-age pregnancy, there was crime, but we were able to hold them at bay because we had an institutional capacity to intervene and prevent them in a timely manner. But here, with the institutional drain, the resource and brain drain caused by the abandonment of the community by a significant segment of the middle class, you don't have that capacity. It's another irony of history that in order to be American in the way that the integrationists defined it you almost had to deny your own identity. The Japanese or the Jews can be Americans and Japanese or Jewish at the same time. But for some reason people push us to choose either one or the other. And what that does is undermine the basis for community: it undermines the basis for an institutional capacity to define, defend, and develop our interests.

The civil-rights discourse was a *moral* discourse based on an appeal to whites to realize their own humanity and act accordingly. The presumption that the people who hold power are moral rather than amoral is the fatal flaw of the movement: it depends so much on the good will of the oppressor and of the white allies you had. On the other hand, the black-power movement's fundamental problem was that it focussed essentially on *power*. We found out that we cannot organize and sustain the organization with just power talk, because we don't have the principles around which to organize. We must now combine the political and the moral.

KATHLEEN CLEAVER

THE group I was in had the most classically cogent analysis: that blacks were, in effect, a people subjected to community imperialism or domestic colonialism, that their position was analogous to that of the Algerians vis-à-vis France, or that of the Angolans vis-à-vis Portugal, and that in order to achieve self-determination we had to engage in the struggle for liberation from the political and economic and social structures of the mainstream society. Not in order to integrate into them but in order to become liberated from them and to have a revolutionary transformation in the world in which we lived. But we don't have any organized mobilization in our communities. So can we be an interest group? Within the black community, I think there is class and political and religious fragmentation to the extent that there are *several* interest groups, not just one.

It has got worse for those people who were in the working class. A lot of it has to do with the way in which the world economy and the United States economy have radically changed in terms of what's being produced and who's producing it, and with the decline of the United States as a major industrial power. Those are things that have an impact on a community that was dependent on entry-level industrial jobs for its well-being. As for the level of enhancement of the middle class, which consists of people who have professional or other educational skills, that's attributable largely to the increased entrance of African-American men and women into colleges and professional schools and into the professions that the civil-rights era opened up. But it didn't have a corresponding opening-up effect on declining industries like steel—just look at the unions.

JAMIL ABDULLAH AL-AMIN (FORMERLY H. RAP BROWN)

I'LL begin in the name of the Lord, the beneficent and merciful: I ask Allah to guide my heart and to guide my tongue. There have been many movements to visit the struggle with African-Americans—the abolitionist movement, the antislavery movement, the populist movement, Marcus Garvey's movement, civil rights. But Allah says in the Koran that verily he will not change the condition of people until they change that which is in themselves.

What would I have done differently? The Prophet, peace and blessing be upon him, says that that which will come to you will come to you, will not miss you, and that which will miss you will miss you, will not come to you, so therefore there should be no remorse. So, you know, there's nothing that I could improve on, there's nothing I could do better or change.

The black middle class has reached the maximum desirable number. Anything else is just sheer deception. That means that even if you had an African-American

President he would have to fight for the defense budget. He would have to justify the existence of the people in Palestine being funded. If you're talking about electoral politics, my attitude is, as it was in the sixties: What better way to enslave a man than give him the vote and call him free? What does it profit a man to be able to vote when he has to choose between a Democrat and a Republican—Tweedledee and Tweedledum?

KWAME TURE (FORMERLY STOKELY CARMICHAEL)

The greatest success of the civil-rights movement was raising the level of consciousness about people. Its greatest failure was a lack of organization. When you look at the sixties, the organizations that came to the forefront, like S.N.C.C. and CORE, were incapable of attaching the head and the hands. In the sixties, most of your movement was spontaneous, not organized. This was its greatest weakness. Of course, this weakness can be traced to the fact that those organizations didn't see the need for ideology at that point. Even the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee. One of its greatest weaknesses was that it didn't see the need for unifying ideology.

To be quite honest with you, much as I hate American capitalism and fight to destroy it I never thought I would see the conditions that I now see existing in America. The homelessness, the alienation of the people, the right wing turning against the government. While all this is certainly favorable for me, because I'm a revolutionary and I'm gonna work for revolution in America, I really never thought that I would see conditions as backward as they are and as aggravated as they are in America today.

I know my people are ready to fight, and they're conscious. Their consciousness is higher today than it was in the sixties. In every aspect of life in America, the American capitalist system tries to make it appear as if the people were less conscious now than they were in the sixties. Nothing could be further from the truth. You cannot tell me that a woman in the sixties was as much conscious as a woman in the nineties is today. What they took in the sixties a woman in the nineties will never take. We don't even have to talk about the environment issue. Everything in America is becoming politicized, whether it's abortion or busing. So the people in America are more politicized than they were in the sixties, not less.

Integration makes no sense at all—we might as well face that. It's not a question of integration; it's a question of power. People think that racism is a question of attitude. It's not. If I sit on a bus next to a white man, and he doesn't like me sitting next to him, and he has an attitude, that's his problem. But if he has the power to move me from the front of the bus to the back of the bus, then that's *my* problem. The problem of racism arises only when there's power to carry out your acts. That's why when they talk about reverse racism I laugh at them. We have no power. The only way we will get power is when Africa is unified and socialist.

JULIAN BOND

We've lost a great deal of our moral standing. I think we need to try to regain it if we can, but I think we also have to become more clever politically, in the larger sense. The time hasn't quite come when we can forget group politics altogether, but we've got to play that politics *and* larger politics, too. To play only the one is to lock yourself into a little room from which there is no escape. You have your chieftains and your queens, but that's it. They're presiding over a tiny principality.

Once, we thought that segregation and racism were the same thing, and that, when segregation was done away with, racism would be done away with, too. We enjoyed the community of segregation, and it conflated all the differences among us into one undifferentiated mass. This unfortunate luxury blinded us to the reality of the diversity of our "community," and the prospect that after segregation that diversity would spread and increase. You've had a dispersal of black Americans from this ghetto status that all used to suffer from, and this dispersal has had positive and negative effects. The positive is that now, if you've got the dough, you can live wherever you want to. You can move away from overcrowding and bad police protection and all that, and move wherever you want to. On the negative side, it has destroyed something we tend to romanticize but what really was an organic community with a wide variety of people living in it, up and down the income stream, and where the community imposed a kind of standard of behavior. It wasn't always met, but at least there were models. ♦

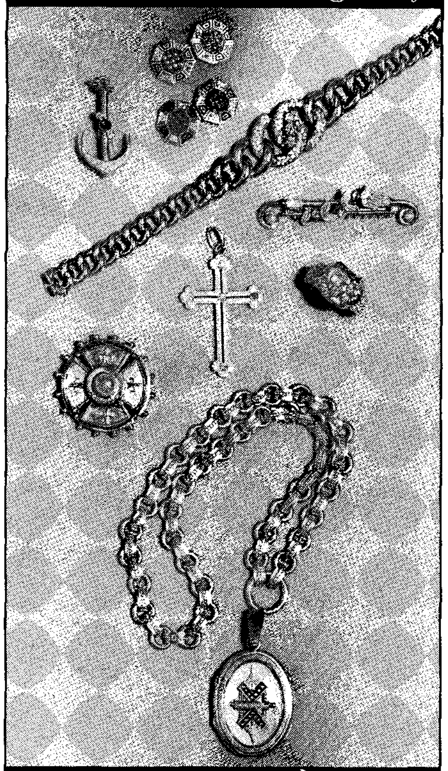
CONTEMPORARY
ART
PART I

Auction to be held Tuesday, May 7 at 7 pm in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York City. Admission to the evening sale is by ticket only. For a reservation, please call 212 546 1128. For further information, please contact Neal Meltzer at 212 546 1169, Laura Paulson at 212 546 1078 or Martha Baer at 212 546 1144. To purchase catalogue #8436N, call 800 395 6300.

Willem de Kooning,
Mailbox, 1948, signed 'de Kooning'
lower left: oil, enamel
and charcoal on paper
mounted on panel,
23 ¼ x 30in. (59.1 x 76.2cm.).
Property of a Private Collector.
Estimate: $2,500,000-3,000,000.

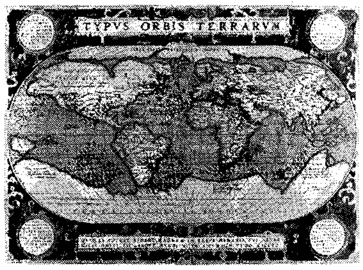
CHRISTIE'S

Christie's on-line: http://www.christies.com
Principal Auctioneer: Christopher Burge #761534


Antique and Period Gold Jewelry

JAMES II GALLERIES, LTD.
Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341

AUCTIONS AT SWANN



Ortelius, *Typus Orbis Terrarum*, Amsterdam, 1598 or later.

May 9 at 10:30 a.m. & 2:00 p.m.

MAPS & ATLASES
MAP REFERENCE
DECORATIVE GRAPHICS
EPHEMERA

Illustrated Catalogue $25

May 16 at 10:30 a.m. & 2:00 p.m.

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY
AVIATION • MEDICINE
NATURAL HISTORY

Catalogue $10

For preview hours and newsletter, please call Swann at (212) 254-4710
IAA *Member International Association of Auctioneers*

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

DEPT. OF PUBLIC OPINION

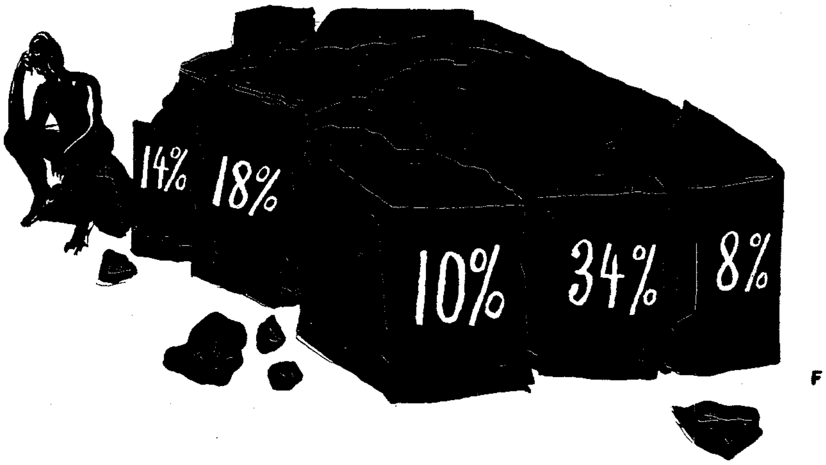
BLACK AND BLUE

A Yankelovich–New Yorker survey of African-Americans suggests that optimism does not necessarily increase with prosperity.

BY JERVIS ANDERSON

AMONG the remarkable social developments of the past thirty years is the rapid expansion of the African-American middle class. After the breakthroughs of the civil-rights movement, in the mid-sixties, that class made greater social and economic strides than any black group in the United States ever had before. Yet there has been an equally significant development in the opposite direction—the steady decline in the position of the black poor, who constitute roughly a third of the African-American community. When a leading black scholar like Harvard's Orlando Patterson considers this somewhat divided experience, he cannot help being struck by an odd unison of the best and the worst of times. "Put in the starkest terms, the bottom third of the African American population—some 10 million persons—live in dire poverty, while the bottom 10 per cent or so—the so-called underclass—exist in an advanced stage of social, economic, and moral disintegration," Patterson, a sociologist, wrote in *The New Republic* not long ago. "Thirty-one per cent of all black families . . . live in poverty."

That poverty, along with the simultaneous spectacle of middle-class progress and plenty, has become one of the major social and economic contradictions in black America, and has sparked a growing concern. It has also sparked a new kind of pessimism: curiously, the dramatic rise of the black middle class during the past thirty years—with its unprecedented access to major colleges and universities, corporations, high-powered law firms, and elective and appointive office at various levels of government—has led to increasing disenchantment with American possibilities.



FILIP PAGOWSKI

BEYOND such paradoxical divisions, how do black Americans generally regard themselves? What are some of the judgments and attitudes by which they define their perspective on various aspects of life in the United States? Some clues are furnished in a survey of the current heartbeat of black America, which Yankelovich Partners, Inc., conducted for this special issue of *The New Yorker*. (It was conducted among some twelve hundred African-American adults, and had a margin of error of two and a half per cent.)

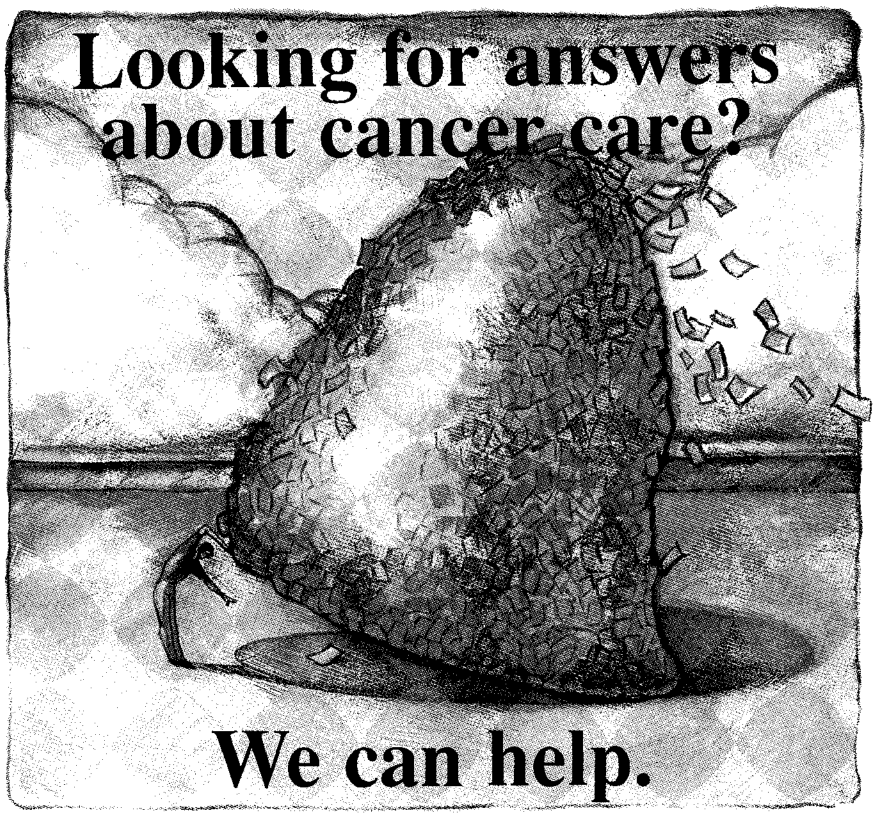
The survey asks blacks to say what social class they think they belong to, and we learn that ten per cent of African-Americans assign themselves to the lower class, forty-one per cent to the working class, thirty-five per cent to the middle class, six per cent to the upper-middle class, and three per cent to the upper class. Only five per cent are uncertain, on the basis of their earnings, where to place themselves on the ladder of social class.

Many of the Yankelovich–*New Yorker* findings confirm what many Americans, black and white, would have suspected. For instance, blacks support, overwhelmingly, the policy of affirmative action: even the lower and working classes do so, undeterred by the fact that the principal beneficiaries of affirmative action have been members of the middle class. A majority of blacks favor a woman's right to abortion on demand and favor the passage of national-health-insurance legislation, even at the cost of higher taxes. A large majority—seventy-two per cent—believe that government programs do not go far enough to alleviate the problems of African-Americans.

Most American blacks are Democrats. This holds true regardless of class or income, just as it has ever since the days of the New Deal. Sixty per cent consider the Democratic Party more responsive than the Republican Party to the needs of African-Americans, and a substantial thirty-three per cent declare that where black interests are concerned they recognize no significant difference between the major parties. Seventy per cent would vote to reëlect President Clinton and Vice-President Gore in November, against a hypothetical Republican ticket of Senator Robert Dole and General Colin Powell. In fact, despite Powell's celebrity, only thirteen per cent would now support a Dole-Powell ticket.

That thirteen per cent, though, does not seem so humble a figure when historic black voting preferences are taken into account. And, given the ungenerous social message of Newt Gingrich's Contract with America, it seems a wonder that the projected Republican figure isn't smaller. Thirteen per cent of blacks supporting a Dole-Powell ticket would translate into hundreds of thousands of votes that usually go Democratic; and after a highly visible campaign, especially one in which Powell was seen as a moderating influence within his party, the numbers would be likelier to climb than to fall.

There are a number of findings in the Yankelovich–*New Yorker* study which may, at first glance, appear unexpected. On several controversial social issues, a majority of African-Americans are more conservative than they have generally been thought to be, advocating positions that their racial leadership has not wanted to be heard adopting. All class and income groups say, for instance, that they would support a constitutional amendment per-


Looking for answers about cancer care?
We can help.

If you or a loved one is diagnosed with cancer, you'll need answers to a lot of important questions. Can the cancer be treated? What are the right treatments? Who are the best doctors?

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ may have the answers you're looking for.

Since 1988, we have been caring for cancer patients, both newly diagnosed and advanced stage, at hospitals and physician practices throughout the U.S.

By combining national, research-based medical treatments with nutrition, psychological and spiritual support, every patient receives individualized, comprehensive care.

And our physicians, educated and trained at some of the best-known universities and medical centers in the U.S., take a team approach to give patients not just one opinion, but the opinion of a team of experts.

And most important, we do only one thing. We treat cancer.

If you or someone you love has cancer, please call us today at 1-800-487-3585.

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS®
OF AMERICA

1-800-487-3585

http://www.cancercenter.com

Because cancer varies with the individual, treatment and effectiveness also vary.
No case typical and no results guaranteed.

mitting prayer in the public schools; they favor cutting off payments to welfare recipients who do not go to work after two years; and they are split almost evenly over the question of whether their children should be bused to white schools in order to achieve racial balance.

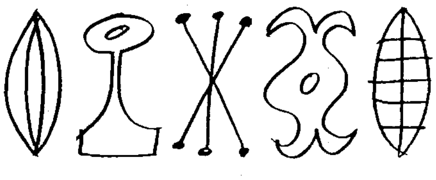
As might be guessed, the cultural personalities most widely admired in black America include Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, and Oprah Winfrey. When African-Americans are asked to rate certain political personalities on the basis of "generally favorable" impressions, Coretta Scott King scores the highest, with eighty-three per cent, and Jesse Jackson is next, with eighty-two per cent. Johnnie Cochran has a seventy-five-per-cent favorable rating—an apparent tribute to his role in the O. J. Simpson trial—and Colin Powell has a rating of seventy per cent. Farther down on the list are Louis Farrakhan, with fifty-two per cent; Benjamin Chavis, with thirty-six per cent; and Clarence Thomas, with thirty-five per cent.

That hierarchy of esteem conceals a few unspoken commentaries. Coretta Scott King's status reflects the enduring quality of her appeal, for today she is not as regularly or as prominently in the public eye as she used to be. That Farrakhan's "favorable" rating has made a modest jump, from forty-eight per cent in 1994, is clearly a result of the Million Man March he led, last October—an event from which one would have expected him to profit more handsomely in terms of popularity. Indeed, his current "unfavorable" standing, of thirty per cent, is exceeded only by that of Justice Thomas, at thirty-seven per cent, among the celebrities covered by the survey. And, unless a number of African-Americans have willed themselves into amnesia, another Thomas-related response is somewhat startling: twenty-five per cent of the total had never heard of him.

Ebony, *Jet*, and *Essence*, the Yankelovich–*New Yorker* survey discovered, are the periodicals that African-Americans say they read most frequently, followed by *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Black Enterprise*, *EM: Ebony Man*, *Newsweek*, and the *Reader's Digest*. (Of course, one can imagine complaints from the black intelligentsia that that listing ignores the full range of *their* reading habits.) The church, as always, is still an "extremely" or a "very" important institution in African-American life and culture. Most blacks continue to feel that racism is "a big problem" in America, and by now, hardly anyone can be surprised to learn that they believe the police and the legal system to be severely prejudiced against them. (The distinguished black intellectual Cornel West, a product of Harvard and Princeton, has said that he is often regarded as "a savage in a suit"; and police have been known to stop his expensive automobile on the suspicion that he's a drug-trafficker.)

Even so, fifty-four per cent of African-Americans reject the proposition that they are distrustful of most whites. Although thirty per cent believe they would be better off working within black institutions, fifty-five per cent think economic and professional progress can be best achieved in the American mainstream. And those who negotiate that mainstream evidently function with a dual personality—a private self, which they share with people of their own ethnic background, and a public one, which they share with whites. That phenomenon, which is by no means of recent vintage, confirms W. E. B. Du Bois's description of the African-American psyche, written at the beginning of this century: "One ever feels his two-ness,—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder." And, the Yankelovich–*New Yorker* survey finds that, though thirty-two per cent disagree, forty-eight per cent of African-Americans believe that the failure of blacks to take full advantage of the opportunities available to them constitutes a greater problem than discrimination by whites.

THE latter belief, however, is not clearly reflected in other findings of the Yankelovich-*New Yorker* survey. Fifty-eight per cent of African-Americans (sixty-six per cent of the lower class, fifty-seven per cent of the working class, fifty-eight per cent of the middle class, fifty per cent of the upper-middle and above) feel that conditions are getting worse for them. Half believe that race relations will never be better than they are. And fifty-nine per cent (including fifty-eight per cent of the middle class and forty-nine per cent of the upper-middle and above) agree that the American dream has become impossible for most Americans to achieve.

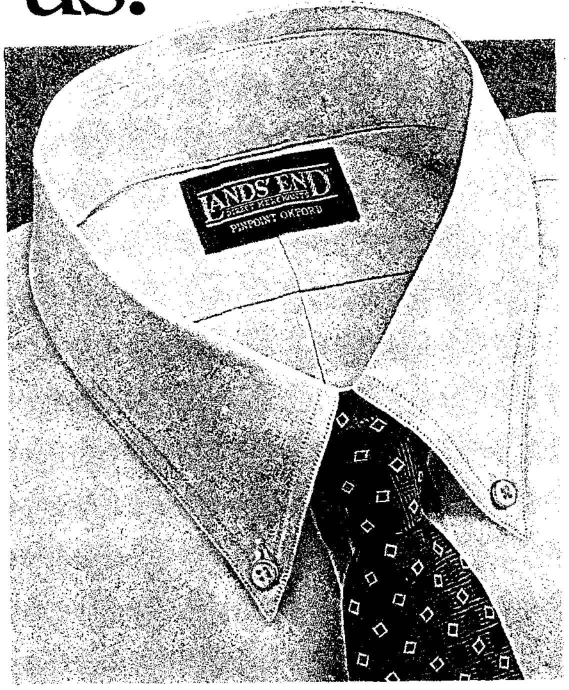


Such findings are supported, on the whole, by those in Jennifer L. Hochschild's important 1995 book, "Facing Up to the American Dream." There is, however, a slight difference: according to Hochschild's study, better-off blacks are more pessimistic about the future than their poorer counterparts are. Discussing the paradox of middle-class progress and pessimism—"succeeding more and enjoying it less," she calls it—Hochschild writes, "As the African American middle class has become larger, more powerful, and more stable, its members have grown disillusioned with and even embittered about the American dream." Conversely, she adds, "As black poverty has deepened and become concentrated, poor African Americans have continued to believe in the American dream almost as much as poor blacks did thirty years ago."

What can account for that discrepancy? Perhaps it is easier for poor blacks, in their extreme deprivation, to retain a faith in American possibility—a sense that the future can only be more just than the past has been. Perhaps because their access to the American mainstream has been so limited in comparison with that of their more privileged brethren, they have not been emotionally and psychologically abraded by an effort to keep up with it. On the other hand, the successful middle class, having long ago been admitted into the struggle for equal opportunity, may have been so extensively exposed to the obstacles and rigors of racial aspiration that they have become disillusioned with the democratic promise of the American dream.

Nevertheless, the disparities of class status between the black achievers and the black poor do not obscure the underlying and unifying role that color plays in their experience of American life. Benignly or otherwise, that experience is still influenced by what Du Bois, nearly a hundred years ago, called "the problem of the Twentieth Century"; namely, "the problem of the color line." Even as this century draws to its close, efforts are being made to dismantle the provisions for affirmative action, which is one of the accomplishments of a struggle—the civil-rights crusade—that helped make the American dream seem more achievable to African-Americans than it had seemed at any other time since the abolition of slavery. ◆

Why some of the biggest manufacturers refuse to make shirts for us.



Sure, they want the business. But not when they hear how *finicky* we are about everything that goes into a Lands' End Buttondown.

From the fit and the fabric, to the stitching of the buttonholes.

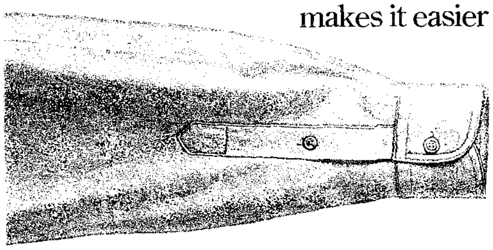
Before you buy *anybody's* buttondown, just consider what goes into ours:

A classic fit. Some companies go overboard; they cut off-the-shoulder, with big, blousey armholes. When you put a jacket on, the fabric bunches up.

Our shoulders are a *little* more relaxed than years gone by. But the cut is still traditional.

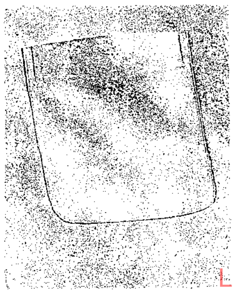
So there's no bunching up – and you look better.

A longer sleeve placket. Tip to cuff, ours is 6 ¾" – an inch (or more) longer than others. This makes it easier to lay out the sleeve for ironing, adds to your comfort. Note the extra button: an Old World touch.



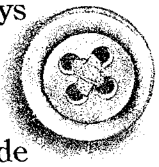
Longer shirttails, which stay tucked in. Some shirtmakers abbreviate their tails to save on fabric. Ours are longer by 1" or more.

A deep chest pocket. Holds eyeglasses or pens securely, so they won't fall out.



A supple, natural roll collar. Some shirtmakers line collars with a cheap polyester. In washing, it reacts differently than cotton, producing crinkles.

Our collars have a natural lining we discovered. It shrinks just like cotton: your collar stays neater.

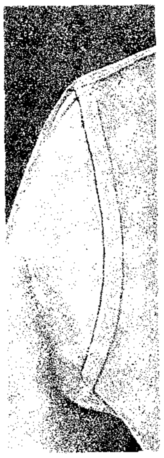


Buttons that defy even a commercial laundry. Our new buttons are made of the same tough resin used in bowling balls and boat hulls.

Grommets behind collar buttons. Soft pads inside the shirt to keep the buttons from ripping through. Most manufacturers omit grommets – buttons must fend for themselves.

Each buttonhole has 120 lock stitches. Most shirtmakers use fewer stitches – 90 to 100 stitches per buttonhole. Ours hold up better: you have to *work* to fray one.

Strong, single-needle stitching on shoulder and armhole seams. The seams lie flat, feel smooth. (Many manufacturers can't *do* single-needle work.)



Know what? We've run out of space, and still haven't covered everything.

We've only found two manufacturers who can build shirts our way. But when you put on our Buttondown – and see how you look – you'll agree that being picky-picky has paid off.

Fact is, you can pay two or three times as much, and still not get *all* our features.

Why not call for our catalog? Where we can *really* tell you about our shirts....

© 1996 Lands' End, Inc.

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS
Guaranteed. Period.®

For our free catalog, call anytime, 24 hours a day
1-800-356-4444
Please mention ad JM

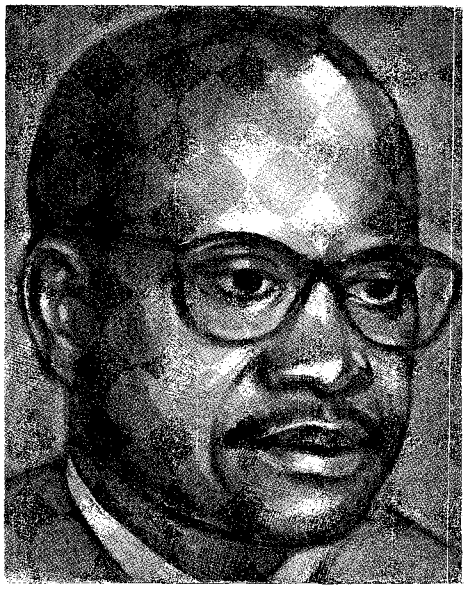
Name ______________________
Address ______________________
______________ Apt. ________
City ______________________
State ________ Zip ____________
Phone (   ) ______________ Day/Night *(circle one)*
Mail to: 1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, WI 53595
E-Mail: catalogs-jm@landsend.com

ANNALS OF LAW

MOVING ON

In his latest incarnation, Justice Clarence Thomas takes his text from Booker T. Washington.

BY JEFFREY ROSEN



Some of those close to Justice Thomas help us to see him in a different, provocative light.

TOM CURRY

TWICE each week, on Wednesday and Friday, the nine Justices of the United States Supreme Court meet alone in their oak-panelled conference room to discuss recently argued cases and to cast their tentative votes. No visitors are admitted once the conference has begun, but, by all accounts, the proceedings tend to be brisk and businesslike. Chief Justice William Rehnquist's credo is efficiency above all, and the Associate Justices rarely try to persuade one another with impassioned advocacy or intellectual debate. Moments of drama are rare.

In January of 1995, however, Justice Clarence Thomas interrupted the decorous calm of the conference with a highly personal appeal. Alone among his colleagues, Thomas rarely asks questions from the bench; he had remained silent on January 11th, during oral argument in Missouri v. Jenkins, an important case concerning the federal courts' power to remedy the effects of racial segregation in public schools. But when the Justices gathered in private to discuss the Jenkins case, some of them later told their clerks, Thomas spoke fervently of his own youthful struggles with the reality of Jim Crow. I am the only one at this table who attended a segregated school, Thomas reportedly said. And the problem with segregation was not that we didn't have white people in our class. The problem was that we didn't have equal facilities. We didn't have heating, we didn't have books, and we had rickety chairs. All society owed us was equal resources and an equal opportunity to make something of ourselves. Thomas invoked the famous footnote in Brown v. Board of Education, in which Chief Justice Earl Warren cited works of social science to suggest that the greatest evil of segregation was the feelings of inferiority that it engendered in black students. Thomas disagreed. The evil of segregation was that black students had inferior facilities, not that they were denied the chance to go to school with white students, he said. All my classmates and I wanted, Thomas concluded, was the *choice* to attend a mostly black school or a mostly white school, and to have the same resources in whatever school we chose.

A week later, on January 18th, the Justices met to discuss Adarand v. Peña, a landmark case involving the constitutionality of federal racial preferences in the construction industry. Once again, according to clerks, Justice Thomas made a personal appeal to his colleagues. He talked about his grandfather, who ran an ice-and-oil-delivery service in Jim Crow-era Savannah. His grandfather had worked hard, Thomas declared; he never asked for handouts from the state. He hadn't made a great living, and his business had been restricted to black neighborhoods, but he had not needed affirmative action to get his contracts. Thomas reportedly went on to say that affirmative action, like segregation, is inherently wrong, because it is premised on the patronizing belief that blacks are inherently inferior. Having survived the ordeal of segregation, Thomas, who is forty-seven, knew from experience

IRVING PENN
Fringes
April 11 - May 11, 1996

PACEWILDENSTEINMACGILL
32 East 57th Street, New York City
212.759.7999 fax 212.759.8964

SIMON PEARCE

Handmade glass & pottery.

Free catalog and store information. 1-800-774-5277.

Boston · New York · Princeton · Westport

Windjammer LANDING
VILLA BEACH RESORT
ST. LUCIA W.I.
1-800-743-9609
1-809-452-0913
AND THEY CALLED IT PARADISE

Le Vieux Moulin
Guided bicycle/walking tours in beautiful Loire Valley and Burgundy region from our charming French Country estate. Complete weekly packages with air/train from $1,995. For brochure, call Le Vieux Moulin Bicycle Center, 1-800-368-4234, or write to P.O. Box 4454, Vail CO 81658

that black communities and black families often flourished in the face of adversity. The best way to atone for the past wrongs, he insisted, was to take the state out of the business of racial classifications entirely. The Constitution, he said, should be color-blind.

The idea of Clarence Thomas passionately engaged by questions of racial justice is not easy to reconcile with images that have been frozen in the public eye. In the aftermath of his tumultuous confirmation hearings, in the fall of 1991, the youngest Justice seemed traumatized, and consumed by rage. His early opinions so closely resembled those of Justice Antonin Scalia that Thomas was criticized by many commentators (including me) for being an unquestioning follower of Scalia. Thomas, meanwhile, made little effort to conceal his brooding anger. In "Resurrection," Senator John Danforth's oddly prurient account of his friend's confirmation ordeal, the Justice confessed, "I felt a disdain for the committee. They looked like petty thieves sitting up there. . . . I felt as though the people in the press gallery were a cabal. They were evil people who conspired in my lynching and were going to destroy our country."

Over the past year or so, however, a less bitter and more influential Thomas has begun to emerge, both inside and outside the Court. He travels around the country, preaching a muscular message of self-help and ethnic pride. According to his clerks, he receives a great deal of mail, and he replies to each letter, on the ground that anyone whose character is strong enough to defy black opinion-makers deserves a response. And Thomas continues to have long conversations about race with some of the black conservatives he first encountered in the nineteen-eighties. This group includes Thomas Sowell and Shelby Steele, of the Hoover Institution; Walter Williams, of George Mason University; and Glenn Loury, of Boston University. To them, he has revealed a racially compassionate side that has not been visible to outsiders.

"The last time I talked with Thomas at any length, last June or July, we spent some time in his chambers and all he wanted to talk about was the welfare and frustrations of black people," Loury told me. "He said—and this is almost a direct quote—'Look at these young brothers dying in the street—the drive-by shootings, the violence. If dogs were being struck down at the same rate and in the same way, and left bleeding in the gutter, there would be a society of blue-haired women to save our canine friends. But these are young black men bleeding in the gutter, and no one seems to give a damn.' "

At this uneasy moment in our racial politics—as Colin Powell, too refined for the soapbox, withdraws like Cincinnatus to his Virginia home; as Louis Farrakhan cavorts with dictators; and as Jesse Jackson ineffectually pickets during the Academy Awards to protest the pale complexion of Hollywood—Clarence Thomas has become, for better or worse, the most powerful black official in America. And Justice Thomas has both the opportunity and the determination to enact his conception of racial justice into law. He wants to use his unelected office to short-circuit the political debate about whether to end affirmative action or to abolish voting districts that have been constructed on the basis of race. Thomas's constitutional vision is radical color blindness, and he combines this with a political vision—self-help and black pride—that he attributes to his unlikely intellectual hero: Booker T. Washington.

"I have a portrait of Booker T. Washington in my chambers over my fireplace," Thomas declared in an emotional speech at Tuskegee University in 1994. "I have a photo of him across the room from my desk sitting at *his* desk. So every day, I see, am reminded of, and I think about Booker T." Moreover, Thomas's Washingtonian vision, long scorned by the black establishment, is gathering increasing support on the Court and in the political arena. If Thomas has his way, and the federal and state governments are prohibited from classifying citizens on the basis of race, American racial politics could undergo its most dramatic transformation since the civil-rights era.

YET Justice Thomas still finds himself a social and political pariah. Among members of the civil-rights establishment in particular, Thomas is vilified in terms that would be inconceivable for other black officials, let alone other Supreme Court Justices. At the N.A.A.C.P.'s annual convention in July, Thomas was denounced as a "pimp" and a "traitor." At an academic conference in Birmingham, Alabama, last fall, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the Voting Rights Act, Joseph Lowery, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, told a cheering, mostly black audience, "I have written to Justice Brother Whatchamacallit, and I have told him I am ashamed of him, because he is becoming to the black community what

• ANGUILLA • ARUBA • BERMUDA • CURAÇAO •
BOSTON /CAMBRIDGE • FRENCH QUARTER/NEW ORLEANS • KEY BISCAYNE/MIAMI • SANTIAGO, CHILE
• ALL THROUGHOUT EGYPT • THE NILE •
SONESTA INTERNATIONAL HOTELS CORPORATION, 200 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116

Satisfying
demanding
New Yorkers
since the
Lindsay
Administration.

Sonesta
Hotels, Resorts
& Nile Cruises

Small Chain.
Big Reputation.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
1-800-SONESTA

CLASSICAL
Journeys

Palace hopping in India for people who enjoy exotic sights, cameraderie and the finest Maharajah's Palace hotels in the World.

ESCORTED DEPARTURES INTO RAJASTHAN
FROM $1985

COX & KINGS

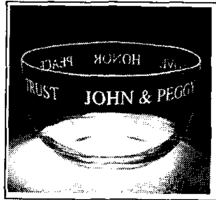
1-800-999-1758

The Butterfly Puzzle
Featured in *The Los Angeles Times*

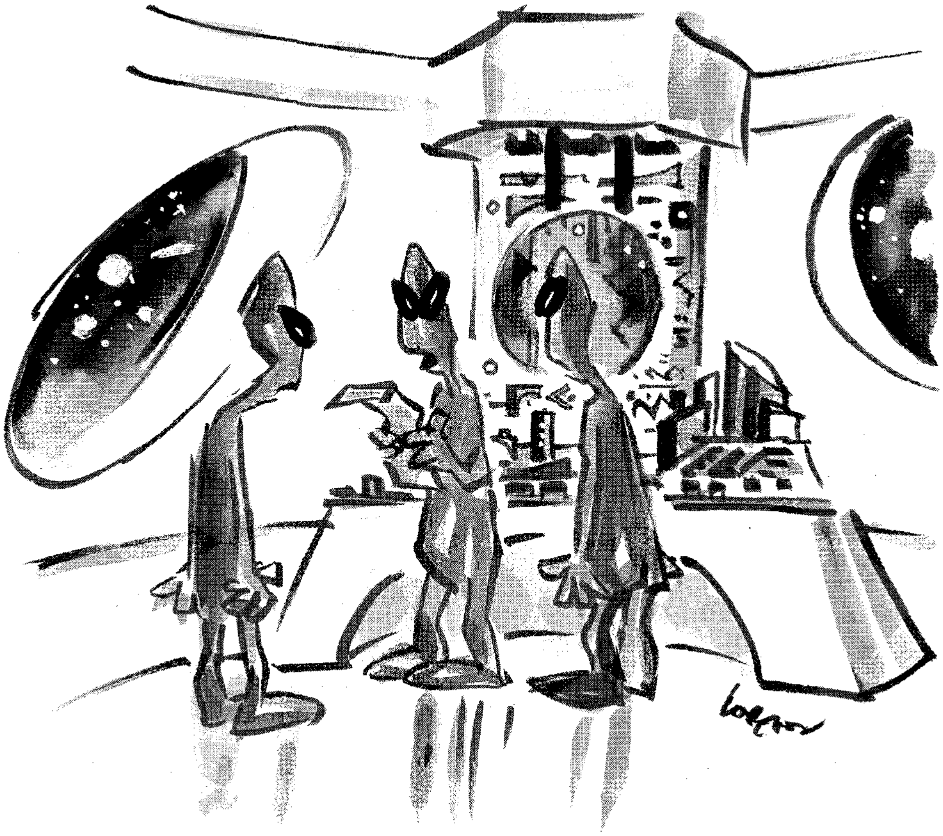
- 30 Butterfly-Shaped Pieces
- Hand-Cut Hardwood
- Depiction on Front, Description on Back

Pieceful Solutions™
P.O. Box 2014
Southeastern, PA 19399

12" x 21"
$64.50
VISA/MC
610-640-9913



CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
408-427-3512



"It's from headquarters—we're not abducting enough blacks."

Benedict Arnold was to the nation he deserted; and what Judas Iscariot was to Jesus: a *traitor;* and what Brutus was to Caesar: an *assassin!* And we must pray for him." In a speech about Thomas at New York University last fall, Judge A. Leon Higginbotham, Jr., derisively quoted from William Blake's "The Little Black Boy." "I am black but my soul is white," he ominously declaimed, adding, "There is something happening to the core of this man's soul." Thomas, Higginbotham intoned, exhibits "a level of racial self-hatred which is clinically observable."

Part of the animosity toward Thomas may reflect a lingering conviction that he lied about his behavior toward Anita Hill, who had accused him of making unwanted advances. But the Hill episode, which dominated his confirmation hearings, does not, in the end, seem to be weighing heavily in the minds of Thomas's critics. (In Birmingham, Lowery stressed that he had been willing to support Thomas, in spite of everything, because "I figured that if a white man named [Hugo] Black could learn to think colored, then a Negro named Tom might learn to think black.") Far from abating in the nearly four and a half years since his confirmation, the attacks on Thomas have grown increasingly ferocious.

Thomas's supporters suggest that black civil-rights leaders who criticize Thomas are motivated by political self-interest. "He's a scapegoat," says Thomas's friend Shelby Steele, author of the best-selling "The Content of Our Character." "He represents all sorts of things that American blacks can't digest and can't inhale. When you're out there hustling victimization, that is a currency for you: you are preaching that to your own people, and they are echoing it back to you. And whites say we're happy for you to be victims because that gives us a chance for our own redemption. And here is Clarence Thomas, who says, 'You're not a victim.' He threatens that whole cultural symbiosis between blacks and whites, and he gets scapegoated for it."

The Justice enthusiastically reciprocates the civil-rights leadership's disdain. Thomas is painfully class-conscious: he has had frank discussions with friends about how much he resented middle-class black classmates at Yale Law School. According to Thomas, they were more interested in courting white professors and in landing good jobs than in improving the plight of the black masses. After graduating from Yale, in 1974, Thomas joined the staff of John Danforth, assisting him first when Danforth was Attorney General of Missouri and later when Danforth was a United States Senator. In 1981, President Reagan appointed Thomas Assistant Secretary for Civil Rights in the Department of Education, and, after ten months in the job, he was promoted to be chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. In 1990, President Bush appointed him to the United States Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit.

"Man, quotas are for the black middle class," Thomas told Juan Williams for an *Atlantic Monthly* article in 1987, when he chaired the E.E.O.C. "But look at what's happening to the masses. Those are my people. They are just where they were before any of these policies." And Thomas has never forgiven the black civil-rights establishment for failure to support him during his service in the Reagan Administration. All that the black leaders do, Thomas complained to the Washington *Post* in 1984, is "bitch, bitch, bitch, moan and moan, whine and whine."

In his recent book of essays, "One by One from the Inside Out," Glenn Loury argues that the conflict between Clarence Thomas's supporters and his black critics is a dramatic recapitulation of the battle at the turn of the century between the followers of Booker T. Washington and those of W. E. B. Du Bois. Washington argued that blacks had to earn the respect of whites by improving their "brains, property, and character," rather than demanding equality as a matter of right, or casting themselves as victims entitled to white largesse. Du Bois was appalled at Washington's emphasis on spiritual uplift and manual labor at the expense of legally enforceable civil and political rights. Du Bois advocated protest and agitation for reform, and he called on the Talented Tenth of well-educated blacks to secure the full blessings of citizenship for all African-Americans.

The Du Bois camp prevailed, Loury argues, leading to the founding of the N.A.A.C.P. and providing the impetus for the legal struggle that culminated in Thurgood Marshall's victory in Brown v. Board of Education. The Du Bois-Marshall position is today's orthodoxy, defending itself against the criticism of radical dissenters like Clarence Thomas. Yet in an age when equal political rights for blacks have been achieved but full equality of social standing remains elusive, Loury concludes that the spirit of Booker T. Washington's self-help philosophy deserves to be resurrected; he praises Thomas for advocating a "new public philosophy for black Americans . . . drawing on an old wisdom," which focusses more on economic and social self-improvement than on the continued expansion of legal rights.

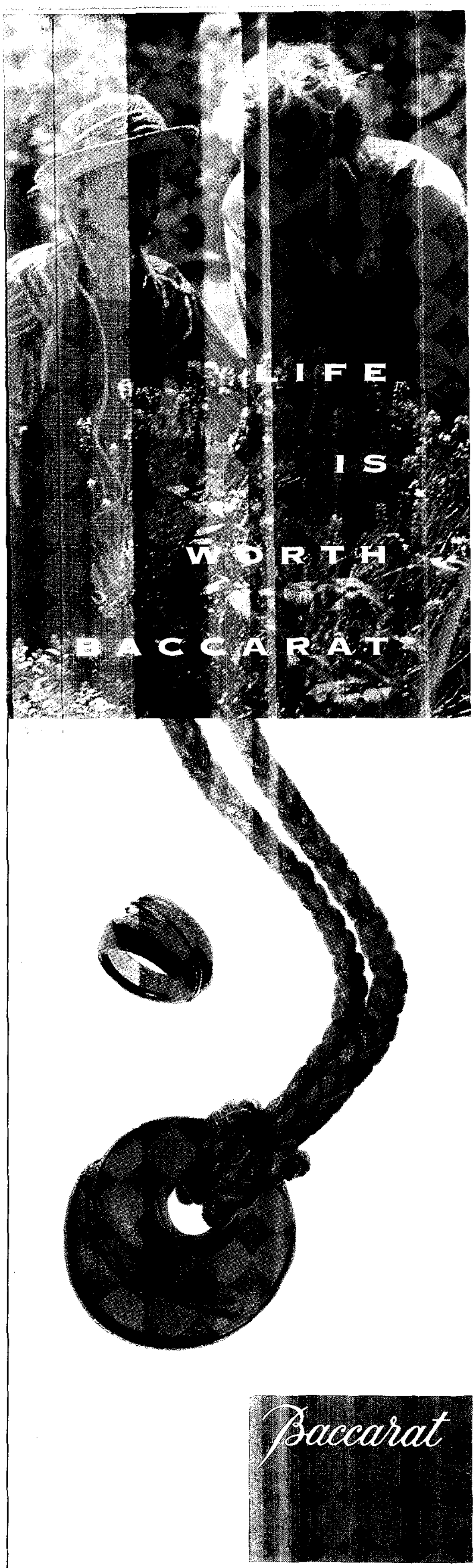
Loury and others close to the Justice help us to see Thomas in a different, provocative light. Still, the spectacle of a Booker T. Washington revival led by a Justice of the Supreme Court is a little jarring. In his famous speech at the Atlanta Exposition of 1895, Washington urged blacks to develop their existing economic opportunities in the South ("Cast down your bucket where you are") rather than demand the full rights of citizenship. The central metaphor of his Atlanta speech was a concession to the South's desire for segregation: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Eight months later, on May 18, 1896, the Supreme Court in Plessy v. Ferguson codified the "separate but equal" doctrine that Washington had endorsed in his "separate fingers" metaphor. It is ironic, therefore, that a neo-Washingtonian revival is taking place on the centennial of the Plessy case. "I gather we are being awfully celebratory today at Piedmont Park when we ought to be critical," Du Bois's biographer, David Levering Lewis, told the Atlanta *Journal & Constitution* on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of Washington's speech, last September. "The line from Booker T. Washington to Clarence Thomas is pretty direct. There's an irony that 100 years ago we begin with the end of equality and opportunity that is embedded in that speech, and we end with the end of affirmative action."

An essay in *Time* last June, crudely called "Uncle Tom Justice," suggested that Thomas's opinions in the Adarand affirmative-action case and the Jenkins school-desegregation case were the product of "twisted reasoning and bilious rage." In fact, Thomas's positions as a Supreme Court Justice, on racial issues at least, are virtually identical to the views he held as a policymaker. As early as 1980, at a conference of black conservatives that brought him to the attention of the Reagan Administration, Thomas told the Washington *Post* that he opposed affirmative action in law school because it was inherently stigmatizing: "Every time you walked into a law class at Yale it was like having a monkey jump down on your back from the Gothic arches." In his concurrence in the Adarand case, he expressed the same raw sentiments in more guarded language: "So-called 'benign' discrimination teaches many that because of chronic and apparently immutable handicaps, minorities cannot compete with them without their patronizing indulgence. . . . In my mind, government-sponsored racial discrimination based on benign prejudice is just as noxious as discrimination inspired by malicious prejudice."

THOMAS'S former law clerks are eager to provide homey details to counteract the lingering image of the Justice as a cauldron of partisan resentments. He is, by most accounts, relaxed and playful in his chambers. When his clerks displease him, he jokingly upbraids them with an excellent Darth Vader imitation. ("Skywalker," Thomas booms, "you have failed me for the last time.") At a Supreme Court Christmas party, when Chief Justice Rehnquist crooned "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" Thomas chuckled as he said to a black law clerk, "I sense discrimination." After inviting clerks out to his home in Virginia to discuss their cases over barbecue, Thomas excitedly sat down with them to watch the video of a favorite movie, "The Fountainhead," Ayn Rand's breathless epic of romantic individualism. Although Thomas used to spend far more time thinking about his confirmation, the clerks suggest that he has now made peace with himself over it.

Thomas almost never grants interviews, and, consistent with his general policy, he declined to be interviewed for this article. With his wife, Virginia, a senior aide to House Majority Leader Dick Armey, Thomas has secluded himself in a remote Virginia suburb. He typically arrives at the Court by six in the morning and leaves in the early afternoon, sometimes communicating with his clerks by fax and modem. He is said to read newspapers rarely, if at all, and has surrounded himself with a small but intensely loyal group of black conservative intellectuals, old friends from the Reagan era, and former clerks.

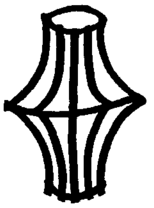
One of these, Stephen Smith, clerked for Thomas during the 1993 term. After helping to care for three younger siblings and a disabled mother in the Washington



FROM OUR COLLECTION
OF CRYSTAL JEWELRY.
COQUILLAGE RING, $230
COQUILLAGE PENDANT, $200
AVAILABLE IN ASSORTED COLORS.
AT BACCARAT, 625 MADISON AVENUE
AT 59TH STREET, NY, 800-777-0100.

neighborhood of Anacostia, Smith went on to parochial schools and then to Dartmouth; he graduated near the top of his class at the University of Virginia Law School. ("I am *proud* to have had you as one of my clerks," says a signed picture from Thomas on Smith's wall at the Sidley & Austin law firm, where he's an associate.) "Both of us hate to be patronized," Smith told me. "Neither of us looks out among colleagues who are white and feels not up to snuff." Thomas has been similarly encouraging of Brian Jones, who is twenty-seven years old and the president of the Center for New Black Leadership, a new think tank founded to resurrect Booker T. Washington's vision of self-help. ("Brian, I am *proud* of you. Keep up the great work!" says a handwritten letter from Thomas on the wall of Jones's office, near the White House.) And the board of the Center for New Black Leadership includes some of Thomas's closest friends and intellectual associates, including Loury, Steele, and Phyllis Berry Myers, a former E.E.O.C. colleague of Thomas's who testified on his behalf during the confirmation hearings. Jones says that when he first told Thomas about the new center Thomas was supportive. "We did talk about Booker T. Washington's vision of public leadership. It's a vision that has been lost, and Justice Thomas said it would be great to resurrect it."

Thomas has also talked to several of his friends about his ambivalent relationship with black nationalism. In December, 1992, he called Shelby Steele after reading a review essay in *The New Republic* which Steele had written about Malcolm X. They recalled with nostalgia their shared experience of listening to Malcolm X's records in college. "Malcolm X was an important figure in Thomas's youth, as he was for me," Steele says. "Emblematically, Malcolm stood for racial dignity, racial pride, not just self-help—but certainly self-help." Thomas has told law clerks that he sees his own Washingtonian message as an important alternative to the excesses of nationalists like Louis Farrakhan, whose emphasis on black self-help Thomas admires, but whose anti-Semitism he deplores.



THOMAS has been criticized for his alienation from the black mainstream, but his critics have done nothing to lessen his hermetic isolation. On the rare occasions that Thomas has tried to venture outside his tightly guarded cocoon, reaching out to the black establishment, he has been rebuffed. In March, 1994, for example, Brent Staples, of the *Times*, appeared on Oprah Winfrey's television program to promote "Parallel Time," his memoir about growing up near Philadelphia. "I got off the plane and returned to my office, and there were about twelve messages on my voice mail," Staples told me. "One was from Justice Thomas. It said, 'Hello, Brent Staples, this is Clarence Thomas. I'm an admirer of yours. I saw you on television and I think your television persona leaves something to be desired. It detracts from the power of your writing. If you want to discuss this, you know where to find me.' " At the time, Staples assumed the message was a joke. ("It hadn't occurred to me that Supreme Court Justices have time to watch 'Oprah.' ") Seven months later, Staples read that Thomas's friend Armstrong Williams, a Washington radio-talk-show host, had arranged a meeting for Thomas with a group of handpicked African-Americans, at which Thomas dramatically declared, "I am not an Uncle Tom." In the course of reporting about the meeting, Staples learned from Williams "that indeed Clarence Thomas had called my office, and the Justice was miffed with me because I hadn't returned the phone call."

The discovery that Thomas had praised his work didn't deter Staples from writing a scathing piece in the *Times*' editorial notebook, accusing Thomas of descending into identity politics by defending his jurisprudence "with winning personal anecdote and folksy aphorism." Thomas's "trump card," Staples wrote, "turned out to be his art." Hanging in the chambers, Staples noted, were portraits of Frederick Douglass and W. E. B. Du Bois. (Staples somehow missed the two portraits of Washington.) "Is it conceivable," Staples asked, that Douglass in particular "would embrace a Justice who opposes virtually all Federal rights protections and derides them as 'special treatment'?" In fact, it does not seem entirely far-fetched to suppose that Frederick Douglass would have embraced Thomas's color-blind vision. After all, as the historian Eric Foner has noted, Douglass feared that "special efforts" by the federal government on behalf of the freedmen might "serve to keep up the very prejudices which it is so desirable to banish," by promoting an image of blacks as privileged wards of the state. The question "What shall we do with the Negro?," Douglass concluded, had only one answer: "Do nothing. . . . Give him a chance to stand on his own legs! Let him alone!"

HERE is the predicament of Clarence Thomas: he is a man with a message, and a hortatory urge to spread it as widely as possible, but his opportunities to do so are circumscribed. Like Booker T. Washington, he wants to offer his own spiritual autobiography to black youth across the country. But instead of speaking at Harvard or Yale, as other Supreme Court Justices do, Thomas has been flying around the country, and especially around the South, addressing what he considers his natural base: small colleges attended by white conservatives or poor black students.

Thomas's speeches in the aftermath of his confirmation hearings were poignant affairs. In May of 1993, he spoke to a mostly white audience at an event sponsored by Mercer University, in Macon, Georgia, and appeared nervous and shell-shocked. Thomas lamented the "new intolerance" of "damning the dissenter by skewering his character rather than by substantively criticizing his views." A year and a half later, in a speech at Wingate College, in North Carolina, sponsored by the Jesse Helms Center, Thomas still seemed uncomfortable and tightly wound. After smiling tensely through Senator Helms's tub-thumping introduction ("The spectacle of Senator Kennedy, of all people, sitting in moral judgment of a nominee . . ."), Thomas recalled his first "year from Hell" as chairman of the E.E.O.C. This was the first time, Thomas jokingly recalled, that he had been publicly criticized as no longer black. ("That was news to me. I looked at myself and it wasn't like I was fading or anything.") But quickly Thomas grew sober and a little self-pitying: "I had never experienced that kind of animus before, and I started feeling sorry for myself. . . . I talked to my grandfather, cried on his shoulder." Thomas prayed to God to change his own views, in the hope that he would be more popular, but he then decided that "life without my beliefs is not worth living."

Last September, in a speech at the conservative Federalist Society in Washington, Thomas was a little more relaxed. Gesturing expansively, he attacked the "culture of victimology—with its emphasis on the so-called 'benevolent state,'" created by the New Deal and the legal revolution of the nineteen-sixties. The emphasis on "victimage," he said, encouraged self-styled "victims of discrimination, racism, poverty, sickness, and societal neglect" to "make demands on society for reparations and recompense," rather than struggling to improve themselves through hard work and individual pluck. But Thomas also chided the "backlash against affirmative action by 'angry white males,'" who have "fallen prey to the very aspects of the modern ideology of victimology they deplore."

When Thomas speaks to black audiences, the contrast in his mood and manner could hardly be more dramatic. Only a week after his address at the Jesse Helms Center, Thomas flew to Birmingham, Alabama, and then drove two hours to speak at Tuskegee University. In front of almost five thousand Tuskegee students and faculty, Thomas appeared to be a different person. As he spoke, his voice rose and fell in a preacher's cadence. Instead of reading platitudes from a prepared text, Thomas was, by turns, informal and self-deprecating, messianic and inspirational. He offered himself warmly as a model for the students, and they responded in kind. Thomas began his address with authentic fervor: "It is *delightful* for me to be here in Tuskegee, Alabama. This is a dream come true. . . . It's an *honor* to be at the school built by Booker T. Washington. And 'Booker T.' is what my grandfather called him. He never used the last name. It was always 'Booker T.'" Washington was a hero not only in Thomas's household but in "the entire small world of my youth." When he decided to leave the Immaculate Conception Seminary, which he attended from 1967 to 1968, he said, "I looked very hard at Tuskegee because it was Booker T.'s school." After a homey metaphor about how the students were like overflowing cups of tea, and had to empty themselves to receive his message, Thomas got down to the task at hand: "The real reason I'm here is the dream that Booker T. had for all of us." He paused for a long time, on the verge of tears. "The real reason I'm here is out of love for you-all.

"Many of you are the first in your family to go to college. I was there. Some of you have grown up in rural areas. I was *there*. Some of you were raised by one or neither parent. I was there. Some of you have barely or never seen your fathers. I was there. Some of you only have one pair of shoes. I was there. Some of you will be heavily in debt when you leave college." (The students cheer.) "I finished paying my student loans two years ago. So I was there. Some of you may be frustrated. Some of you may be angry. Some of you may be confused. I was *there*. . . . I'm coming back today on a mission of love. I am no better than you-all. I'm no smarter than you-all. I'm no more talented than you-all. I've never been No. 1 in my class. I'm scared to death of aerospace, engineering, and physics. . . . I'm no brighter than you-all, and, except for being older, I'm no different."

The heart of Thomas's message at Tuskegee was homiletic: "disregard cynicism and negativism"; "the next stop from negativism is anger." Repeatedly, Thomas

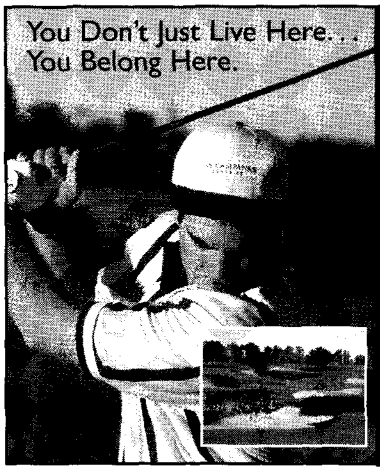
HOMES & ESTATES

LONDON FLATS
English Charm with American Standards
Weekly and Long Term Lets
Including air from $1014 per person
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 171 823 8433

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent
in Tuscany, Umbria, Veneto,
Lake Como, the Italian Riviera,
Campania, Calabria & Sicily.
All at affordable weekly rates.
THE PARKER COMPANY
800 280 2811


You Don't Just Live Here...
You Belong Here.

Las Campanas – Santa Fe's outstanding private residential club community featuring golf designed by Jack Nicklaus and a magnificent hacienda-style adobe clubhouse for our members and their guests.
Santa Fe – a uniquely distinctive destination.
It's light, art, architecture and cuisine compel many to visit – those fortunate, stay.
Homesites from $200,000.
LAS CAMPANAS
SANTA FE
218 Camino La Tierra • Santa Fe, NM 87501
(800)237-0088 • (505)989-8877 • Dept. NY
Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Warning: The California Department of Real Estate has not inspected, examined, or qualified this offering.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
INTERNET: http://www.ditell.com/~london/

SWISS ALPINE CHALETS
L'Alpe des Chaux
For sale near Geneva. Custom Built.
Magnificent views. Private. Skiing, tennis, golf.
Legal ownership. Waldemar R. Moosmann
1815 Sherington, Suite V-310, Newport Beach, CA 92663
714.548.6323

Kiawah
Island's 10 Mile Beach
Free 24-Page Color Guide
1-800-845-3911 Ad #239
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Ravenel Associates, Kiawah Island, SC 29455

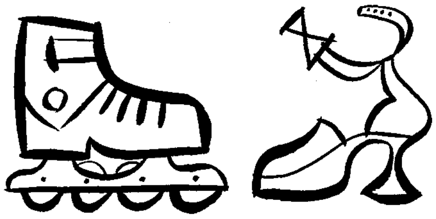
identified his own struggles with those of the students. "I know how to be a cynic. I know how to be angry at the world. I know how to burn with hate." When he first came to the Court, Thomas recalled, "I admit I was in pretty bad shape after that most unfortunate unpleasantness"—he repeated the word for emphasis—"*unpleasantness* in my life of three years ago." But a police officer at the Court "would look at me worn down and he would say, 'Don't let them steal your joy.' " Thomas tells the students that they, too, should keep their dreams, remain positive, and be proud of their race. "Before it was popular for all of us to be black and proud . . . having Negroid features was not exactly popular. It provided a rich . . . source of insults. . . . I got teased about my hair, because it's *Negroid;* my lips, because they are Negroid; my nose, because that is Negroid; my feet, because they are Negroid (and they don't fit in Italian shoes); my complexion, because it's definitely Negroid."

Blaming other people for your own troubles is disempowering, Thomas exhorted. "Yes, it is!" a student called out. "You have power when you can wake up and say, 'I am in control of what I do today,' " Thomas declared. "Uh-huh!" the students responded. "A fellow black student once complained to me when I was in college that the Man wasn't letting him get good grades. You know, this Man is all over the place. *I've* never seen him. He's like the bogeyman or something. But the Man wasn't standing between him and that book; *laziness* was standing between him and that book." Swaying and preaching, Thomas worked up to his conclusion. "Do you want your success as badly as Booker T. Washington wanted his? . . . Do you want your success as bad as Booker T. Washington wanted *your* success? Did he care more for you than you care for yourself? . . . I am *proof positive.* You think for yourself, some people will be upset. Some people resent free thought among blacks. It's free for everybody else, but not for blacks. But I tell you-all *you* are not truly free until you . . . can say, 'I'll make up my own mind on that, thank you.' "

After encountering the Clarence Thomas of the Tuskegee speech, it's hard not to be impressed by the sincerity of his identification with the students and by the fervor with which he is determined to spread his message. If Thomas were a college president or a political leader, travelling around the country and making his case in the public square, he would surely be praised for bringing a fresh perspective to our most agonizing political debate. "What's stunning and interesting is why . . . Justice Thomas's very simple, all-American, white-bread point of view seems weird and strange," says Shelby Steele. "It's the same message that any decent parent gives to their own kid: 'I love you, I have high expectations for you, I know if you work hard you'll do well.' When we say that to blacks, we're burdening the victim."

But Justice Thomas is not speaking as a loving parent, or a college president, or a policymaker. He is an increasingly influential jurist who is determined to impose his moral objections to racial classifications on the entire country by judicial fiat. "I believe that there is a 'moral [and] constitutional equivalence' . . . between laws designed to subjugate a race and those that distribute benefits on the basis of race in order to foster some current notion of equality," Thomas wrote in the Adarand case, last June.

Although it has not yet been endorsed by a majority of Thomas's colleagues, his position that "under our Constitution, the government may not make distinctions on the basis of race" is already reverberating in the lower courts. On March 18th, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit invoked Thomas's concurring opinion, among other authorities, in support of its decision to strike down the affirmative-action program at the University of Texas law school—the same school whose segregated admissions policy Thurgood Marshall had challenged in the forties. Admissions data disclosed during the case revealed that if the law school followed a strictly color-blind standard, the entering class would have included virtually no black or Mexican-American students. If the Supreme Court reviews the case next year, Thomas may recuse himself; at the Department of Education in 1982, he had endorsed the objectives underlying the law school's affirmative-action plan on the ground that they were mandated by federal law. In the unlikely event that four other Justices endorse the color-blind position, however, the decision could transform the face of higher education more dramatically than any case since Brown v. Board of Education.



Thomas has been similarly aggressive in voting-rights cases. In several remarkable decisions in 1994 and 1995, he issued a double-barrelled assault on the 1982 amendments to the Voting Rights Act, which have been interpreted to say that when minority voters are unable to elect "representatives of their choice" the appropriate remedy is to create voting districts where black citizens constitute a majority. The political stakes could hardly be higher: only two of the thirty-eight black members of the House in the 103rd Congress were clearly elected from districts where a majority of voters were white. Echoing concerns he had expressed in the Reagan Administration, however, Thomas objected to the premise that "race defines political interest," and that "members of racial and ethnic groups must all think alike on important matters of public policy and must have their own 'minority preferred' representatives holding seats in elected bodies if they are to be considered represented at all." These assumptions, Thomas said, "should be repugnant to any nation that strives for the ideal of a color-blind Constitution."

Thomas may be correct that "our drive to segregate political districts by race can only serve to deepen racial divisions by destroying any need for voters or candidates to build bridges between racial groups or to form voting coalitions." But on the legal question—whether the states may be required to create separate voting districts with a high minority concentration—Thomas is not convincing. He claims implausibly that Congress never intended the Voting Rights Act to prohibit so-called vote dilution, which occurs when the preferences of minorities are systematically defeated at the polls. But in fact the explicit purpose of the voting-rights amendments of 1982 was to prohibit vote dilution. If Thomas had restricted his criticisms to lamenting the social and political costs of the remedy for vote dilution—concentrating minority voters into separate voting districts, so they have a better chance of electing minority candidates—he would have been taken seriously. But by insisting that Congress never intended to prohibit vote dilution in the first place, and by repudiating years of judicial precedents, Thomas dramatically overstated his case.

"Judicial activism" is a notoriously elastic term, but in its ordinary sense, which is the sense Thomas likes to use, it refers to a judge's tendency to substitute his or her personal views for the views of the people's elected representatives. Thomas has long been an advocate of judicial restraint, and in nonracial cases he has been especially vehement about the importance of deciding cases in accordance with the original understanding of the Constitution. He has proved to be even more ardent on this question than Justice Scalia.

But, despite his paeans to judicial restraint, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that Clarence Thomas, measured by his own standards, is a judicial activist. In the race cases of 1995, he refused to examine the original understanding of the Civil War amendments. And no wonder. Although Thomas has been reading extensively in the history of slavery—he can discuss the differences between Eugene Genovese's "Roll, Jordan, Roll" and Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman's "Time on the Cross"—he has shown little familiarity with the most recent scholarship about the Reconstruction Republicans and the limited scope of their color-blind vision. This scholarship, embraced by liberal and conservative legal historians, suggests that Thomas is wrong to insist that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution was intended to forbid racial discrimination in all circumstances. To use the nineteenth-century distinction, the Fourteenth Amendment was designed to protect a limited set of civil rights, as opposed to political and social rights. There was some confusion around the margins about what these civil rights entailed, but in 1868, when the Fourteenth Amendment was ratified, they were *not* clearly understood to include the right to attend desegregated schools, or the right to receive federal contracts, or the right to vote. Thomas is trapped, in short, between his moral commitment to a color-blind Constitution and an interpretative methodology that compels him to reject it.

NEAR the end of his essay on Booker T. Washington and Clarence Thomas, Glenn Loury asks a tantalizing question: "Do the ideas of Booker T. Washington . . . really have no place in the deliberations of the Supreme Court?" Yet Washington's premise was that individual African-Americans would have to transform their own lives without relying substantially on the aid of government institutions. "It is a mistake," Washington famously argued, for blacks to assume that the "signing, on a certain date, of a certain paper by the President of the United States," or presumably by a federal judge, could deliver them their freedom. "Freedom, in the larger and higher sense, every man must gain for himself." And so there is something ironic about Justice Thomas's efforts to enact Washington's vision by judicial fiat.

But the irony may be less stark than it appears. By forsaking the ordinary channels of political debate and relying on courts to do the work of legislators, Justice Thomas is the natural heir to the most unsettling part of Washington's legacy: his lack of faith in the democratic process. Louis R. Harlan, Washington's masterful biographer, observes that Washington, for all his populist rhetoric, "had no faith that the masses either black or white could intelligently protect and promote their own interests through politics." This is why Washington was complicit in the great betrayal of the eighteen-nineties, as Southern state legislatures disenfranchised blacks with racially discriminatory poll taxes and literacy tests. Washington went so far as to say that, at one point, he would not have advocated voting even by the black élite, for it would "perhaps lead the masses, who are largely unprepared, to try to follow their course."

Like his hero, Justice Thomas appears to lack faith that racial progress can be meaningfully achieved through politics. But Thomas, despite the invective of some of his critics, hardly sees himself as a traitor to his race, or an Uncle Tom; and he earnestly believes that his color-blind vision will advance the welfare and aspirations of black people. He is merely a judicial activist. "There seems to be a kind of serenity in the knowledge that he's in a place where his enemies can't really touch him," Glenn Loury says. "He told me, 'I want you to start exercising and watch your diet so you'll be around when I step down from the Court in 2034. They can say what they want to say, but I'm going to be making law for a long time.' " ♦

READ
THIS
ISSUE
THEN
SEE
US

http://www.diaspora.com

FOR A TWO-WEEK
DIALOGUE ON
RACE IN AMERICA

In celebration of the Black in America issue, a special Web site, produced in conjunction with New York Online, has been created to enable readers to go on-line with figures prominent in the dialogue about race in America.
Chats scheduled are:

TUESDAY, APRIL 23rd
5 pm (Eastern Time):
Kathleen Cleaver

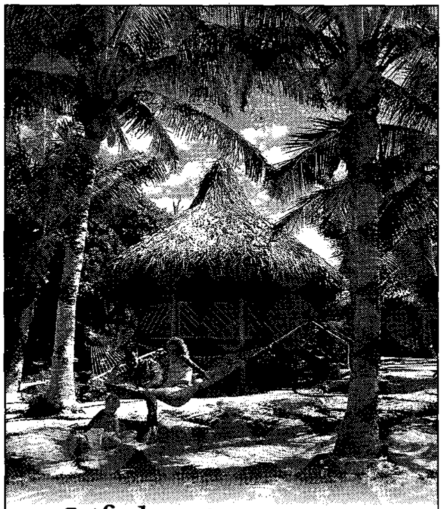
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24th
2 pm: **Julian Bond**
6 pm: **Jackie Jackson and Marshall Frady**
7 pm: **Christopher Darden**

The site, up until May 5, also allows access to transcripts from the recent Separate But (Un)Equal conference sponsored by Harvard University's W. E. B. Du Bois Institute. At the conference, writers, scholars, and world leaders met to discuss the past, present, and future state of race in America.

Other site highlights include a prodigious collection of archives from Plessy v. Ferguson, the landmark Supreme Court decision that legalized segregation, and a compendium of archival material from *The New Yorker*—both articles and cartoons—chronicling America's attitude toward issues of race over the last 75 years.

DON'T MISS ONE OF THE MOST VITAL
CONVERSATIONS OF THE DECADE.

new york online



Life has its own discovery channel.

It is not found on the TV or radio. But rather, in the hearts of grandparents and parents and children as they share the simple pleasures of our resort. Call 800-367-5290.

Kona Village RESORT
Kaʻupulehu, Hawaii
e-mail: kvr@ilhawaii.net

ComputerEYEtis?

Free boutique catalog of lamps and accessories to properly brighten your home, office, and home computer room. Good prices, fast delivery, courteous service. Most major credit cards accepted.

The Bright Spot, Inc.
ph 800-736-0126
fax 800-736-1329

THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $5.75
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

call **1-800-789-1001** for our catalogue of
ANTIQUE CLOCKS
Gordon S. Converse & Co.
Antiquarian Horologists
Spread Eagle Village, Strafford, Pa. 19087

PERSONAL HISTORY

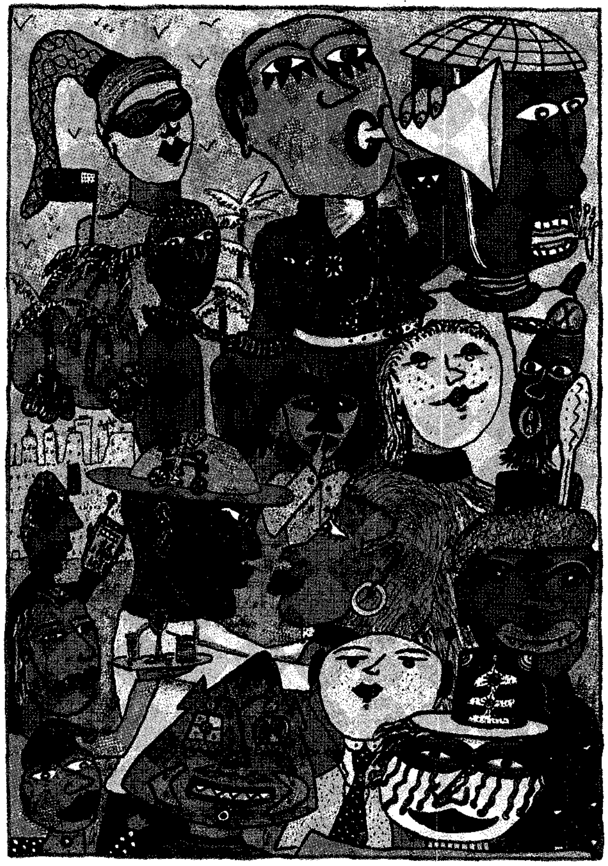
BLACK LIKE THEM

Through the lens of his own family's experience, the author explores why West Indians and American blacks are perceived differently.

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

MY cousin Rosie and her husband, Noel, live in a two-bedroom bungalow on Argyle Avenue, in Uniondale, on the west end of Long Island. When they came to America, twelve years ago, they lived in a basement apartment a dozen or so blocks away, next to their church. At the time, they were both taking classes at the New York Institute of Technology, which was right nearby. But after they graduated, and Rosie got a job managing a fast-food place and Noel got a job in asbestos removal, they managed to save a little money and bought the house on Argyle Avenue.

From the outside, their home looks fairly plain. It's in a part of Uniondale that has a lot of tract housing from just after the war, and most of the houses are alike—squat and square, with aluminum siding, maybe a dormer window in the attic, and a small patch of lawn out front. But there is a beautiful park down the street, the public schools are supposed to be good, and Rosie and Noel have built a new garage and renovated the basement. Now that Noel has started his own business, as an environmental engineer, he has his office down there—Suite 2B, it says on his stationery—and every morning he puts on his tie and goes down the stairs to make calls and work on the computer. If Noel's business takes off, Rosie says, she would like to move to a bigger house, in Garden City, which is one town over. She says this even though Garden City is mostly white. In fact, when she told one of her girlfriends, a black American, about this idea, her friend said that she was crazy—that Garden City was no place for a black person. But that is just the point. Rosie and Noel are from Jamaica. They don't consider themselves black at all.



WILLIAM WILSON

This doesn't mean that my cousins haven't sometimes been lumped together with American blacks. Noel had a job once removing asbestos at Kennedy Airport, and his boss there called him "nigger" and cut his hours. But Noel didn't take it personally. That boss, he says, didn't like women or Jews, either, or people with college degrees—or even himself, for that matter. Another time, Noel found out that a white guy working next to him in the same job and with the same qualifications was making ten thousand dollars a year more than he was. He quit the next day. Noel knows that racism is out there. It's just that he doesn't quite understand—or accept—the categories on which it depends.

To a West Indian, black is a literal description: you are black if your skin is black. Noel's father, for example, is black. But his mother had a white father, and she herself was fair-skinned and could pass. As for Rosie, her mother and my mother, who are twins, thought of themselves while they were growing up as "middle-class brown," which is to say that they are about the same shade as Colin Powell. That's because our maternal grandfather was part Jewish, in addition to all kinds of other things, and Grandma, though she was a good deal darker than he was, had enough Scottish blood in her to have been born with straight hair. Rosie's mother married another brown Jamaican, and that makes Rosie a light chocolate. As for my mother, she married an Englishman, making everything that much more complicated, since by the racial categories of my own heritage I am one thing and by the racial categories of America I am another. Once, when Rosie and Noel came to visit me while I was living in Washington, D.C., Noel asked me to show him "where the black people lived," and I was confused for a moment until I realized that he was using "black" in the American sense, and so was asking in the same way that someone visiting Manhattan might ask where Chinatown was. That the people he wanted to see were in many cases racially indistinguishable from him didn't matter. The facts of his genealogy, of his nationality, of his status as an immigrant made him, in his own eyes, different.

This question of who West Indians are and how they define themselves may seem trivial, like racial hairsplitting. But it is not trivial. In the past twenty years, the number of West Indians in America has exploded. There are now half a million in the New York area alone and, despite their recent arrival, they make substantially more money than American blacks. They live in better neighborhoods. Their families are stronger. In the New York area, in fact, West Indians fare about as well as Chinese and Korean immigrants. That is why the Caribbean invasion and the issue of West Indian identity have become such controversial issues. What does it say about the nature

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY • SELL • TRADE

Shop at Home Service–Buy, Sell or Trade.

If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing...now you can recoup its hidden value!
Call **1-800-528-5871** *for free appraisal information.*

CONCORD
SARATOGA

CONCORD®
Watchmakers Since 1908
SWISS

Authorized Sales & Service Center

SARATOGA

Completely handcrafted in Switzerland. So integrated in design, it is virtually impossible to tell where the case begins. Scratch-resistant sapphire crystal, water-resistant, quartz accuracy to within seconds a year.

For him and her in 18K gold and stainless steel or all 18K gold, with or without diamonds. From $1,790 to $57,000.

NYC Dept. of Consumer Affairs License #0738219

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK • GENEVA
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR
COSTA MESA

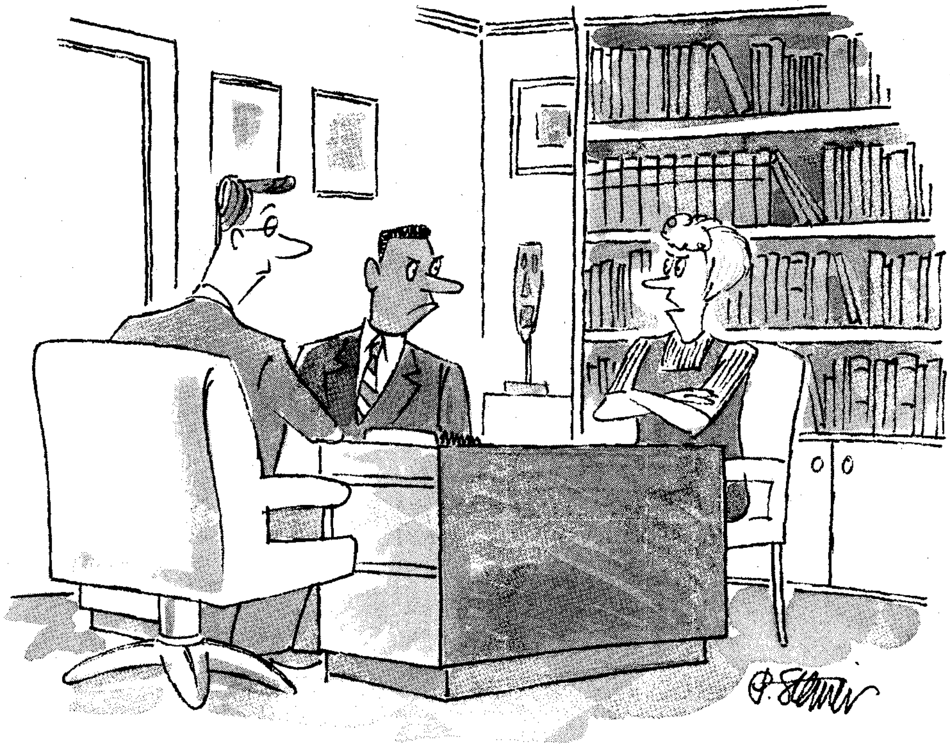
NEW YORK: NYC; Madison Ave. & 52nd St. / Madison Ave. & 59th St. / 7th Ave. & 34th St. • Garden City, LI; Roosevelt Field
FLORIDA: Palm Beach; 175 Worth Ave. • Bal Harbour; Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa; South Coast Plaza • **SHOP AT HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

of racism that another group of blacks, who have the same legacy of slavery as their American counterparts and are physically indistinguishable from them, can come here and succeed as well as the Chinese and the Koreans do? Is overcoming racism as simple as doing what Noel does, which is to dismiss it, to hold himself above it, to brave it and move on?

These are difficult questions, not merely for what they imply about American blacks but for the ways in which they appear to contradict conventional views of what prejudice is. Racism, after all, is supposed to be indiscriminate. For example, sociologists have observed that the more blacks there are in a community the more negative the whites' attitudes will be. Blacks in Denver have a far easier time than blacks in, say, Cleveland. Lynchings in the South at the turn of this century, to give another example, were far more common in counties where there was a large black population than in areas where whites were in the majority. Prejudice is the crudest of weapons, a reaction against blacks in the aggregate that grows as the perception of black threat grows. If that is the case, however, the addition of hundreds of thousands of new black immigrants to the New York area should have made things worse for people like Rosie and Noel, not better. And, if racism is so indiscriminate in its application, why is one group of blacks flourishing and the other not?

The implication of West Indian success is that racism does not really exist at all—at least, not in the form that we have assumed it does. The implication is that the key factor in understanding racial prejudice is not the behavior and attitudes of whites but the behavior and attitudes of blacks—not white discrimination but black culture. It implies that when the conservatives in Congress say the responsibility for ending urban poverty lies not with collective action but with the poor themselves they are right.

I think of this sometimes when I go with Rosie and Noel to their church, which is in Hempstead, just a mile away. It was once a white church, but in the past decade or so it has been taken over by immigrants from the Caribbean. They have so swelled its membership that the church has bought much of the surrounding property and is about to add a hundred seats to its sanctuary. The pastor, though, is white, and when the band up front is playing and the congregation is in full West Indian form the pastor sometimes seems out of place, as if he cannot move in time with the music. I always wonder how long the white minister at Rosie and Noel's church will last—whether there won't be some kind of groundswell among the congregation to replace him with one of their own. But Noel tells me the issue has never really come up. Noel says, in fact, that he's happier with a white minister, for the same reasons that he's happy with his neighborhood, where the people across the way are Polish and another neighbor is Hispanic and still another is a black American. He doesn't want to be shut off from everyone else, isolated within the narrow confines of his race. He wants to be part of the world, and when he says these things it is awfully tempting to credit that attitude with what he and Rosie have accomplished.



"I don't hate him because he's black. I hate him because he's my husband."

Is this confidence, this optimism, this equanimity all that separates the poorest of American blacks from a house on Argyle Avenue?

IN 1994, Philip Kasinitz, a sociologist at Manhattan's Hunter College, and Jan Rosenberg, who teaches at Long Island University, conducted a study of the Red Hook area of Brooklyn, a neighborhood of around thirteen or fourteen thousand which lies between the waterfront and the Gowanus Expressway. Red Hook has a large public-housing project at its center, and around the project, in the streets that line the waterfront, are several hundred thriving blue-collar businesses—warehouses, shipping companies, small manufacturers, and contractors. The object of the study was to resolve what Kasinitz and Rosenberg saw as the paradox of Red Hook: despite Red Hook's seemingly fortuitous conjunction of unskilled labor and blue-collar jobs, very few of the Puerto Ricans and African-Americans from the neighborhood ever found work in the bustling economy of their own back yard.

After dozens of interviews with local employers, the two researchers uncovered a persistent pattern of what they call positive discrimination. It was not that the employers did not like blacks and Hispanics. It was that they had developed an elaborate mechanism for distinguishing between those they felt were "good" blacks and those they felt were "bad" blacks, between those they judged to be "good" Hispanics and those they considered "bad" Hispanics. "Good" meant that you came from outside the neighborhood, because employers identified locals with the crime and dissipation they saw on the streets around them. "Good" also meant that you were an immigrant, because employers felt that being an immigrant implied a loyalty and a willingness to work and learn not found among the native-born. In Red Hook, the good Hispanics are Mexican and South American, not Puerto Rican. And the good blacks are West Indian.

The Harvard sociologist Mary C. Waters conducted a similar study, in 1993, which looked at a food-service company in Manhattan where West Indian workers have steadily displaced African-Americans in the past few years. The transcripts of her interviews with the company managers make fascinating reading, providing an intimate view of the perceptions that govern the urban workplace. Listen to one forty-year-old white male manager on the subject of West Indians:

> They tend more to shy away from doing all of the illegal things because they have such strict rules down in their countries and jails. And they're nothing like here. So like, they're like really paranoid to do something wrong. They seem to be very, very self-conscious of it. No matter what they have to do, if they have to try and work three jobs, they do. They won't go into drugs or anything like that.

Or listen to this, from a fifty-three-year-old white female manager:

> I work closely with this one girl who's from Trinidad. And she told me when she first came here to live with her sister and cousin, she had two children. And she said I'm here four years and we've reached our goals. And what was your goal? For her two children to each have their own bedroom. Now she has a three bedroom apartment and she said that's one of the goals she was shooting for. . . . If that was an American, they would say, I reached my goal. I bought a Cadillac.

This idea of the West Indian as a kind of superior black is not a new one. When the first wave of Caribbean immigrants came to New York and Boston, in the early nineteen-hundreds, other blacks dubbed them Jewmaicans, in derisive reference to the emphasis they placed on hard work and education. In the nineteen-eighties, the economist Thomas Sowell gave the idea a serious intellectual imprimatur by arguing that the West Indian advantage was a historical legacy of Caribbean slave culture. According to Sowell, in the American South slaveowners tended to hire managers who were married, in order to limit the problems created by sexual relations between overseers and slave women. But the West Indies were a hardship post, without a large and settled white population. There the overseers tended to be bachelors, and, with white women scarce, there was far more commingling of the races. The resulting large group of coloreds soon formed a kind of proto-middle class, performing various kinds of skilled and sophisticated tasks that there were not enough whites around to do, as there were in the American South. They were carpenters, masons, plumbers, and small businessmen, many years in advance of their American counterparts, developing skills that required education and initiative.

My mother and Rosie's mother came from this colored class. Their parents were schoolteachers in a tiny village buried in the hills of central Jamaica. My grandmother's and grandfather's salaries combined put them, at best, on the lower rungs of the middle class. But their expectations went well beyond that. In my grandfather's library were Dickens and Maupassant. My mother and her sister were pushed to win scholarships to a proper English-style boarding school at the other end of the island; and later, when my mother graduated, it was taken for granted that she would attend university in England, even though the cost of tuition and passage meant that my grandmother had to borrow a small fortune from the Chinese grocer down the road.

My grandparents had ambitions for their children, but it was a special kind of ambition, born of a certainty that American blacks did not have—that their values were the same as those of society as a whole, and that hard work and talent could actually be rewarded. In my mother's first year at boarding school, she looked up "Negro" in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. "In certain . . . characteristics . . . the negro would appear to stand on a lower evolutionary plane than the white man," she read. And the entry continued:

> The mental constitution of the negro is very similar to that of a child, normally good-natured and cheerful, but subject to sudden fits of emotion and passion during which he is capable of performing acts of singular atrocity, impressionable, vain, but often exhibiting in the capacity of servant a dog-like fidelity which has stood the supreme test.

All black people of my mother's generation—and of generations before and since—have necessarily faced a moment like this, when they are confronted for the first time with the allegation of their

TLS
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

INTELLECTUAL CRAVINGS . . .
SATISFIED EVERY WEEK.

There's no better way to explore the world of literature, scholarship and the visual and performing arts than with a subscription to The Times Literary Supplement.

Just why is The Times Literary Supplement considered the world's pre-eminent review? Consider what two of our more prominent readers say:

Noam Chomsky: "I've found the TLS provocative, stimulating, irritating, informative — and always a high priority."

Bernard Levin: "The TLS is an amazing journal . . . its high standards, its careful balance and its astonishing range make it indispensable for anyone interested in writing or thought."

Subscribe now and satisfy your craving for intelligent reviews of all that's important in literature, scholarship and the arts from around the world.

To subscribe or give as a gift, call
1-800-370-9040

☐ Six months (26 issues) $49
☐ One Year (52 issues) $79
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $150

Or send payment *(cheques payable to The Times Literary Supplement)* to TLS U.S. Office, 49 East 21st Street • 12th Floor • New York, NY 10010

Offer for new U.S. subscribers only.

SNYE6

PUBLISHED IN LONDON

archyology
DON MARQUIS
the life and times of archy and mehitabel
jeff adams, ed. / ed frascino, original illus.

America's beloved cockroach and cat team return in entrancing uncollected stories illustrated by *New Yorker* cartoonist Ed Frascino. "Delightful, quirky, unpredictable—a gem"—Joyce Carol Oates. *$14.95*

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF New England
Hanover, NH 03755-2048 • 800-421-1561
http://www.dartmouth.edu/acad-inst/upne/

French Holiday Rentals

Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.

Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704

VILLE ET VILLAGE

1996 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions

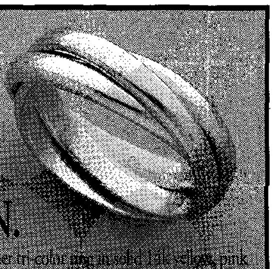
"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . ."

The premier annual guide to over 1,500 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad...only $16.
RECOMMENDED BY THE NY TIMES, THE WASH. POST, VOGUE, AND GOURMET

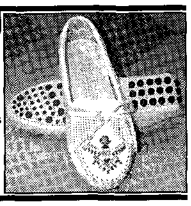
CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC. P.O. BOX 25369,
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

GET A FREE GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS!
A tempting tour of our dining delights in one of the world's most delicious cities!

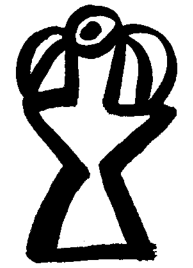
NEW ORLEANS
GOOD TIMES GUIDE
Call now for your free New Orleans Good Times Guide to all the fun, food and excitement with over $2,500 in shopping and entertainment bargains, a Lodging Guide and a Calendar of Events.
1-800-584-3190
For immediate information by fax call 1-800-884-7329 Ext. 714.

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.

It's the famous designer tri-color ring in solid 14k yellow, pink and white gold - $149. Bracelet $329. Earrings $159.
Call 800-725-1520
Visa/MC - S&H $4 - Satisfaction Guaranteed - Check or M.O. to:
Marc Simon Fine Jewelry, 19560 Rinaldi St., Suite #501,
Porter Ranch, CA 91326

3,200,000 Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
Discontinued & Active. Buy Or Sell.
Call for **FREE** listings of pieces available in your patterns.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029,
Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

FREE CATALOGUE
MINNETONKA MOCCASINS
Call: 1-800-851-4449
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles
Moose River Moccasin Co.
32 Main Street • Freeport, Maine 04032


inferiority. But, at least in my mother's case, her school was integrated, and that meant she knew black girls who were more intelligent than white girls, and she knew how she measured against the world around her. At least she lived in a country that had blacks and browns in every position of authority, so her personal experience gave the lie to what she read in the encyclopedia. This, I think, is what Noel means when he says that he cannot quite appreciate what it is that weighs black Americans down, because he encountered the debilitating effects of racism late, when he was much stronger. He came of age in a country where he belonged to the majority.



When I was growing up, my mother sometimes read to my brothers and me from the work of Louise Bennett, the great Jamaican poet of my mother's generation. The poem I remember best is about two women—one black and one white—in a hair salon, the black woman getting her hair straightened and, next to her, the white woman getting her hair curled:

> same time me mind start 'tink
> 'bout me and de white woman
> how me tek out me natural perm
> and she put in false one

There is no anger or resentment here, only irony and playfulness—the two races captured in a shared moment of absurdity. Then comes the twist. The black woman is paying less to look white than the white woman is to look black:

> de two a we da tek a risk
> what rain or shine will bring
> but fe har risk is t're poun'
> fi me onle five shillin'

In the nineteen-twenties, the garment trade in New York was first integrated by West Indian women, because, the legend goes, they would see the sign on the door saying "No blacks need apply" and simply walk on in. When I look back on Bennett's poem, I think I understand how they found the courage to do that.

It is tempting to use the West Indian story as evidence that discrimination doesn't really exist—as proof that the only thing inner-city African-Americans have to do to be welcomed as warmly as West Indians in places like Red Hook is to make the necessary cultural adjustments. If West Indians are different, as they clearly are, then it is easy to imagine that those differences are the reason for their success—that their refusal to be bowed is what lets them walk on by the signs that prohibit them or move to neighborhoods that black Americans would shy away from. It also seems hard to see how the West Indian story is in any way consistent with the idea of racism as an indiscriminate, pernicious threat aimed at all black people.

But here is where things become more difficult, and where what seems obvious about West Indian achievement turns out not to be obvious at all. One of the striking things in the Red Hook study, for example, is the emphasis that the employers appeared to place on hiring outsiders—Irish or Russian or Mexican or West Indian immigrants from places far from Red Hook. The reason for this was not, the researchers argue, that the employers had any great familiarity with the cultures of those immigrants. They had none, and that was the point. They were drawn to the unfamiliar because what was familiar to them—the projects of Red Hook—was anathema. The Columbia University anthropologist Katherine Newman makes the same observation in a recent study of two fast-food restaurants in Harlem. She compared the hundreds of people who applied for jobs at those restaurants with the few people who were actually hired, and found, among other things, that how far an applicant lived from the job site made a huge difference. Of those applicants who lived less than two miles from the restaurant, ten per cent were hired. Of those who lived more than two miles from the restaurant, nearly forty per cent were hired. As Newman puts it, employers *preferred the ghetto they didn't know to the ghetto they did.*

Neither study describes a workplace where individual attitudes make a big difference, or where the clunky and impersonal prejudices that characterize traditional racism have been discarded. They sound like places where old-style racism and appreciation of immigrant values are somehow bound up together. Listen to another white manager who was interviewed by Mary Waters:

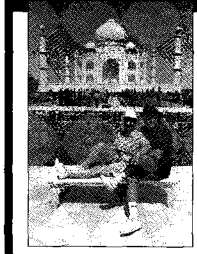
> Island blacks who come over, they're immigrant. They may not have such a good life where they are so they gonna try to strive to better themselves and I think

there's a lot of American blacks out there who feel we owe them. And enough is enough already. You know, this is something that happened to their ancestors, not now. I mean, we've done so much for the black people in America now that it's time that they got off their butts.

Here, then, are the two competing ideas about racism side by side: the manager issues a blanket condemnation of American blacks even as he holds West Indians up as a cultural ideal. The example of West Indians as "good" blacks makes the old blanket prejudice against American blacks all the easier to express. The manager can tell black Americans to get off their butts without fear of sounding, in his own ears, like a racist, because he has simultaneously celebrated island blacks for their work ethic. The success of West Indians is not proof that discrimination against American blacks does not exist. Rather, it is the means by which discrimination against American blacks is given one last, vicious twist: I am not so shallow as to despise you for the color of your skin, because I have found people your color that I like. Now I can despise you for who you are.

This is racism's newest mutation—multicultural racism, where one ethnic group can be played off against another. But it is wrong to call West Indians the victors in this competition, in anything but the narrowest sense. In American history, immigrants have always profited from assimilation: as they have adopted the language and customs of this country, they have sped their passage into the mainstream. The new racism means that West Indians are the first group of people for whom that has not been true. Their advantage depends on their remaining outsiders, on remaining unfamiliar, on being distinct by custom, culture, and language from the American blacks they would otherwise resemble. There is already some evidence that the considerable economic and social advantages that West Indians hold over American blacks begin to dissipate by the second generation, when the island accent has faded, and those in positions of power who draw distinctions between good blacks and bad blacks begin to lump West Indians with everyone else. For West Indians, assimilation is tantamount to suicide. This is a cruel fate for any immigrant group, but it is especially so for West Indians, whose history and literature are already redolent with the

The Best Travel Clothing in the World



Tilley Endurables

Comfortable, smart-looking, classically styled, "*endurable*" **travel clothing.** ***SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,*** and ***"Give 'em hell!"*** washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.

FREE CATALOGUE 1-800-555-3732

300 LANGNER ROAD, WEST SENECA, NEW YORK 14224

INTERESTING STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

We do not solicit the patronage of those who ***make*** or ***promote*** tobacco products.

Haven't You Always Wanted A Weather Station?

WEATHER MONITOR II

- Inside & Outside Temp
- Wind Speed
- Wind Direction
- Wind Chill
- Barometer
- Inside Humidity
- Time & Date
- Highs & Lows
- Alarms

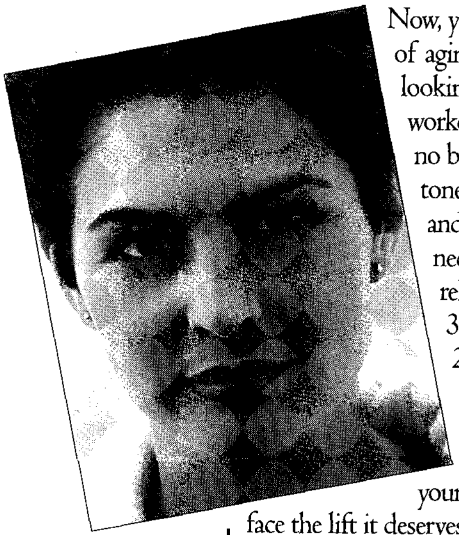
OPTIONAL ACCESSORIES

- Rain Collector
- Outside Humidity/Dew Point Sensor
- IBM or Mac Interface

For a free catalog, call
1-800-678-3669

DAVIS INSTRUMENTS 3465 Diablo Ave., Hayward, CA 94545 • NY265D

In 2 minutes a day, take years off your face.



Now, you can actually reverse the telltale lines of aging and regain a radiant, youthful-looking face. With an easy 2-minute workout, Facial-Flex® is proven to do what no beauty cream can—restore lost muscle tone, boost circulation and reshape sags and bags into a tighter, smoother face, neck and chin. First developed for stroke rehabilitation, clinical trials document a 32% increase in facial firmness and 250% increase in facial muscle strength in 8 weeks. Facial-Flex employs the same kind of resistance exercises used to tone the rest of your body. Give your face the lift it deserves, naturally! You'll have Facial-Flex to thank for a youthful appearance or your money back.

Unsurpassed in restoring strength, shape, tone, and firmness.

Facial-Flex® A3491 $69. Plus $4.95 s+h.
Add sales tax for shipments to CA (7.25%) and TN (7.75%)

SELF CARE CATALOG
Products For Healthy Living™

Order now by phone!
1-800-520-9924, ext. 422.

Name
Address *City* *State / Zip*
Facial-Flex (A3491) Payment: ☐ *Visa, MC, AMEX, Discover*
☐ *Check* *$ ______Total* ☐ *Send me a free catalog*
Credit Card Number *Exp. Date*
Authorization Signature *( ) Daytime Phone*
Make checks payable to: SelfCare Catalog, P.O. Box 182290, Chattanooga, TN 37422

Money Back Anytime
GUARANTEE

CODE 422

themes of dispossession and loss, with the long search for identity and belonging. In the nineteen-twenties, Marcus Garvey sought community in the idea of Africa. Bob Marley, the Jamaican reggae singer, yearned for Zion. In "Rites of Passage" the Barbadian poet Edward Kamau Brathwaite writes:

> Where, then, is the nigger's
> home?
>
> In Paris Brixton Kingston
> Rome?
>
> Here?
> Or in Heaven?

America might have been home. But it is not: not Red Hook, anyway; not Harlem; not even Argyle Avenue.

There is also no small measure of guilt here, for West Indians cannot escape the fact that their success has come, to some extent, at the expense of American blacks, and that as they have noisily differentiated themselves from African-Americans—promoting the stereotype of themselves as the good blacks—they have made it easier for whites to join in. It does not help matters that the same kinds of distinctions between good and bad blacks which govern the immigrant experience here have always lurked just below the surface of life in the West Indies as well. It was the infusion of white blood that gave the colored class its status in the Caribbean, and the members of this class have never forgotten that, nor have they failed, in a thousand subtle ways, to distance themselves from those around them who experienced a darker and less privileged past.

In my mother's house, in Harewood, the family often passed around a pencilled drawing of two of my great-grandparents; she was part Jewish, and he was part Scottish. The other side—the African side—was never mentioned. My grandmother was the ringleader in this. She prized my grandfather's light skin, but she also suffered as a result of this standard. "She's nice, you know, but she's too dark," her mother-in-law would say of her. The most telling story of all, though, is the story of one of my mother's relatives, whom I'll call Aunt Joan, who was as fair as my great-grandmother was. Aunt Joan married what in Jamaica is called an Injun—a man with a dark complexion that is redeemed from pure Africanness by straight, fine black hair. She had two daughters by him—handsome girls with dark complexions. But he died young, and one day, while she was travelling on a train to visit her daughter, she met and took an interest in a light-skinned man in the same railway car. What happened next is something that Aunt Joan told only my mother, years later, with the greatest of shame. When she got off the train, she walked right by her daughter, disowning her own flesh and blood, because she did not want a man so light-skinned and desirable to know that she had borne a daughter so dark.

My mother, in the nineteen-sixties, wrote a book about her experiences. It was entitled "Brown Face, Big Master," the brown face referring to her and the big master, in the Jamaican dialect, referring to God. Sons, of course, are hardly objective on the achievements of their mothers, but there is one passage in the book that I find unforgettable, because it is such an eloquent testimony to the moral precariousness of the Jamaican colored class—to the mixture of confusion and guilt that attends its position as beneficiary of racism's distinctions. The passage describes a time just after my mother and father were married, when they were living in London and my eldest brother was still a baby. They were looking for an apartment, and after a long search my father found one in a London suburb. On the day after they moved in, however, the landlady ordered them out. "You didn't tell me your wife was colored," she told my father, in a rage.

In her book my mother describes her long struggle to make sense of this humiliation, to reconcile her experience with her faith. In the end, she was forced to acknowledge that anger was not an option—that as a Jamaican "middle-class brown," and a descendant of Aunt Joan, she could hardly reproach another for the impulse to divide good black from bad black:

> I complained to God in so many words: "Here I was, the wounded representative of the negro race in our struggle to be accounted free and equal with the dominating whites!" And God was amused; my prayer did not ring true with Him. I would try again. And then God said, "Have you not done the same thing? Remember this one and that one, people whom you have slighted or avoided or treated less considerately than others because they were different superficially, and you were ashamed to be identified with them. Have you not been glad that you are not more colored than you are? Grateful that you are not black?" My anger and hate against the landlady melted. I was no better than she was, nor worse for that matter. . . . We were both guilty of the sin of self-regard, the pride and the exclusiveness by which we cut some people off from ourselves.

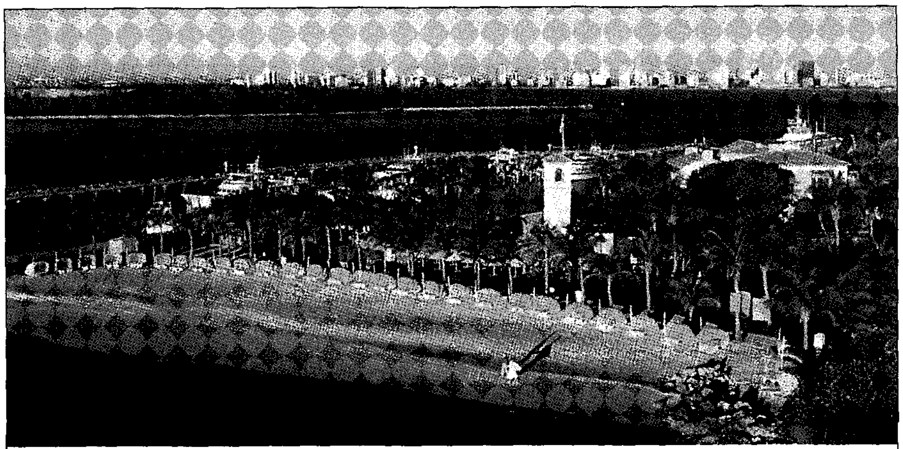
I GREW up in Canada, in a little farming town an hour and a half outside of Toronto. My father teaches mathematics at a nearby university, and my mother is a therapist. For many years, she was the only black person in town, but I cannot remember wondering or worrying, or even thinking, about this fact. Back then, color meant only good things. It meant my cousins in Jamaica. It meant the graduate students from Africa and India my father would bring home from the university. My own color was not something I ever thought much about, either, because it seemed such a stray fact. Blacks knew what I was. They could discern the hint of Africa beneath my fair skin. But it was a kind of secret—something that they would ask me about quietly when no one else was around. ("Where you from?" an older black man once asked me. "Ontario," I said, not thinking. "No," he replied. "Where you *from*?" And then I understood and told him, and he nodded as if he had already known. "We was speculatin' about your heritage," he said.) But whites never guessed, and even after I informed them it never seemed to make a difference. Why would it? In a town that is ninety-nine per cent white, one modest alleged splash of color hardly amounts to a threat.

But things changed when I left for Toronto to attend college. This was during the early nineteen-eighties, when West Indians were immigrating to Canada in droves, and Toronto had become second only to New York as the Jamaican expatriates' capital in North America. At school, in the dining hall, I was served by Jamaicans. The infamous Jane-Finch projects, in northern Toronto, were considered the Jamaican projects. The drug trade then taking off was said to be the Jamaican drug trade. In the popular imagination, Jamaicans were—and are—welfare queens and gun-toting gangsters and dissolute youths. In Ontario, blacks accused of crimes are released by the police eighteen per cent of the time; whites are released twenty-nine per cent of the time. In drug-trafficking and importing cases, blacks are twenty-seven times as likely as whites to be jailed before their trial takes place, and twenty times as likely to be imprisoned on drug-possession charges.

After I had moved to the United States, I puzzled over this seeming contradiction—how West Indians celebrated in New York for their industry and drive could represent, just five hundred miles northwest, crime and dissipation. Didn't Torontonians see what was special and different in West Indian culture? But that was a naïve question. The West Indians were the first significant brush with blackness that white, smug, comfortable Torontonians had ever had. They had no bad blacks to contrast with the newcomers, no African-Americans to serve as a safety valve for their prejudices, no way to perform America's crude racial triage.

Not long ago, I sat in a coffee shop with someone I knew vaguely from college, who, like me, had moved to New York from Toronto. He began to speak of the threat that he felt Toronto now faced. It was the Jamaicans, he said. They were a bad seed. He was, of course, oblivious of my background. I said nothing, though, and he launched into a long explanation of how, in slave times, Jamaica was the island where all the most troublesome and obstreperous slaves were sent, and how that accounted for their particularly nasty disposition today.

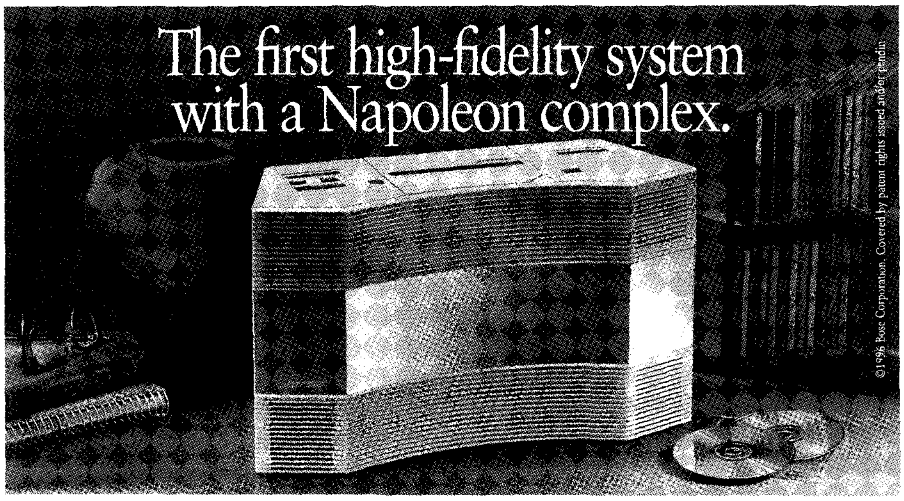
I have told that story many times since, usually as a joke, because it was funny in an appalling way—particularly when I informed him much, much later that my mother was Jamaican. I tell the story that way because otherwise it is too painful. There must be people in Toronto just like Rosie and Noel, with the same attitudes and aspirations, who want to live in a neighborhood as nice as Argyle Avenue, who want to build a new garage and renovate their basement and set up their own business downstairs. But it is not completely up to them, is it? What has happened to Jamaicans in Toronto is proof that what has happened to Jamaicans here is not the end of racism, or even the beginning of the end of racism, but an accident of history and geography. In America, there is someone else to despise. In Canada, there is not. In the new racism, as in the old, somebody always has to be the nigger. ♦



HOLIDAY IN VANDERBILT STYLE.

Once the storied winter estate of the Vanderbilts, Fisher Island has become one of the world's most exclusive private island communities. With luxury accommodations amid a sparkling array of amenities: golf, tennis, boating, Atlantic beach, spa, fine dining and impeccable service, all minutes from Miami's South Beach and Miami International Airport. A member of The Leading Hotels of the World, The Fisher Island Club is yours for a memorable Holiday in Vanderbilt Style. For reservations or information call (305) 535-6020. Toll-Free (800) 537-3708. The Fisher Island Club, One Fisher Island Drive, Fisher Island, FL 33109.

FISHER ISLAND CLUB


The first high-fidelity system with a Napoleon complex.
©1996 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

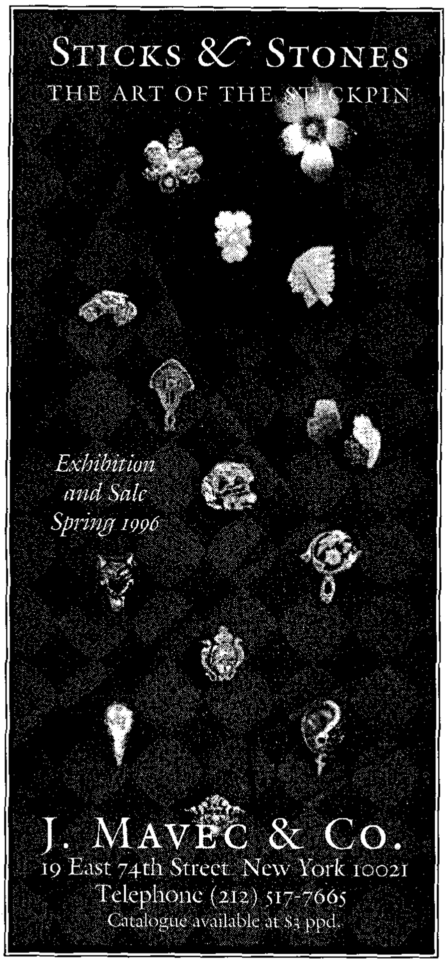
It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it is only available direct from Bose.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Name ______ Telephone ( )
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W396.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Dept. CDD-W396, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.


STICKS & STONES
THE ART OF THE STICKPIN
Exhibition and Sale Spring 1996
J. MAVEC & CO.
19 East 74th Street New York 10021
Telephone (212) 517-7665
Catalogue available at $3 ppd.

WEAR A PIECE OF BASEBALL HISTORY
They were led by the great "Pop" Lloyd, and represented Atlantic City in the old Eastern Colored League. Jerseys, jackets, and caps from the Bacharach Giants and over 100 other historic Minor, Negro, and Latin American League teams are lovingly re-created in exacting detail and available through our Historic Baseball Apparel Catalog. Call 1-800-377-9777.
Ebbets Field Flannels
PO Box 19865
Seattle, WA 98109

BACHARACH
BXG
1924 Bacharach Giants Jersey

personal insights on
Turkey ◆ Greece
Yacht cruises & customized tours
Recommended by NY Times & Fodor
Club Voyages / 908-291-8228

- Provence Tour April 1-13
- Castile & Compostela April 15-29
- Eleanor Tour to Aquitaine May 19-31
- Viking Denmark Tour June 15-30
- John of Gaunt Tour July 1-14
- French Cathedrals July 14-27
- Cultural Copenhagen Aug 3-17
- Elizabeth Tour to Tudor England Aug 19-31
- Troubadour Tour to Aquitaine Aug 31 Sep 15
- Arthur Tour to Secret SW England Sep 17-29
- Umbria Tour Oct 5-15
- Medici Tour to Florence & Tuscany Oct 19-31

THE PLANTAGENET TOVRS
A moveable feast of your mind
Call or Write to:-
Peter Gravgaard
85 The Grove, Moordown,
Bournemouth,
BH9 2TY England.
Tel: 011 44 1202 521895

ANNALS OF FINANCE

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

Buddy Fletcher has become one of the most successful traders on the New York Stock Exchange, and a respected philanthropist—but at a price.

BY ZOE HELLER

EACH morning, after making some early business calls to Europe and checking that his bow tie is perfectly horizontal, Alphonse (Buddy) Fletcher, Jr., chairman and C.E.O. of Fletcher Asset Management, leaves his apartment on Central Park West and sets off for Fifth Avenue in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes. This is an extravagant way of tackling a short journey, but Fletcher says it beats waiting around on street corners, trying to get New York cabdrivers to stop for a black fare.

At an opulent suite of offices on the forty-eighth floor of the General Motors Building, Fletcher greets his twenty-five employees—some of whom will have come in early to use the office gym—and settles down to work. From his floor-to-ceiling windows, he can look west and see tomorrow's weather advancing across New Jersey. To the north, the city is reduced to a miraculous mechanical toy: ant-size skaters looping about the Wollman ice rink in Central Park, miniature planes taking off from La Guardia. Fletcher works steadily through the morning before pausing at midday for an elegant, low-fat repast prepared by his personal chef. (She also bakes the office a batch of chocolate-chip cookies, which is served up every afternoon.) Whether or not Fletcher is entertaining guests, he always takes his luncheon in the office dining room, where service is provided by a smiling blond waitress in formal white jacket and black tie. Last December, Fletcher turned thirty. "Yes," he sighs, with the resigned air of someone who is used to surprising people with his youth, "I have always had somewhat traditional tastes for a person my age."

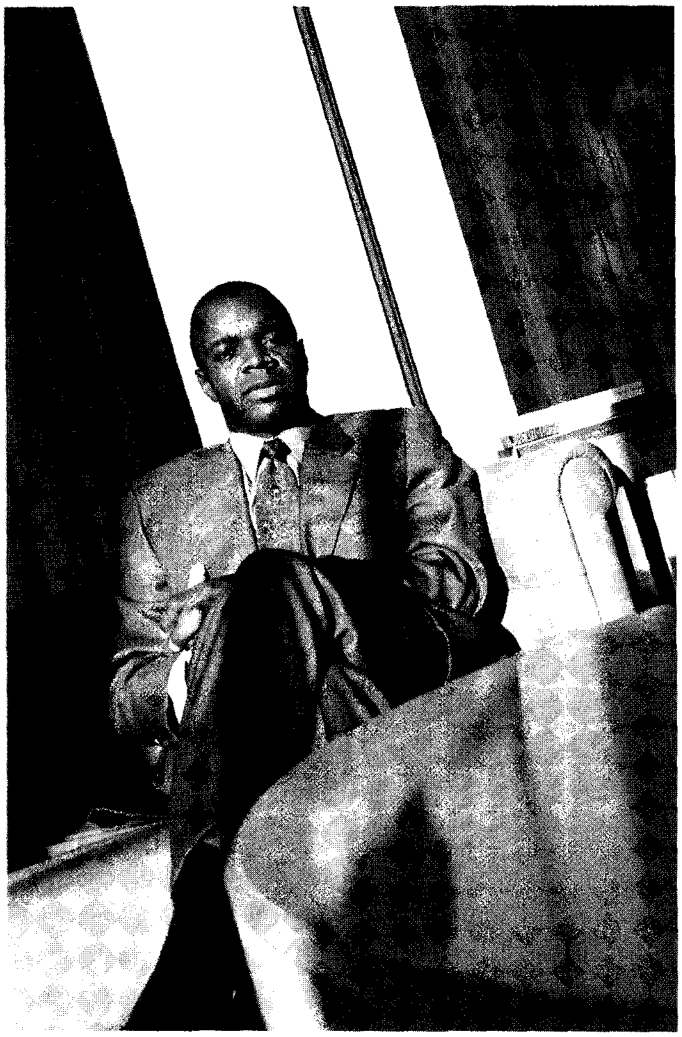
Fletcher set up his firm five years ago, after a bitter dispute involving salary bonuses and alleged racism with Kidder, Peabody & Company, where he headed an equity-trading group. Fletcher Asset Management, with relatively little capital, and no reputation to speak of, prospered beyond all reasonable expectation. Fletcher trades on the open market for his own account and on behalf of client companies. He also makes longer-term investments, often buying equity stakes directly from companies. In both cases, his particular skill lies in devising vertiginously complex "hedges" to insure minimal loss if stocks decline while maintaining maximum profit potential if the stocks rise. His audited annual returns for the last five years have averaged over three hundred and fifty per cent, and on some days during that period his tiny firm has accounted for more than five per cent of the trading volume at the New York Stock Exchange. (Fletcher used to trade out of the Chicago Stock Exchange, until Richard Grasso, the N.Y.S.E. chairman, found out about it and invited him out to lunch, in order to lure his business to New York. Fletcher was twenty-six at the time.) Some of Fletcher's success can undoubtedly be attributed to recent market buoyancy. But the consistency of his company's performance (it has not had a losing quarter since it started) suggests that something more than mere good luck is at work. "We have a reputation of being obsessive about doing things right," Fletcher says. "I don't want to sound arrogant, but I think you'd have to say we're pretty smart at what we do."

A safe estimate would put Fletcher's personal wealth at somewhere around fifty million dollars. As his fortune has grown, so has his interest in philanthropy. In 1993, at the age of twenty-seven, he pledged a million dollars to the N.A.A.C.P. In 1994, he gave his company's broker-dealer division, Fletcher Capital Markets, to his alma mater, Harvard—a gift worth somewhere in the region of four million dollars. He had been wanting for some time to move away from the broker-dealer side of his business and concentrate on developing joint ventures with outside investors. The 1994 donation to Harvard was his way of clearing the decks, and he has just informed the university, which he speaks of in only the most reverent tones, that he will be following it up with yet another seven-figure gift over the next several years, which he hopes will be used to fund the W. E. B. Du Bois Institute for Afro-American Research, the Division of Applied Sciences, and student scholarships. This year, in recognition of his generosity, Harvard will be creating a professorship in Fletcher's name.

If the rapidity of his rise and the prodigiousness of his wealth excite expectations of an exuberant young showoff, then, strictly speaking, Buddy Fletcher is a disappointment on first meeting. This may be the era of the nerd mogul, but Fletcher's boffiny, bow-tied bearing and the awkward sweetness of his manner still have the power to surprise. One of Fletcher's business associates, Emanuel Monogenis, a managing partner of the executive-recruitment firm Heidrick & Struggles, remembers the first time he went to see Fletcher and some of his employees at the Fletcher offices. "It was all fantasylike. They were so young, in this magnificently appointed dining room looking over the world—I said to myself, 'Holy shit, these kids are not yet thirty!' But Fletcher himself seemed to me unusually quiet for a guy who'd moved so fast. He's sort of self-conscious—in the way that someone is when they're keen to please a guest."

A short, burly man, given to long, thoughtful pauses, Fletcher speaks in careful, formal sentences from which all traces of slang or irony have been excised, and he often seems startled by the less censored conversational audacity of others. The merest hint of an irreverent sentiment prompts the swift furrowing of his brow and high-pitched yelps of scandalized laughter. Fletcher does occasionally let loose, with the slightly awkward, jerky outbursts of a shy person experimenting with gregariousness. (His raucous rendition of the Village People's "Y.M.C.A." on a nineteenth-century pedal organ he owns is famous among his friends.) But most nights, he says, he stays up late reading financial journals. This is the only time he gets to be alone, and he likes to use the opportunity for educating himself about new investment possibilities. "I guess I'm somewhat insulated," he told me the first time I met him. "I don't get out and socialize too much." He paused a moment, and then added gravely, as if making a mental note of it, "I should probably try that more."

FLETCHER was born the eldest of three sons, who were brought up in Waterford, Connecticut. His mother, an elementary-school principal, has worked in the public-school system for thirty-five years (last year, she got a doctorate in education administration from Columbia), and when her children were growing up she earned extra money as a licensed real-estate broker. Fletcher's father, who died six years ago, was a technician at General Dynamics, but at one time or another he also owned a chicken restaurant, ran a moving business, and owned a couple of apartment buildings. "They were very motivated, very busy, very entrepreneurial and creative," Fletcher says of his parents. "I think that had a large impact."



"I guess I'm somewhat insulated," the thirty-year-old self-made multimillionaire says. "I don't get out and socialize too much. I should probably try that more." Photograph by Carl Posey.

All the Fletcher children appear to have benefitted from their parents' energy and ambition. Todd, twenty-six, who also graduated from Harvard, has studied opera conducting at the École Normale de Musique, in Paris, and is pursuing a career in music. Geoffrey, twenty-five, yet another Harvard graduate, is a student at the N.Y.U. Film School and wants to be a director. But Buddy was always distinguished among his siblings by his precocious gravitas, and he behaves toward them in what is, given the slightness of his seniority, an oddly avuncular fashion. As an undergraduate, he took it upon himself to oversee their schooling. (Buddy had attended public schools, but, on his advice, Todd was sent to Andover and Geoffrey to Choate.) When he started working, he subsidized his brothers' Harvard educations and helped to finance their various artistic projects. He currently employs Todd in a part-time capacity as a board member and director of international investor relations at his firm.

"When Buddy was at high school," his mother says, "he'd sometimes come home late from football practice, and I'd say, 'Why don't you go to bed now and leave your homework till morning?' He'd always say, 'Mom, there might not be enough time in the morning.' " Diligent and talented a student as Fletcher was, he offered few indications in his youth of being entrepreneurially inclined. When he was eleven, he did create a program on his computer which could predict the outcome of dog races with up to eighty-per-cent accuracy, but he lost interest in betting when the computer failed to provide him with surefire gains. "The catch was that if the odds weren't just so, you still didn't make money," he recalls. "The dogs the program was picking tended to be the favorites. So it was less exciting than it seemed at first."

At Harvard, where Fletcher majored in applied math and was voted class marshal, he and his roommate, Stephen Cass, who now works as the research director at Fletcher Asset Management's San Francisco office, started up a small T-shirt-selling enterprise. They pitched in evenly for the costs of making about a hundred T-shirts, but when sales weren't as rapid as Fletcher had anticipated he bailed out. "He decided it was time for him to liquidate this investment," Cass recalls. "I bought out his stake in the business, finished selling the shirts—and made a profit. The whole episode taught me something very valuable about Buddy. He's the most risk-averse person I've ever met."

Coupled with this temperamental cautiousness, Fletcher has a mathematician's awe of what he calls "communication skills." (One of the reasons he hired his brother Todd, he says, was in order to draw on Todd's expertise in "interpersonal interaction and, you know, language.") As it has turned out, his taciturnity hasn't proved much of a hindrance. "Buddy gives off the aura of someone who is somewhat surprised at his success and doesn't take it for granted," says Henry McGee, a senior vice-president at HBO and president of the Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre Foundation's board of trustees, of which Fletcher is a member. "This is one of the reasons he's gone so far. At a very young age, he's been able to figure out a way to be successful without being intimidating." Or, as Richard Grasso, the N.Y.S.E. chairman, says, "Tigers don't have to roar."

Nonetheless, Fletcher is the first to agree that he is not a born entrepreneur. At Harvard, he was an Air Force R.O.T.C. cadet, and until his senior year he planned on at least four years in the military. Then the Air Force was compelled to make budget cuts, and Fletcher was given the opportunity of going into the Reserves upon graduation. Michael Meade, a college friend who later became his deputy at Fletcher Asset Management, encouraged him to go to Wall Street instead. At Bear, Stearns, which he joined as a trading associate in June, 1987, and later at Kidder, Fletcher found himself in "large, institutional environments" that supplied many of the satisfactions he had hoped to find in the military. He liked being a team player—contributing his mathematical brilliance to the great company effort—and back then he was blissfully free of all of the administrative and management duties that now clutter his working day. "I had the luxury of just thinking about strategies—that's really my thing," he says. "Management is brutal work. I don't like to manage, I don't *want* to manage. I want to manage investments."

KIDDER, PEABODY offered him a job in November, 1989. At Bear, Stearns, Fletcher had been working in a group that developed trading strategies based on sophisticated mathematical and computer models. Kidder wanted him to help it set up a similar group and, according to Fletcher, lured him with a phenomenal pay offer. Fletcher says that, in addition to a base salary of a hundred thousand dollars, he was told, over the phone, that he would receive twenty to twenty-five per cent of any profits he made for the company. Several of Fletcher's friends, including Michael Meade, were working at Kidder at the time, and Fletcher was keen to go. Alan Greenberg, the chairman of Bear, Stearns, recalls Fletcher's coming to tell him about the offer. "I said to Buddy, 'No. 1, I don't blame you for taking it, because we can't compete with it. Frankly, if they offered me that deal I might leave and go work for Kidder. But there's one thing wrong with it. It's too good a deal and it's not going to last.' It was on the ridiculous side."

Greenberg was right. The offer was too good to be true, and Kidder, for its part, denies ever having made it. The legal conflict that ensued—at a time when Fletcher's trades earned Kidder approximately twenty-five million dollars a year—came to dominate Fletcher's emotional life. Instead of a year-end bonus based on twenty to twenty-five per cent of the profits he generated, Kidder, in the fall of 1990, said that it would pay him only ten per cent and defer the rest in staggered payments over the next few years. Still, that meant that Fletcher was entitled to a bonus of more than four million dollars, making him one of the highest-paid employees at the company. Nevertheless, Fletcher resigned after Kidder paid half of what he was due. Because he resigned, Kidder, according to company policy, denied him the other half of his bonus. Fletcher soon filed two suits against his former employers—one for reneging on the terms of what he believed was his employment agreement and the other for alleged race discrimination. Kidder firmly denied any discrimination.

THE BOUNTY I

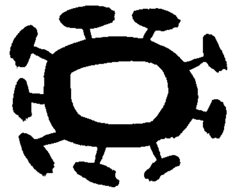
Never get used to this: the feathery, swaying casuarinas,
the morning silent light in shafts on bright grass,
the growling Aves of the ocean, the white lances of the marinas,
the surf fingering its beads, hail heron and gull full of grace,
since that is all you need to do now at your age
and its coming serene extinction like the light on the shale
at sunset, and your gift fading out of this page;
your soul travelled the one horizon like a quiet snail,
infinity behind it, infinity ahead of it,
and all that it knew was this craft, all that it wanted—
what did it know of death? Only what you had read of it,
that it was like a flame blown out in a lowered lantern,
a night, but without these stars, the prickle of planets, lights
like a vast harbor, or devouring oblivion;
never get used to this, the great moon on these studded nights
that make the heart stagger; and the stirring lion
of the headland. This is why you have ended, to pass,
praising the feathery swaying of the casuarinas
and those shudderings of thanks that so often descended,
the evening light in the shafts of the grass,
the lances fading, then the lights of the marinas,
the yachts studying their reflections in black glass.

—DEREK WALCOTT

It claimed that since other high-level white employees, as well as Fletcher's white assistant, were subject to deferred-bonus packages similar to Fletcher's, the charge of racial discrimination wouldn't stick. Fletcher's salary-bonus suit was decided by a New York Stock Exchange arbitration panel in 1992; Fletcher was awarded a million two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in back compensation from Kidder. The race-discrimination suit did not go so well. Concerned that he would not get an impartial hearing on Wall Street, Fletcher attempted to get the case tried in court, but it was sent back for arbitration, because he was bound by an agreement he had made as a Kidder employee. Fletcher was informed by an arbitration panel earlier this year that no evidence had been found to support his allegation. "My lawyers talked about appealing," Fletcher says, "but, frankly, I'm sick of the whole business. It's done and that's that."

In 1991, the *Wall Street Journal* ran a story about Fletcher's litigation, headlined, "ON WALL STREET, SOMETIMES, $2 MILLION IS SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH," but Fletcher insists that greed was not the issue. "They thought that, given I was this young black guy who didn't come from money, I should just shut up and be very content with what they decided to do. But the fact of the matter was, a deal was a deal."

Kidder also hired another black trader, the soon-to-become-infamous Joseph Jett. In 1994, Jett was dismissed, for having allegedly falsified his trading profits. (Jett denies any wrongdoing and says he acted all along with the knowledge and approval of his supervisors.) Fletcher believes that Kidder was so precipitate in hiring Jett and subsequently so slow to act on the suspicious activity in his department as a result of his own legal proceedings against the company. Kidder wanted a black employee, he says—a successful black employee—as an insurance policy against charges of racism. (Kidder, of course, denies this, and says it acted promptly when it became aware of the problem.)

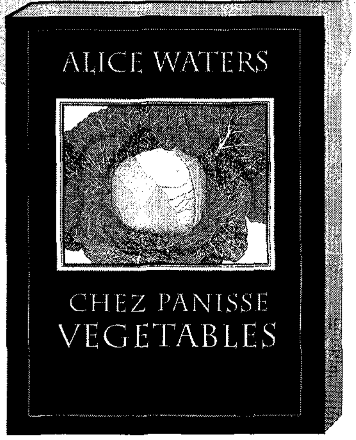


THE day Fletcher handed in his notice at Kidder, he took a car to the Bear, Stearns Building, on Park Avenue, where he spoke to two of his ex-colleagues about renting temporary office space. He then went out and bought a computer and stayed up all that night preparing a proposal for a hundred-million-dollar equity trade that he executed a few days later on behalf of Fortune Fifty Corporation. By the end of that week, he had moved into his new offices, executed his first trade as an independent operator, and earned himself tens of thousands of dollars in fees. "It was a very scary time, and I needed to prove to myself that I could do it on my own," he says. "I remember that first week, going down the street with a hundred dollars to start up a corporate account at Citibank. The company wanted to pay me my fee and I didn't even have an account to deposit it in yet."

In December of 1994, while Fletcher was still embroiled in the Wall Street hearings, Fletcher Asset Management held its annual holiday party at its Fifth Avenue offices. It was a sedately impressive occasion. A jazz group thrummed gently in the lobby. An army of help in spiffy white jackets darted to and fro along the hallways. Outside the windows, nighttime Manhattan seemed exceptionally glamorous. The guests were mostly Fletcher's business colleagues—besuited men, making moderately merry in deference to the season—and his family. But there were also a few friends of friends whom Fletcher had not previously met. As he shook hands with these strangers, they would study him with a mixture of nervous expectation and beady-eyed curiosity, as if trying to square his elaborate courtliness with what they had read of him in the newspapers.

Fletcher's litigation against Kidder has made him somewhat notorious on Wall Street. "I think a lot of people see me now as some sort of a tough guy," he says. More specifically, they imagine him as an angry young man with an axe to grind. As his friend Emanuel Monogenis puts it, "Some people get frightened by a guy who has sued over blackness." If anything, Fletcher is inclined to believe his behavior at Kidder testified to his forbearance rather than to his appetite for conflict. "Oh, I was very good at not being furious," he says, smiling. "Actually, I can't stand confrontation. I'd sooner walk away. For the most part, I don't think it's necessarily polite for someone to always try to convince everyone else of how they feel about something. It's just

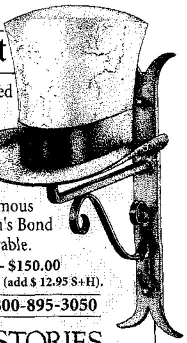
"Say 'vegetables' in America and you think of Alice Waters."
–Patricia Wells



Acclaimed restaurateur and bestselling author Alice Waters pays tribute to the riches of the garden's bounty with more than 250 spirited recipes.

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*

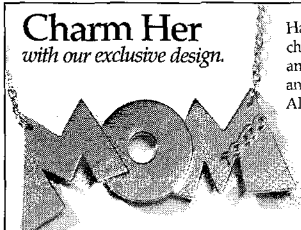
A Dickens of a Top Hat



It hangs your double breasted tailored cloak. Our tin-plate crackle painted Top Hat with its hand- wrought iron bracket is a wonderful piece of home decor, practical coat hook, whimsical porch lamp. In the age of Dickens' it decorated a famous haberdasher's store front on London's Bond Street. Unique, decorative and enjoyable.
20" Tin and Wrought Iron Top Hat - $150.00 (add $ 12.95 S+H).
Brochure or Order: 1-800-895-3050
TRADING STORIES
ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS

Charm Her
with our exclusive design.

Handcrafted charm with hugs and kisses rests on an 18" chain. All 14kt. $ 195.



A Chateau original. (Shown actual size.)

Chateau Jewelry Corp.
71-35 Austin Street, Forest Hills, NY 11375
718-544-8999

utilities design match

A catalog that makes you the designer. Choose the collar, sleeves, shape, length and fabric. Highest quality. Prices from $150 to $200.

The "Little Black" Dress
Just Got Better

Free Catalog 800-741-0867
Website http://www.designsys.com/udm

not a very pleasant way to be, I don't think."

Fletcher comes from a family in which "pleasantness" is held at a premium. If he and his brothers are having a conversation and their mother begins to speak, they will immediately break off what they are saying—no matter how urgent the subject—and listen in deferential silence until she has finished. Walking together down the street, they scuttle with one another to be the one who walks on the outside of the curb. As children, they were taught that petty insults, racist or otherwise, were insufficient reason to forfeit good manners. "We were definitely encouraged to rise above the little daily problems, not to waste our time on them," Todd Fletcher recalls. Which is why, when people assume that Fletcher Asset Management is a government-sponsored "minority firm," or confuse Fletcher with Joseph Jett, or describe him and Jett as "friends" (well, they're bound to be, aren't they?), or write articles about him which treat his success as a felicitous exception to some racial rule, Fletcher stays cool. "Maybe the point is that I've got so many things pulling on me already," he says, "that if I can avoid conflict on that front, I'd just as soon do it."

WHEN Fletcher and his attorney were invited to testify at the Wall Street hearings of the United States Commission on Civil Rights not long ago, he found it "sort of interesting" that commissioners on both sides of the political fence seemed to feel his story supported their position. "The conservatives loved me—they said, 'See! You've succeeded on your own merits and you didn't let your bad experience at Kidder hold you back!' But the liberals loved me, too. They said, 'Yeah! Right! You were discriminated against!' " However, when the commissioners asked his opinion on affirmative-action programs he declined to answer. He wasn't sufficiently informed on that subject to draw any conclusions, he told them.

When I asked Fletcher how informed he would have to be—what more he would need to know—before he'd be willing to state an opinion about affirmative-action policy, he gave one of his nervous yelps. "You know, I just don't know all the plusses and minuses of the whole thing. All I know is that at my company I want the best and the brightest. I don't care what color, sex, or anything else they are." For the record, his workforce is made up of fourteen men (three blacks, nine whites, and two Asians) and eleven women (four blacks, six whites, and one Asian). "We do have a quota here," he jokes. "We have a quota that says a hundred per cent of our workforce has to be absolutely the best person we can find, hands down."

Although he doesn't oppose the idea under certain circumstances, Fletcher believes too profoundly in the inherent fairness of the capitalist model ever to be a very keen advocate of affirmative action in business. Capitalism, he argues, is fundamentally hostile to prejudice and unfair play. In the long run, he says, problems of race and sex discrimination "will just take care of themselves, because firms that are so hellbent on race or sex or whatever their particular category is obviously can't be as focussed on the bottom line, and sooner or later they'll have problems and they'll be out of business." You can pursue this argument—pointing out that free markets have been going a long time, without much discernible effect on the incidence of discrimination—but on this subject Fletcher is quietly, politely intransigent. "I think that Buddy is tremendously aware of his black roots, yet in his business dealings the color he's most interested in is the color green," Henry McGee says. "He lives in that duality—which is the duality that most black businessmen have to deal with."

While Fletcher continues to boast a sunny perspective on the business world, one can't help noticing that he has become an increasingly independent player—less and less willing to rely on anyone but himself in business matters. He is not planning to hire a replacement for Michael Meade, his lieutenant, whom he asked to leave last year because he didn't approve of Meade's managerial style. His management consultant, Ernie Glickman, ascribes the decision not to replace Meade to Fletcher's fear of further disappointments. "He doesn't want to go through all that stress again," he says. Having started off wanting "to play for a team," Fletcher has ended up an autonomous operator, with a strong disinclination to delegate. I asked him once if he felt he couldn't absolutely trust anyone in business but himself. He nodded slowly. "That would be a correct statement," he said. He went on, "I don't have the luxury of sitting in a corner calling a few shots and seeing everything happen. When I was little, I loved G.I. Joes, and I remember thinking it was odd that the general couldn't be the best warrior. The general is behind the lines and the best warrior—the hero—is always on the front lines. That was an odd thing to me. I thought, Shouldn't he be the general if he's the hero? It was very confusing. The point is, at a big firm you can have a general behind the front lines, but here we don't have room for that. I need to be on the front lines."

Sometimes, one catches a glimpse of a Fletcher freed from his egregious responsibilities. At a dinner with his mother and brothers one night at his apartment, I saw Fletcher for the first time in casual clothes—chinos, a striped business shirt, thick, black-rimmed glasses, and a preppy web belt imprinted with a lizard design. At first, he was a little stiff and nervous. His apartment has been decorated with the apparent intention of re-creating, as nearly as possible, the fusty, woody interior of the Harvard Club: terra-cotta walls, heavy nineteenth-century furniture, soberly dressed sofas. With the waitress from Fletcher's offices moving mutely about the living room, offering hors d'œuvres on a silver tray, the atmosphere did not seem very conducive to what Fletcher had promised would be an "informal evening." Slowly, however, Fletcher relaxed.

After we had eaten a meal prepared by his chef, Fletcher sat down at his pedal organ and began to improvise a jokey blues. His brothers were slightly embarrassed, in much the same way that children are when their parents make sudden stabs at being groovy. But his mother swayed encouragingly. "That's it—you've got it!" she called out, as he bounced around on his stool. Then he led his brothers and me in a chorus of "New York, New York." At one point, he leaped up to show us the various features of his enormous Zenith television. "It's neat, isn't it?" he asked, as he fiddled with buttons on the remote control.

By the end of the evening, though, Fletcher had grown old again. Todd was going off to a club downtown, and asked him if he wanted to come along. Fletcher said no, he needed to sleep. He looked grave and a little troubled, as if he were already thinking about the financial journals he had to read before going to bed. He said, "Perhaps, deep down, I am sixty years old." ♦

REFLECTIONS

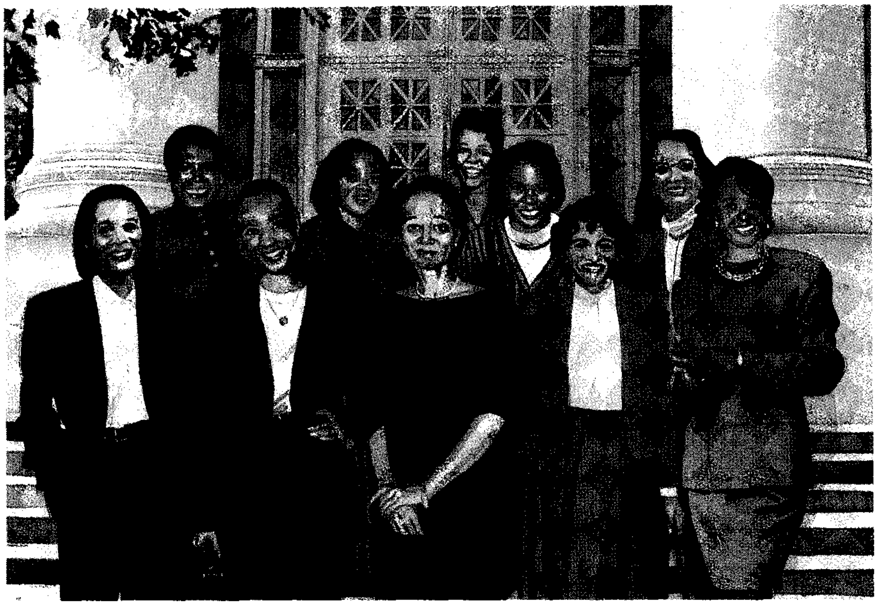
NOTES FROM A SMALL WORLD

What was it like to be one of the ten black women who graduated from Harvard Law School in the class of 1975, and is life any different for them now?

BY PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

MANY years ago, I lived in a luxury apartment building in San Francisco, and one day an elderly lady whose eyesight was failing entered the elevator I was riding in. She squinted at me intently, then smiled in recognition and apologized. "Forgive me, dear," she said. "I didn't recognize you at first—my eyes, you see. . . ." Here the elevator door opened to reveal a swarthy young man in a baseball cap carrying a bag of what appeared to be Chinese food. "Take the service elevator," she called out to him in a voice gone raspy with disdain. "As I was saying," she continued, "old age has made me blind."

Old age isn't all that makes some people blind. There was a history to this woman's inability to see me in the chandeliered lights of the non-service elevator. "I don't believe that you exist!" she had exclaimed the first time she met me, and discovered not only that she had a black neighbor but that I was a law professor. It was very hard to tell if she was gladdened by the turn of events. She'd sighed and said, "I never thought I'd see the day."



Left to right: Carolyn Daniels, Angela Shaw DeCock, June Baldwin, Julia Dobbs Gibbs, Patricia Williams, Barbara Parker, Marilyn Hutton, Cynthia Cannady, Evelyn Lewis, and Gail Wright Sirmans.

JULIAN ALLEN

IN 1975, I graduated from Harvard Law School. Out of a class of five hundred and thirty-six, there were eighty-one women, including ten black women—a figure that exceeded the number of black women in any class of Harvard Law School throughout its one-hundred-fifty-odd-year history. These "crossovers"—i.e., blacks and women—were thus an especially curious exoticism. Today, Harvard's classes, like those in most American law schools, are almost fifty per cent women, and this year there are thirty-three black women in its entering class. Since last year marked the twentieth anniversary of our graduation, I decided to pick up the phone and call my crossover classmates. We were, after all, among the very first beneficiaries of affirmative action, and I wondered if the isolation I felt then and the invisibil-

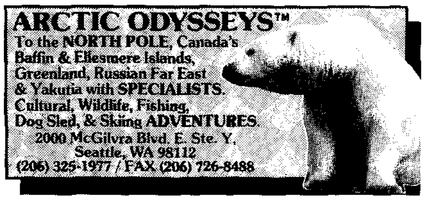
800 Painted Ladies danced in the air last June when elementary school children released the butterflies they had raised. The inspiring Betty Ford Alpine Gardens was the perfect spot to enjoy a picnic as the butterflies embraced freedom. As it will be this year when another group is released into the pine-scented air. The same air that revives you on mountain bike rides, late-night strolls and the other activities you'll find in our free guide. Contact us at http://vail.net/summer or call 1-800-207-2314, ext. 42.

VAIL VALLEY SUMMER
VAIL • BEAVER CREEK RESORT • AVON

Porter's Lotion

In Bozeman, Montana, for over 60 years, this solution for dry skin has been made in a barrel in the back of a drug store. It has been around for a long time, and it works. ($11/pp)
1 • 800 • 806 • 1161
Gallatin River Products, Inc., Bozeman, Montana

DUKE
Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change.
Diet and Fitness Center
Duke University Medical Center, Durham, NC
HTTP://dmi-www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html
800-362-8446



ARCTIC ODYSSEYS™
To the NORTH POLE, Canada's
Baffin & Ellesmere Islands,
Greenland, Russian Far East
& Yakutia with SPECIALISTS.
Cultural, Wildlife, Fishing,
Dog Sled, & Skiing ADVENTURES.
2000 McGilvra Blvd. E. Ste. Y.
Seattle, WA 98112
(206) 325-1977 / FAX (206) 726-8488

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS!®

SAVE $28.00!

One bite! That's all it takes. And you'll know you've never known better. World-famous Omaha Steaks FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection, flash-frozen at the peak of flavor and delivered to your door in 3 days ... guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Order #464, 8 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS for only $39.95! Regularly $67.95 • Save $28.00!

Add $7.95 shipping/handling Limit 2 each at Special Price! OFFER EXPIRES 5/31/96

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE, RIGHT NOW 1-800-228-9055

PREMIUM HEARTLAND QUALITY OMAHA STEAKS SINCE 1917

Dept. AD6044 • PO Box 3300 • Omaha, NE 68103

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print...

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by Albert Field, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($15 an issue)

1-(800) 275-DALI

Brana Fine Art
15332 Antioch, Suite 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595. Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

TENNIS FANS...
See your favorite players.
Australian, Italian and French Open
US Open, Wimbledon, The Lipton and
Newsweek: Evert Cup. Call for a brochure.
Grand Slam Tennis Tours
1-800-289-3333
A Vacation To Remember

ity I sometimes feel now were common themes among us.

None of us were particularly happy in law school. We didn't spend much time together back then, though each of us, I learned, had imagined that the others were off nurturing tight friendships and circles of support. "I thought it was just me," everyone said. We had all battled a soupy mush of uncertainty, loneliness, and some fear. Allan Bakke filed his notorious "reverse discrimination" suit during our years there, and we were made to feel that Harvard had lowered its standards to endure us—but not to worry, we were sufficiently plucky and lucky that it was amusing for the Harvard fathers to allow us to fraternize a bit, and who knows, we might even pick up a thing or two. Each of us believes that that kind of condescension—and a contemporary attitude hardened into something much worse—is precisely why affirmative action is so necessary.

Twenty years later, we are judges, vice-presidents, partners in firms, professors, policy analysts, and mothers. None of us wanted to describe ourselves as feeling marooned in our quest to "make a difference" for underrepresented black interests, but most of us work in almost exclusively white environments, and the undercurrent of yearning in the exhortations I received was unmistakable: "Don't make it depressing." "Focus on the positive." "It happened. But don't say that."

Virtually all of us went to law school not just as a result of the civil-rights movement but because of it. We were creatures formed in the crucible of the Kennedy and the Vietnam years, and the women's movement.

While hazing at Harvard Law School is so legendary that it has been parodied in books and movies like "The Paper Chase," we all had the impression that the misery the men visited on one another was different from anything the women—particularly black women—went through. Watching the men interact was like watching one of those English movies in which the students just love to wrestle each other nude. They were all so *involved* with each other, always one-upping each other and tripping each other up. They advertised it as the kind of jockeying that makes one think sharply and fast; but to some of us the men looked like an eternally roiling mass of puppies, always chewing on one another's legs. It was bewildering to those of us who had grown up without brothers—all those flying sports images and hunting metaphors, those "seminal cases," "dropped balls," and "spilled blood."

"There were no mentors for most of us in law school," observes Evelyn Lewis, who is now a professor of law herself. Derrick Bell—the only black professor at Harvard Law then—was always supportive of us. But Evelyn points out that he is a constitutional lawyer: "He could only do so much—and that did not include getting you through Louis Loss's securities regulation or Clark Byse's contracts class. It was assumed that you didn't go to any of those professors unless you were in deep, deep trouble."

If any of us should have been comfortable in law school, it was Cynthia Cannady, whose father and grandmother were both lawyers. Indeed, her grandmother, Beatrice Cannady, was Oregon's first black female practicing attorney. She graduated from Northwestern School of Law in the nineteen-twenties (apart from singing at the graduation, she wasn't permitted to participate in the ceremony), and ran for state representative under the ladylike slogan "Legislation Adequate to Meet Present Day Developments." (Cynthia suspects that "present-day developments" was a euphemism for "civil rights.") She urged the cause of integration upon everyone from the D.A.R. to the Y.M.C.A., and, with her husband, published a progressive newspaper. Her older son, Cynthia's father, went to Howard University law school. But Cynthia says that much of her father's practice was devoted to fighting for civil rights; he didn't do the kind of corporate law that was all-important at Harvard. "I never heard the word 'debenture' spoken aloud before I got to Cambridge," she explains. She was surprised at how marginalized she felt in law school, and recalls that she did try to talk to one of her professors once, "but he remained standing the whole time, waiting for me to leave. I never went to visit another white professor. It could be so humiliating if it was understood as a racial thing."

FOR most of us, of course, Harvard Law School was not the first experience of integrating our surroundings. We belong to more or less the same period as the little girl in the Norman Rockwell portrait, who is seen walking to school between the long legs of federal marshals, with tomatoes splattered on the wall behind her. Growing up in a white working-class neighborhood in Boston, I remember being able to chart the seasons by what was thrown at me in grammar school: acorns in the fall, snowballs in the winter, mud in the spring.

"I integrated the Shipley School, you know," June Baldwin tells me, speaking of the élite, formerly all-girls school in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, from which she graduated. "And I am only now dealing with all the scars."

Scars? Shipley? "Isn't Shipley the kind of place that guarantees you'll emerge a scar-free flotation of gentlewomanliness?" I ask.

"I came the first year blacks were enrolled," she replies. "They took two of us; the other one was a senior and looked white. They admitted one Jew the next year, and they made the two of us roommates. We became like sisters. But it became part of my character to be marginal, to always feel myself looking in from the outside. It pulled me in two. I never felt part of the world in which I was immersed. I wasn't invited to most of the débutante balls come twelfth grade—partly because of the parents, partly because few of the private clubs would permit blacks to come in the front door. Once, one girl actually asked me to be her roommate, but her mother wouldn't let her."

June goes on to describe the painful issue of black hair, which "you couldn't talk about." It took Shipley's legendary retired headmistress Margaret Bailey Speer to help out with that: Miss Speer had personally arranged for the scholarship that permitted June to attend Shipley, and it was Miss Speer who used to drive her across town to the black hairdresser.

When June was a senior, some of the staff at Shipley tried to discourage her from applying to the Ivy League, even though she had very good grades. They said that she would be "more comfortable" at a smaller college, she tells me. June's mother murmurs something in the background. "Oh, yes," June adds. "After Martin Luther King's assassination, they apologized to my mother about this. They admitted that it was race that kept them from thinking of me as going to Stanford." She pauses. "You see, that's the upside, the beauty of the experiment. They were decent people, but they had these images. But in the end they also had the courage to see themselves and to transform."

Angela Shaw DeCock had a similar experience in a different context. She grew up in Brooklyn, where her father worked as a civil servant because, as a classically trained opera singer, he could find no companies in the United States that were willing to give roles to blacks. She graduated from Erasmus Hall High School and Hunter College, skipping a year of each to arrive at Harvard Law School at the age of nineteen. "It was close, though," she says. "My college counsellor assured me not only that I was not law-school material but that I certainly could never qualify for or succeed at a place like Harvard." Three years later, when Angela returned to New York to take the bar exam, she caught a glimpse of this counsellor, who was also there to take the exam. It turned out that he, too, had gone to law school, and "to my knowledge," Angela says, "despite numerous tries, he never did pass the exam."

THE pressure of living in two worlds was nowhere greater than for those of us who entered the corporate sector. There was a general feeling among us that black women had an especially hard time at law firms. They had to be more aggressive about inviting themselves along to the power lunches, whereas young white male associates would be invited automatically. (This happened "not always consciously or meanly, more as a function of who people felt comfortable with," as someone noted in one of our conference calls.) Cynthia, who was a partner at Fenwick & West, in Palo Alto, representing high-tech companies, remembers being told, shortly after the birth of her second child, about a business meeting where one of her colleagues began to rail against female lawyers who breed "like rabbits." When she had her third little bunny, she left the firm with a few big clients of her own and, for a while, set up practice in her home.

We agreed that race is frequently pitted against gender. "We are raised to believe that when you do well it will reflect well on the race," says Evelyn, who made partner at Steinhart & Falconer, becoming the first black woman in a major San Francisco firm to do so, and is now teaching law at the University of California at Davis. "But in fact the more you succeed, the more you are embraced by the white world in a way that exceptionalizes you. 'You're different from other blacks' is the

FinnWay
ST. PETERSBURG OR MOSCOW FROM $899*.

Take your pick. 5 days including roundtrip airfare on Finnair, accommodations in Moscow or St. Petersburg and time to explore on your own or with our optional tours. The Moscow package includes a tour of the Pushkin Museum, featuring "Schliemann's Treasures of Troy" exhibit. In St. Petersburg, make sure you visit the world famous Hermitage Museum.
Call your travel agent or FinnWay.

SEE THE MAJOR EVENT OF THE YEAR IN MOSCOW, "SCHLIEMANN'S TREASURES OF TROY" AT THE PUSHKIN MUSEUM. IN ST. PETERSBURG, VISIT THE WORLD FAMOUS HERMITAGE MUSEUM.

800-526-4927 FINNAIR

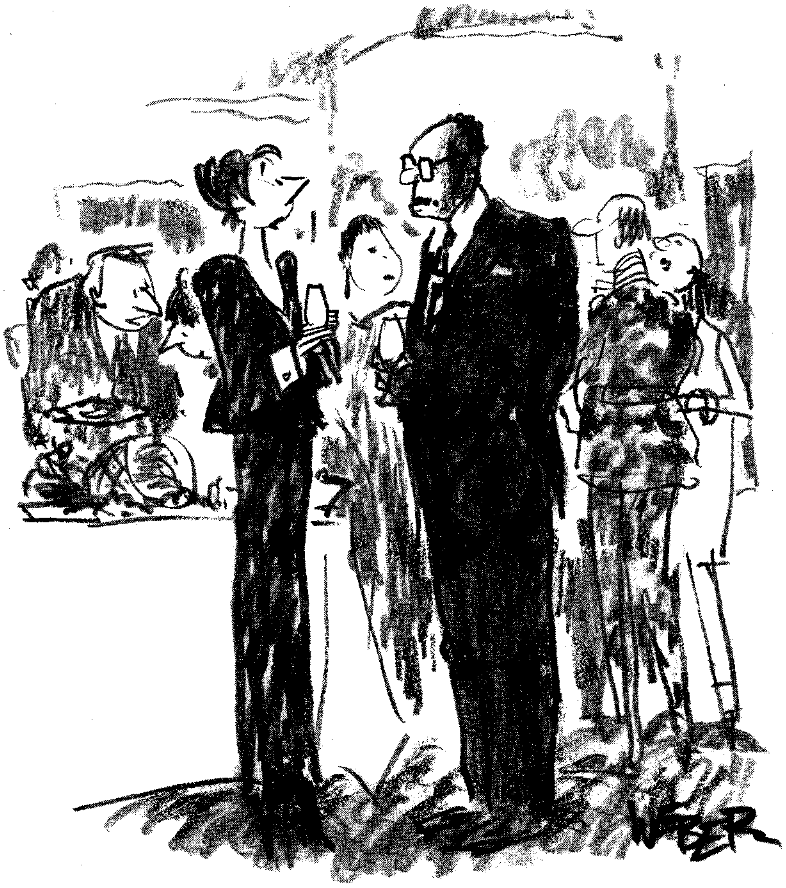
* Price per person dbl. occ. from New York. Price varies to $1199 depending on date of departure. Does not include $22.95 in taxes, government, and facility usage fees.

QUEENS' COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
College Programmes in
Cambridge, England
Teens 14-19 July 21 - Aug. 10
Adults July 28 - Aug. 4
Brochures U.S. Office:
800-922-3552
FAX: 312-988-7268

The REAL CARIBBEAN
New, free, 6[illegible] page catalog of small family owned & operated hotels, inns, villas, beach cottages. Bargain to deluxe. Money saving American Airlines fares from 200 U.S. cities. Best deal ever to the islands from $260 per person double including airfare from Miami!
VE Tours 1-800-333-0392
http://www.smallhotels.com
AA

BE A SWEETHEART!
SEND AN
Awesome Annie™
GUARDIAN ANGEL DOLL
TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE A LOT
SHE'S 12" TALL, SOFT AND CUDDLY
1-800-560-9749
$25.00 ppd
Vis • Mastercard • Amex • Request Free Brochure

EXOTIC ASIA
India, Nepal, Tibet, Bhutan, Thailand, Burma, Vietnam, Cambodia, Indonesia, Borneo. Escorted tours, custom itineraries, adventure travel. Our 19th year. Free trip catalogs. **HIMALAYAN TRAVEL**, Stamford, CT. 24 hours
(800) 225•2380



"I've seen most of Spike Lee's movies, so I know what you must be going through."

• •

quiet assumption. I was anointed, no doubt about it, but always in a way that attributed my accomplishments to me as a woman but not to my race. So in fact what you do well will reflect well on you, but only as an individual. And what you do poorly—well, that's when what you do will be dumped on the whole race."

Gail Wright Sirmans, who currently chairs the New York State Bar Association's Committee on Civil Rights, sums up the situation: "Call it what it is. In New York City, there are five black women partners in all the major law firms combined. All those lawyers? All those firms? That's obscene, and you know it. When they say that women are part of the picture, they mean white women, and that's the truth."

Carolyn Daniels is the only one of us who is still practicing at a firm—Holme Roberts & Owen, in Denver. Out of more than two hundred lawyers there, she is the only black partner. "What stands out is that I have spent most of my professional life in an environment where I stand out, and that can make you pretty lonely," she says. She characterized her firm as a place that has been genuinely open to diversity, and says her colleagues have come to realize that she can do the work, as have her clients. But she was constrained nonetheless: "I went into tax initially, then executive compensation and employee benefits. I did this because I don't think most people expect to or do see a black woman as their lawyer; I figured that if I built up a body of expertise in a specialized body of knowledge I'd always be needed."

Julia Dobbs Gibbs left a high-powered Washington, D.C., law firm precisely because of those constraints. Julia went into tax initially, too. She says, "After attending some meetings with clients and seeing the reaction to a black female lawyer, I didn't get the feeling I would ever be fully accepted." She is now an administrative appeals judge for the Social Security Administration, with a setup that allows her to be at home when her two children come in from school. ("I've had other opportunities, but my priority is something other than career advancement," she says.) Barbara Parker also left a job as an associate for the prestigious San Francisco firm of Pillsbury Madison & Sutro. For a while, she worked as an in-house counsel, for the Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation and the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan, but, she says, there were very few blacks or women around her, and she was always aware of a glass ceiling. She now works for the Oakland City Attorney's office, a job that involves less travel and allows her to spend more time with her daughter, who is now six. Her office is about fifty per cent women. It is also more than twenty per cent black, and that fact satisfies her a great deal: "I have never wanted to be yet another 'Negro First.' "

As for Cynthia, after a year of solo practice, she was hired by Apple Computer to head the legal team responsible for open-technology licensing. She describes Apple as being an overwhelmingly—"if countercultural"—white environment. But shortly after the announcement of her promotion to vice-president messages began to appear on her E-mail from black employees throughout the corporation, voices from the disembodied void of distant desktops. "You know how black people always speak to each other on the street, even when you don't know each other?" she says. "Well, there aren't a lot of black people on the streets of Cupertino, yet here was the tradition alive and strong in cyberspace, even though we were too spread out to see each other."

She reads me a couple: "May your life continue to be blessed." And "You *go*, girl!!!"

GAIL enjoys a national reputation as a civil-rights litigator. She started out at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and then argued voting-rights and employment-discrimination cases for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, where she "absorbed the legacy of Thurgood" and "basked" in the company of Lani Guinier and Deval Patrick. After that, for a while, she taught law. "To litigate all these really important cases all over the country, and build a reputation—then to go into this experience where *I* needed representation!" Teaching, she observes, requires "kamikaze energy if you're a black woman." She is referring to the overheated responses to critical race theory (the school of thought with which I am often associated), those *New Criterion*-

style concerns about whether feminist and minority scholars are tyrannical anti-scholars, swinging the bludgeons of “political correctness” while silencing the young and impressionable with “exotic courses in victimology” that represent “a dangerous flight from reason and logic.” She is also referring to the data that scholars like Deborah Merritt, Regina Austin, and Lani Guinier have compiled, documenting the prevalence of both harassment and discrimination directed at women—particularly women of color—who are students and faculty in American law schools.

“To give you just a small example,” Gail says, “I was called ‘the best-dressed bitch on campus.’ They constantly challenged me as an intellectual authority of any sort.”

I remind Gail of a larger example, an incident she had told me about when it happened: a student, an off-duty police officer, had engraved Gail’s name on the side of a bullet and was showing it off to his classmates as a kind of joke. “I had forgotten that,” Gail says quietly. “Sometimes there are things that are just so . . . It was so devastating. It just knocks you off your feet. You don’t know what to do with it.”

Marilyn Hutton, whose formative years were spent bucking the segregated school system of suburban Cincinnati, works directly with the issue of how to open closed doors. As an attorney for the National Education Association for the last ten years, she has developed N.E.A.’s employment-discrimination training and standardized its review procedures for assessing affirmative-action programs. After several years in the corporate world and as a legislative aide to Senator Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas, she went to work in the early eighties as a legislative counsel for the N.A.A.C.P. There she helped direct a broad coalition aimed at countering the Reagan-inspired erosion of federal civil-rights laws. “We did something that really made a difference,” she says. “It had a big influence on my career choices thereafter. My work since then has been focussed on large organizational issues. I feel good about putting together a program that can move a whole bureaucracy—it takes a lot of human interaction, and it takes your work a step beyond just the words of the law. It’s those effective moments that make you glimpse the really enormous power of what it must be like to be in the majority all the time, to be *routinely* connected to a whole spectrum of institutions.”

Marilyn expresses impatience with the way “excellence” and “diversity” are so often posited as though they were polar extremes, and we discuss the press furor over reports that California governor Pete Wilson, who is a committed foe of affirmative action, has occasionally contacted schools in the California system, recommending that they admit the children of his friends. “All this talk about merit,” Marilyn says. “But determination of merit always includes social and personal factors. Who deserves what is always at least partly subjective.”

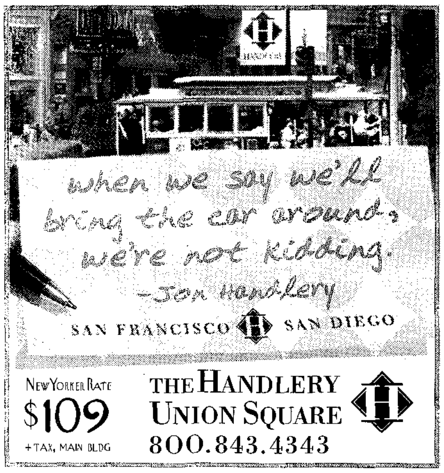
“MAKE sure that when you say I do community service they know what that means,” Gail urges. “I’m not out wasting time. I make this Harvard degree work for black people—it’s not just something I got as a prize for being smart.”

Angela and June went into broadcasting out of a similar concern—in the hope of helping black people. June, who is now a vice-president at Spelling Television, remains frustrated at her inability to break into producing, where she might have greater cultural influence. Angela has since left the business to live abroad with her Belgian husband, and when she left she donated an operating license she had obtained through an F.C.C. minority set-aside program to St. Augustine’s College, a traditionally black college. The city of Raleigh, North Carolina, thus received its first black-owned television station. Evelyn Lewis’s experience growing up in Raleigh gives this story historical context: Her father, J. D. Lewis, Jr., began his television career in the uncomfortable position of cameraman at WRAL, a station whose executive vice-president was Jesse Helms. During the sixties, he filmed Helms’s regular television editorials inveighing against the civil-rights movement. “In a different time, Dad would have been a great media personality,” Evelyn says. “He is a smart man, a ‘Morehouse Man,’ with a wonderfully resonant voice.” As integration opened more doors, he emerged from behind the camera to become a local television personality—the host of “Teenage Frolics,” a long-running dance show that was a kind of precursor of “Soul Train.” Eventually, he became a respected TV editorialist in his own right, offering a perspective radi-

Hike the Alps.

Fred Jacobson, well known author/mountaineer, leads special hiking trips to Appenzell, Grindelwald, Kandersteg, Merano, Pontresina, Saas-Fee, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular Swiss alpine scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our **24th** summer!

For information write:
Fred Jacobson, Dept. A
Chappaqua Travel, Inc.
1 South Greeley Ave.
Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514-3310
800-666-5161/914-238-5151



when we say we'll bring the car around, we're not kidding.
-Jon Handlery

SAN FRANCISCO SAN DIEGO

NewYorker Rate
$109
+TAX, MAIN BLDG

THE HANDLERY
UNION SQUARE
800.843.4343

Heart & Roses
Pendant
14k Gold $455
Sterling Silver $ 75
20" chain included
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX S/H $5.75
Velvet Box
Size 1-1/4" Tall
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

The Tea Club
A TERRIFIC GIFT IDEA
Featuring 2 exquisite selections of rare full-leaf tea delivered each month. An exciting adventure for yourself or a loved one.
1-800-FULL-LEAF (800-385-5532)

cally different from that offered by Helms so many years before.

Because of her father's prominence, Evelyn was a shoo-in for the black débutante ball. "It was just what you did," she says, laughing. "It was a whole production, for a year ahead of time. You learned how to waltz, how to wear your hair, and how to prepare a résumé." She insists that it wasn't about imposing a class order but was an attempt by the small black community in which she was raised to provide its children with as many of the accoutrements of white privilege as it could afford. The young ladies of Raleigh sought out sponsors who would buy advertisements in the evening's program, and the funds went to provide college scholarships, which were distributed at the festivities. (The queen of the ball was the one who raised the most money.) Anyone of "reasonably good reputation" could be invited. After a moment, Evelyn adds, "But, it's true, they did have to be invited. And they did have to raise the money from reputable sponsors—they couldn't, you know, just throw a fish fry."

It is Gail, in one of our talks about privilege and community, who drags me back down to earth, with advice about the New York nursery-school scene. She and her husband have a son who is a little older than mine, and she has done the thing called "shopping." "I hated it!" she declares, having ultimately sent her child to an integrated public school, when he was old enough, so he could get what she calls "a holistic education with real live people." But she nonetheless informs me that I have been terribly naïve; when the application forms asked for "references" I put down the names of people—friends and babysitters—who knew my *son*.

Gail laughs. "You'd better get real," she says. "Don't you know Toni Morrison?"

"I shook her hand at a conference once," I say, dubiously.

"Call her up *now*." A pause. "If you're sure that's what you want, of course. You *want* a school that only takes you if you know someone?"

Gail is awfully good at this sort of thing; the next time we talk, she has just given a pancakes-and-aerobics birthday party for thirty preschoolers. "I put the parents in a separate room so they couldn't get out and they all *had* to talk to one another," she tells me. At twelve-thirty, the party was over, and at one-thirty Gail was at a women's political club, giving a speech on the racial implications of three-strikes-and-you're-out laws.

ANGELA SHAW DECOCK is sitting in my living room, her "Democrats Abroad" scarf thrown jauntily over her shoulders. In town only briefly, she has been telling me about her latest project: she is the European representative of the National Brotherhood of Skiers, a twenty-five-year-old organization of some fourteen thousand African-American skiers. (Who knew that there are officially more blacks on skis than there are followers of the White Aryan Resistance? Who could have guessed at such a fortuity of distributed obsessions?) Angela was responsible for inviting them to Innsbruck this winter, and she describes with pride the sight of a thousand black skiers marching down the main street where Maximilian led his army five hundred years earlier. This place—only sixty years after Hitler refused to shake the hand of "a subhuman" like the Olympic gold medallist Jesse Owens in Berlin—was filled with the fluttering flags of a parade led by a Tyrolian band of welcoming Austrians. "*Oompah, oompah, oom-pah-pah.* You should have seen it," Angela says. "There are the Austrians leading a procession of a thousand black American skiers intent upon 'conquering the mountain' and 'going for the gold.' "

I meditate on a photo Angela shows me—of a young black boy dressed in racing stripes and sitting on a platform beside the mayor of Innsbruck. He began skiing when he was two; he is the great black hope of this group, and will stay to train when the others have gone home.

Angela stands and stretches, then begins to pore over my library of out-of-print books, written by generations of forgotten black thinkers. "This sounds like me," she says as she pulls down a volume entitled "The Black Expatriates," published in 1968. The book falls open in her hand. "No!" she cries out. "It sounds like one of Julia's family!" And, indeed, it was. Mattiwilda Dobbs, a relative of one of our ten, was the subject of the chapter in question: a black opera singer who moved to Stockholm and married a Swede. "She knew my father," Angela says, referring to the years her father sang in Europe, before he returned to the United States to raise her and her brother. She also knew my globe-trotting godmother, I tell Angela. "It's a small, small world," we agree. "Really, really, far too small."

"MOMMY!" The little voice echoes in the background of our conference call. For a week, we have talked into the blind intimacy of telephone space, into the jumble of background sounds transmitted with fibre-optic accuracy—rustling pages, dripping water, office doors opening and shutting, toy trucks being driven across the kitchen floor. All of us feel that we have spent our lives exploding stereotypes, some of which we thought had been long since undone by our grandparents. The precariousness of our privileged social position as "honorary whites" is filled with paradox: We are the product of grassroots efforts that with each generation have launched just a few more of us just a little bit higher onto the narrow plateaus of power. Yet we are a generation whose very accomplishments are now being advanced as one of the reasons that affirmative action is no longer needed.

In our last talk, Gail says, "We all go through what Deval Patrick calls the indignities du jour, but we don't say anything—we're just accustomed to it. You know, when you live where I live, and you take your child to school, they want to know whose child you're there to pick up."

The indignity in this example is not that we are misidentified in respect to class. It is the condition we share with those who are there to pick up someone else's child: that people feel free to talk down to you, make assumptions about you that both blind them and imprison you in the limitations of their imagination. This is not to say, of course, that there aren't substantial differences between Gail's life and that of the women who do pick up other people's children; it's just to observe the generalization that freights the life of each. It is hard to imagine, perhaps no less for blacks than for whites, a black woman who has Swedish family and a degree in mathematics and whose religious faith inspires her as she carries out her duties as a judge—or perhaps as a mother. But if it is easy to miss these parts of the half-seen brown women who come and go, riding the elevator while carrying laundry and talking of Michelangelo, that doesn't mean they don't exist. It means we have lost a vital part of ourselves in denying that they do. ♦

The new Club World seat. A huge improvement.

Now we're giving you more room in new Club World. Not only will you enjoy the unique new cradle seat, but 55 percent extra legroom. Two of the sizeable differences you'll find on new Club World.

BRITISH AIRWAYS

The world's favourite airline®

Introduced throughout this year. ©1996 British Airways

THE SPORTING SCENE

PLAYING DENNIS RODMAN

In an age of hype, this power forward generates a storm of publicity but remains hidden in plain sight.

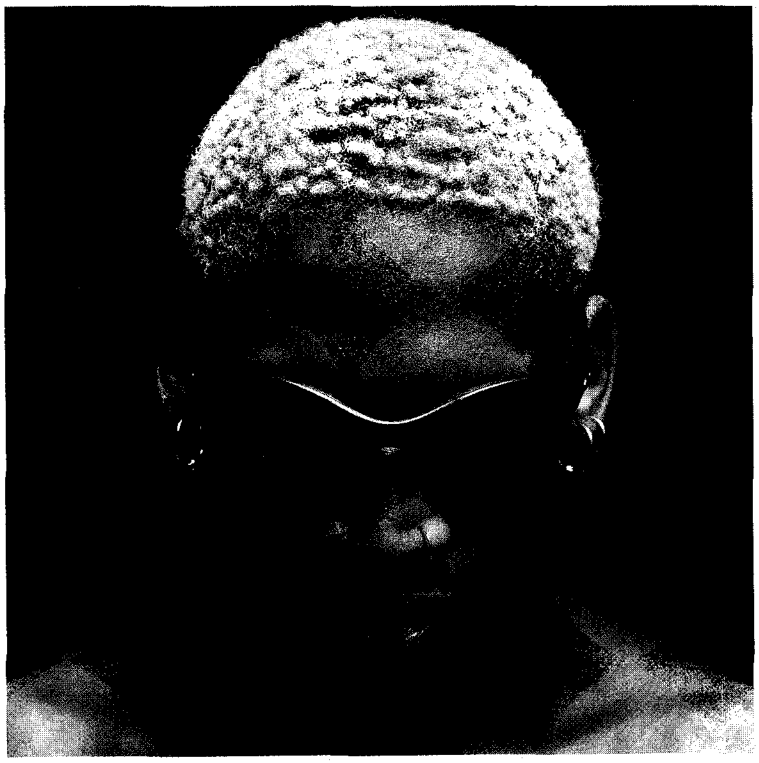
BY JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN

. . . an attraction that has all the characteristics of breaking and entering and of the violation of a sanctuary.—"Simulacra and Simulation," by Jean Baudrillard.

I KNEW the word *'tain't*. Old people used it, mainly; it was their way of contracting "it ain't" to one emphatic beat, a sound for saying "it is not" in African-American vernacular, but also for saying much more, depending on tone, timing, and inflection. But I'd never heard *'tain't* used to refer to female anatomy—not the front door or the back door but a mysteriously alluring, unclassifiable, scary region between a woman's legs (" 'Tain't pussy and 'tain't asshole, it's just the *'tain't*," to quote Walter Bentley)—until a bunch of us were sitting on somebody's stoop listening to Big Walt, a.k.a. Porky, discuss with his cousin Donald some finer points of lovemaking.

I didn't understand then how part of the power of *'tain't* is that you never see it exactly. Even if your eyes gaze on that little bit of in-between skin, it's the idea that stuns, that transports to a realm where desire slips its mooring from a specific object and creates new rules, new priorities that disrupt the known and familiar. Porky's crude connoisseur's riff on *'tain't* returns when I think about Dennis Rodman, the professional basketball player, and his gotta-have-it rebound jones.

Rodman embodies *'tain't*. Unclassifiable—"the most unique player in the history of the N.B.A.," according to Chuck Daly, who coached Rodman's first pro team, the Detroit Pistons, to two consecutive N.B.A. championships. Not exactly a forward, guard, or center, Rodman invented a role for himself which subverts the logic of traditional positions. His helter-skelter, full-court, full-time intensity blurs the line between defense and offense. He "scores" without scoring, keeping the ball in play until one of his teammates drops it through the hoop.



Rodman is the rare sports celebrity who reminds us that the games we play and worship are only games. Photograph by Thierry Le Goues.

If you want to win basketball games, rebounding is crucial. The battle for domination of the boards is a fascinating game within the game. Rodman's relentless, no-holds-barred, kamikaze pursuit of missed shots foregrounds rebounding and frees it from subordinate status. The game's too easy, he says. What he does on the court is not about contributing his share to a team effort—not even about rebounding, when you get right down to it. "Snay" (hell, no), Rodman would say. *'Tain't* basketball and *'tain't* rebounding. It's just *'tain't*. Irreducible to anything else—a perpetual work in progress, compelling, outrageous, amoral. Rodman immerses himself in what he does, defines himself by it, stakes out new territory: percussive behavior so edgy it threatens to wreck the game that's supposed to contain it.

I DIDN'T much care for Rodman during his early seasons in the N.B.A.

On the playgrounds of Pittsburgh, where I learned the game, we had a word for gawkish, all elbows and knees, one-dimensional-game, rawboned hurry-with-no-finesse chumps who must be somebody's country cousin wetbacked into our sleek city run. The best we could say about a guy like that was "cockstrong": "the brother's cockstrong." Which meant all of the above plus the insinuation that he wasn't getting much love action, so all the energy he should be using up in some sweeter place got dropped on you. "Cockstrong" meant a guy was a load. And loaded. A pain in the butt to play against. You respected him, in a way—the strength, endurance, earnestness, hustle—but even when he was on your side he could be a liability, since he was minimally skilled, unpredictable, liable to hurt the team in a do-or-die situation, hurt you with his unsophisticated, indiscriminate flailing. Worse, sometimes a cockstrong player possessed real bad attitude. So much displaced, pent-up energy threatened to blow up, turn mean and ugly.

Playground basketball is the most democratic of games: when a court's crowded, all comers can call winners and play next. Everybody has to police himself (or herself, now that more women show up on the outdoor courts), so that each game contains ten referees or no referees, depending on how you look at it. In no other game is your just-about-naked body so constantly, helplessly, acutely vulnerable to a cheap shot. One push in the back when you're airborne and a whole season or a whole career could be lost. One ignorant, unreflective, selfish player endangers everybody. When Dennis Rodman broke into the league as the Detroit Pistons' primal piston, he worried me. No doubt about it, the boy was cockstrong, quite capable of hurting people—some of my favorite people, Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen, for instance—and on occasion Rodman turned foolish enough, evil enough, to try.

But people change. Cocksure's not always pretty, but it's a much more benign way of being a jerk than cockstrong. And Dennis Rodman is nothing if not cocksure.

CROSS-DRESSING, cross-naming himself (Denise), frequenting gay night clubs, going AWOL from his team, head-butting a referee, winning four rebounding titles in a row, painting his hair, dating Madonna, challenging the N.B.A. commissioner to suspend him, bad-mouthing the men in suits who pay his salary, Dennis Rodman, though not voted onto this season's All-Star team, verges on media superstardom. Whether or not he acts out his fantasy of performing naked in an N.B.A. game, his tale is on high-definition display each time he kangaroos down the court. I'm in this game, his body English says—in it, but not of it. "Show business is what I do on the court," he says.

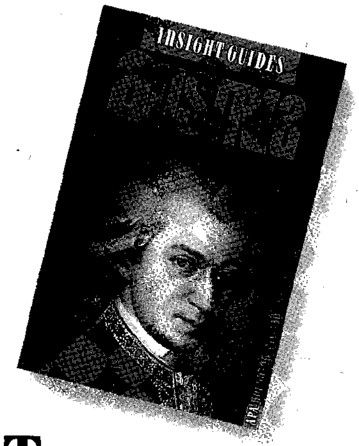
In an age of hype, a world where simulation and appearance count as much as substance and authenticity, where appropriation and replication are viable substitutes for creativity, where show biz is the only business, the storm of publicity Rodman's bad-boy act generates is worth a fortune. He's *large,* large, and soon to be larger if his new autobiography lives up to its pre-release teases. Into this "Tempest" enter David Stern, politic lawyer, urbane huckster, commissioner of the N.B.A.: Prospero to Rodman's Caliban. In our end-of-the-century remake of Shakespeare's play, the names of the characters are too corny to be true: Stern, Apollonian administrator/accountant; Rod Man, Dionysian up-and-down, in-and-out pogo stick. Follow the bouncing balls, the ones inside the scrotum with the silver loop attached.

Shakespeare's drama predicts the dynamic of colonialism. The play also births Caliban, the archetypal victim-product of colonial intercourse, part man, part fish, part devil, whose island Prospero steals and rules. Prospero despises and fears Caliban—"this thing of darkness I / Acknowledge mine." He's plagued by images of Caliban raping his daughter. But Prospero needs Caliban's labor, his skills, his knowledge of the island, so he enslaves him and enlists Ariel and other invisible spirits of the air to keep him in line.

Like Prospero, the contemporary sports czar rules by illusion, deploys spirits of the air (the media) to police his domain. Caliban, Frankenstein's monster, the Rogue Cyborg, and the Rod Man are kin, *'tain't,* tainted, neither one thing or another; hybrids, mutants, half-breeds, crossbreeds, hyperreal mulattoes, bad seeds, the worst nightmare of rulers whose greed and fantasies of control drive them to forge Faustian bargains with the Devil. The czar and his minions can *make* these syncretic outlaw creatures, but can't *break* them. Somewhere just out of sight, Dennis the Menace, the Worm, the Gangsta Rapper, the Rebel Robot plot their revenge.

I'M thinking about hoop; about my own playing days; about time; about my first language, the African-American vernacular that will always be the language of my feelings; about my daughter playing in the regional finals of the N.C.A.A. women's tournament. I'm thinking about the purity that's fading fast but still enhances and distinguishes the women's game. And I'm thinking about Dennis Rodman, wondering what's at stake.

Why couldn't people laugh at the TV ad in which Rodman bullies Santa Claus? Why does Rodman's refusal to allow his identity to be totally subsumed by a game offend people? Is our sense of who we are so fragile, our defense against chaos so easily breached, that we can't bear to look when a sports celebrity reminds us that the games we play and worship are only games? The Santa game. The gender game. The race game. The Mom, apple-pie, take-me-out-to-the-ballgame game. Maybe that's what really scares, outrages, and entertains us about Dennis Rodman. He dons the uniform, takes the paycheck, but doesn't exactly go to work. He enters a zone where play is not reducible to anything else. The game we've taken for real disappears, and we're left to deal with the reality of Dennis Rodman in our faces. ♦



See the world with Insight!

The world's leading full-color travel guides are now available in three information-packed formats: **Insight Guides, Insight Pocket Guides** (with pull-out maps) and the new **Insight Compact Guides.**

300 different titles available at bookstores nationwide

Houghton Mifflin

Doesn't She Deserve A Medal?

For Mother's Day:
3" Bronze Desktop Sculpture
"Nurtured Nurturer"
by Barry Johnston
Signed Limited Edition
Studio Price: $99.00
+$5.00 S/H
5% MD Sales tax
Visa/Master Card
1-800-419-1424
2423 Pickwick Road
Baltimore, MD 21207

Let's go Horseback Riding!
at *Mountain Top Inn*
1-800-445-2100
Mountain Top Road, Chittenden, VT 05737

Wolfgang-June 7-15
OK MOZART FESTIVAL
Ransom Wilson, Artistic Director
918.336-9800 Bartlesville, Oklahoma

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES ♦

- Rental accommodations.
- Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
- Cottages, manor houses, castles.
- London and Dublin flats.
- Weekly or monthly.

As You Like It 415/380-9848

PROFILES

DR. WILSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD

William Julius Wilson has been studying the decline of Chicago's South Side for twenty-five years, and the White House is looking to him for answers on race, jobs, and poverty.

BY DAVID REMNICK

CHICAGO is the "*known* city," Richard Wright once wrote, and the black neighborhoods of the South Side, especially, have probably been the scene of as much academic scrutiny in this century as Gettysburg or the cave of Lascaux. More often than not, the scholars have come from the University of Chicago's Department of Sociology. Wright never studied at the university, but he said that, thanks to "the huge mountains of fact" assembled by the department's scholars, starting with the great innovator in the field, Robert E. Park, he had been provided with his "first concrete vision of the forces that molded the urban Negro's body and soul"—a vision that led to "Uncle Tom's Children," "Native Son," and "Black Boy."

The inheritor of the Chicago-school tradition and the keenest liberal analyst of the most perplexing of all American problems—race and poverty—is a grave and courtly academic named William Julius Wilson. While the early Chicago scholars influenced, among others, a great novelist, Wilson has influenced, among others, the President of the United States. During and after the 1992 campaign, Bill Clinton told all who would listen that the most recent of Wilson's books, "The Truly Disadvantaged" (1987), "made me see the problems of race and poverty and the inner city in a different light." Wilson's emphasis on the social isolation of the urban poor and the link between joblessness and the "pathologies" of the inner city has continued to influence Clinton's thinking on welfare reform, affirmative action, race, and other key social issues. Just as the right wing used Charles Murray's laissez-faire critique in "Losing Ground" as a justification for saying that welfare led to dependency and indolence, Clinton has looked for a rejoinder in the works of William Julius Wilson. Clinton often calls on Wilson for advice, inviting him to dinner and soliciting memorandums.

This fall, Wilson will publish his magnum opus, "When Work Disappears: The World of the New Urban Poor." Based on a survey of the ghetto poor in Chicago, and also of employers who regularly decide whether or not to hire inner-city African-Americans for jobs, Wilson's book provides an unflinching view of unemployment and its symptoms. Unlike some on the left, he does not look away from the behavioral problems of the ghetto—the fatherless children, the levels of crime and abuse—but, unlike many conservatives who focus on what they see as an inbred and irredeemable "culture of poverty," he emphasizes the structural obstacles to bringing about mainstream behavior and social mobility. Joblessness in the inner city is the root of the problem, Wilson says, and the only way out is a panoply of "race neutral" government interventions, including universal health care, educational reform, and a welfare reform that would feature time limits for able-bodied recipients but also the promise of a last-resort, public-sector job modelled on the New Deal-era W.P.A.

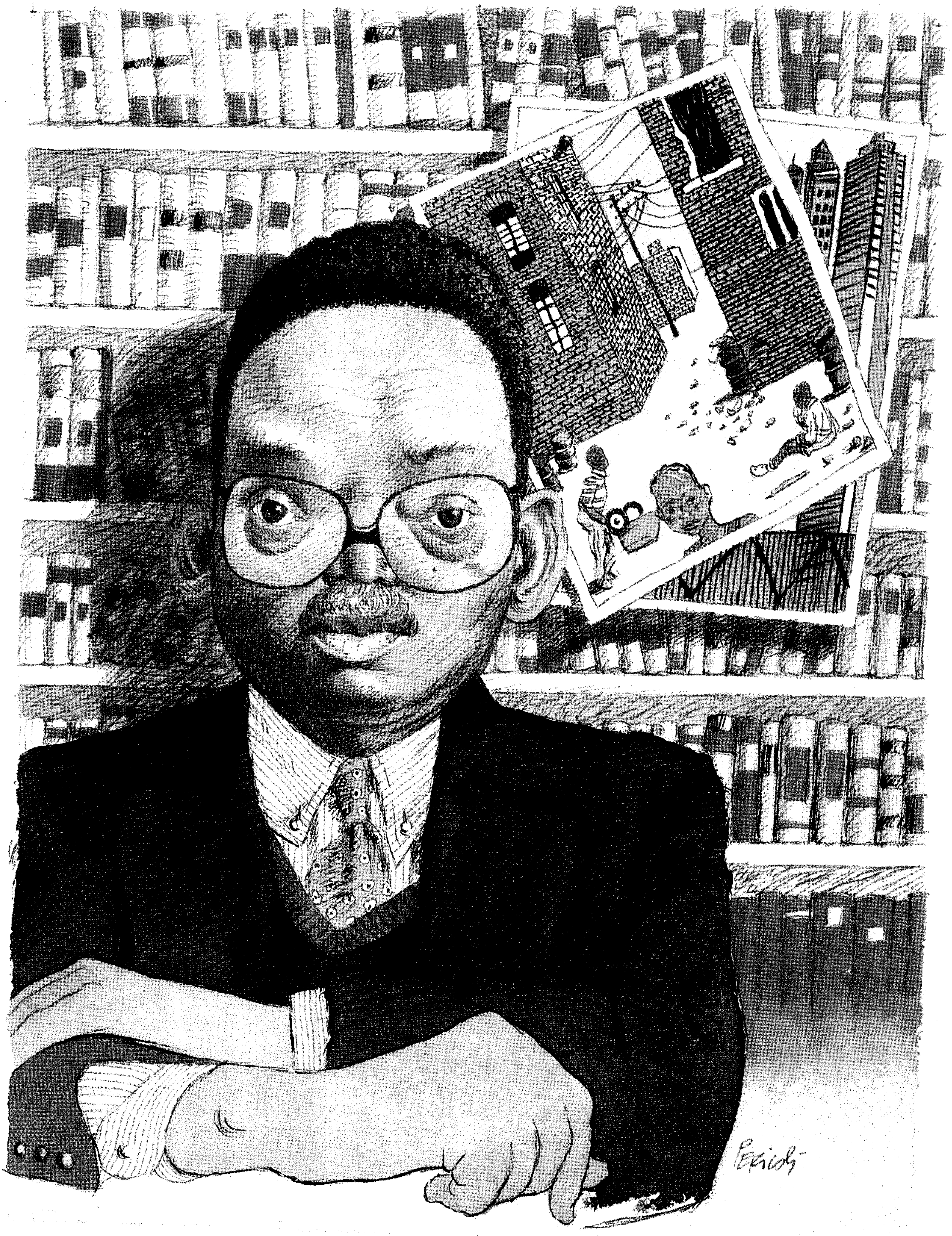
For Wilson, work is all-important. "Regular employment provides the anchor for the spatial and temporal aspects of daily life," he writes. "It determines where you are going to be and when you are going to be there. In the absence of regular employment, life, including family life, becomes less coherent." The book builds on a lifetime of study, and scholars in the field are looking forward to it with edgy impatience. "Bill Wilson's work is the work everyone has to answer to, one way or another," says one of the leading sociologists to Wilson's left—Herbert J. Gans, of Columbia University. "He is our unignorable thinker."

Wilson is sixty years old and looks forty-five. He has been teaching at the University of Chicago since 1972. In an era of denimed sympathy with the kids, he comes to class in full regulation gear: horn-rimmed glasses, a tweed jacket with leather patches on the elbows, a white button-down shirt, a tie flecked with dull diamonds, flannel slacks, cordovan loafers, a Burberrys trenchcoat. (He used to smoke a pipe.) Although he has been the object of fierce criticism—and, indeed, of accusations of racial betrayal—he does not have the bearing of a controversialist. His manner, like his writing style, is cool, even, correct; he does not seem to trust passion, and does not indulge in it. He prefers a telling statistic to a rhetorical flourish. "At Chicago, formal is the style," Christopher Jencks, a sociologist from Northwestern University, says. "Bill is formal even for Chicago."

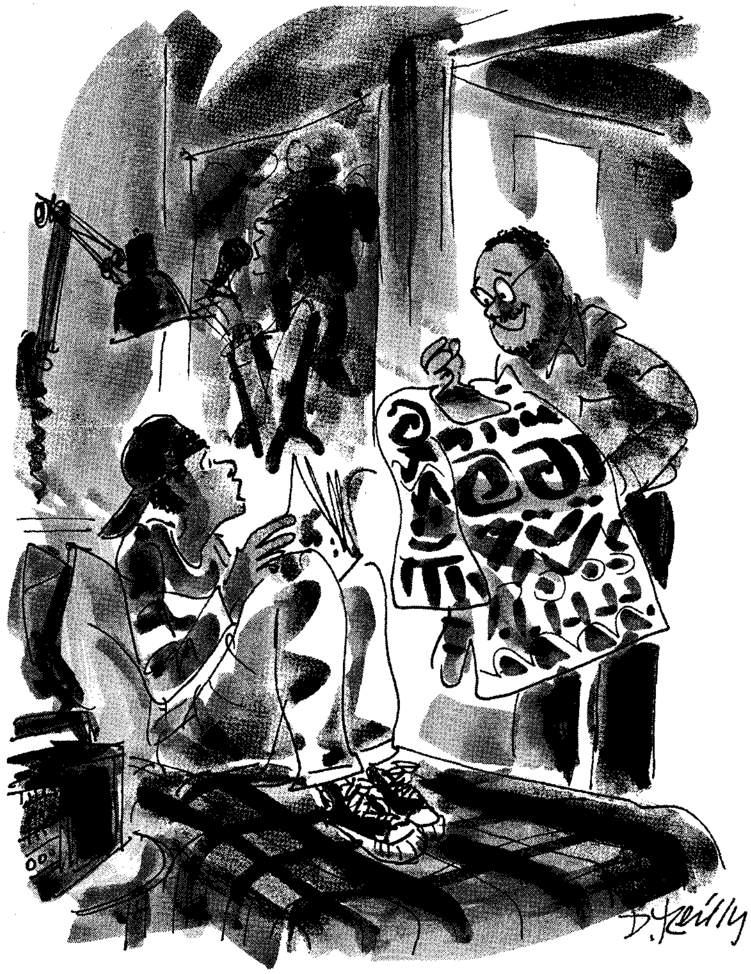
One drizzling morning this winter, I set out with Wilson in his maroon Toyota for a ride through the same neighborhoods of the South Side—Douglas, Grand Boulevard, and Washington Park—that had been the turf of perhaps the greatest of the early Chicago studies: St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton's "Black Metropolis," published in 1945. A comprehensive survey of the South Side and its structures and miseries, "Black Metropolis" described the city of Bigger Thomas, in "Native Son," Richard Wright said.

Now, half a century later, Wilson steered past abandoned lots and abandoned brownstones, the crack dens of Sixty-second and South Greenwood, the check-cashing stores and the barbecue joints, and past some of the worst housing projects in the country: the low-slung Ida B. Wells Homes, the endless string of sixteen-story towers that is the Robert Taylor Homes. In the vast Taylor project, only three per cent of the adult residents have jobs, according to the Chicago Housing Authority. "Look at

TULLIO PERICOLI



Wilson has been attacked from the left and the right, by black scholars and white. His new book could catch even more flak.



"Thanks, Dad, but I don't really want your old dashiki."

• •

all this," Wilson said. His tone demanded concentration. "Keep looking."

WILSON has been driving through the South Side for twenty-five years, and, without romanticizing the segregation of the forties, he says that the people who are left in those neighborhoods today are immeasurably worse off than the residents in the pre-civil-rights era. "The people populating 'Black Metropolis' had it hard—we shouldn't minimize that," Wilson said as he drove. "But this is an incomparably more difficult world. If the authors of 'Black Metropolis' were to come back and look at the South Side today, they would be shocked to see all these vacant lots, the boarded-up buildings, the way the shopping districts have gone from vibrant places to places that are barely operating. They'd notice a relatively new sense of resignation, of demoralization."

In the forties, the streets of the South Side were lined with stores, banks, churches. Cottage Grove Avenue and East Sixty-third Street, the strip running along under the Elevated tracks, were commercial and bright, places to be seen on a Saturday night. Nicholas Lemann describes in "The Promised Land" how tens of thousands of Southern blacks in the forties left their lives as sharecroppers in places like the Mississippi Delta and headed for the South Side. There were jobs to be had. With the end of the Harlem Renaissance, the South Side became known as the capital of black America. Joe Louis lived here. Mahalia Jackson lived here. The Savoy Ballroom was here. A majority of the adults worked. There were poor folks, tenements, and slums, to be sure, but also working-class and middle-class, and even upper-middle-class, residents nearby—models of economic and social mobility. "For all the difficulties, there was also hope, some sense of possibility," Wilson said.

But as the factories and steel mills and meat-packing plants started to shut down, in the sixties and seventies, the jobs dried up. City governments could offer businesses all the tax breaks in the world, but in the end they could not compete with the lure of the suburbs. In a twenty-year period, from 1967 to 1987, Chicago lost three hundred and twenty-six thousand manufacturing jobs, New York more than half a million. The pattern was the same throughout the cities of the industrial Northeast and Midwest. In Chicago, the working and middle classes left the South Side and moved out to create suburbs of their own, mainly southwest of the city. For those left behind, poverty rates rose higher and higher—by 1990, often to more than forty or fifty per cent. Stores closed. Banks moved out. Churches, recreation centers, restaurants boarded up their doors and windows. In North Lawndale, a West Side neighborhood that is part of Chicago's contiguous Black Belt, a population of around sixty-six thousand now has at its disposal, at last count, exactly one bank and one supermarket, but it does have forty-eight state-lottery agents, fifty currency exchanges, and ninety-nine licensed liquor stores and bars.

"The social organization of these neighborhoods changed radically," Wilson said as we headed down Grand Boulevard, which has been renamed for Martin Luther King, Jr. "In those days, the overwhelming majority of the population was employed—at least seventy per cent of the males. There were all kinds of factories, and now all that's really left is service jobs. If you're lucky, you can be a hospital orderly, a janitor, or a fast-food worker earning poverty-line wages." As the poverty rate went past forty per cent—a real threshold of misery, many social scientists agree—the population became more uniform. There were thousands of single mothers on welfare, out-of-work men hustling on the streets, drugs, gangs. Of the eight and a half million people considered to be in the nation's "underclass" (or, to use a less loaded term, the ghetto poor), about fifty per cent are African-Americans.

"You can walk into any maternity ward in these areas and look at the rows of babies and predict with almost unerring certainty what their lives are going to be," Wilson said later. "Chances are they've been born to a family in which there is no steady breadwinner and whose lives lack the organization that work provides. Usually, the adult present will be a young woman, the mother, who is in such difficult straits that odds are she is suffering from real depression or is angry, with little capability of coping with her situation. The child will be exposed almost entirely to families like his or her own—an almost total social isolation. Most middle- and working-class families are long gone. Those role models left town. So his exposure to mainstream behavior is slight, if it exists at all.

"Most of these kids have practically no contact at all with white people, and when they do encounter white people they are intimidated. They have no sense of how to interpret the behavior and manners of this new world, and so they react badly. On the contrary, they are exposed to an environment that provides a vast opportunity for crime, drugs, hustling, illicit sex. The child might arrive at school full of hope, but that hope is soon dashed, because of the schools themselves. Most of the teachers have become demoralized—principals have given up. The kid comes in bright-eyed in the first grade and by the fourth grade he is completely turned off. In 'Dark Ghetto' Kenneth Clark wrote that the longer the kids stay in these schools the *lower* their test scores go. In high school, if these kids are still thinking about college they have no idea of how to get there, no information and guidance on how to prepare, how to submit an application. There is an abysmal lack of information for these kids. Sooner or later, these kids come to the realization that they should expect to be walking the streets without jobs."

At this point in his explanation, Wilson's voice became almost inaudible. Wilson is a supremely confident man, especially when he is talking about his field, but it is not hard to see when he is moved either to indignation or, as now, to utter sadness at the world he studies and lives so close to. "Well, you know what it is," he said finally. "It goes on from there. The whole sorry picture."

ONE night when we were having dinner at a restaurant downtown, I asked Wilson to tell me about what he does not write about—the course of his own life.

"I am very wary about talking about my own past, because I'm afraid of people drawing unreasonable comparisons and conclusions," Wilson said. "They'll say, 'Well, he pulled himself up by his bootstraps, why can't these kids? See? Anyone can make it in American society.' But look: in any population, you'll find some extraordinary individuals or families who make it one way or another. You can't generalize on the basis of the experience at the far end of the bell-shaped curve—to coin a metaphor."

Wilson grew up in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, a town of a few thousand people in a mining district about an hour east of Pittsburgh. The family lived in a two-bedroom house: one bedroom for the parents, the other for six children. When Wilson was twelve, his father died of lung disease. For a while, the family lived on relief; then his mother found part-time work cleaning houses. "We used to go hungry a lot. It was real poverty," Wilson said. "We were struggling all the time. We lived on an inadequate diet. For a family of seven, we had one quart of milk a week. Thank God, we had a garden and could grow string beans, carrots, corn, tomatoes, squash, and can them all for winter."

The Wilsons were one of a handful of black families in town. "I was called 'nigger' by the older boys, and I got into some fights triggered by racial slurs," Wilson said. "We experienced some discrimination in stores—I remember a restaurant wouldn't serve us once in Blairsville. But I didn't feel especially deprived. I've never lived in a segregated community. We were poor, but we didn't feel *trapped* in poverty. 'Poor' did not have the same meaning in those days. I experienced life in a wholly different way from the way a poor kid in the inner city does now. My parents worked. Our lives were organized around work. Even though my parents didn't go past the ninth and tenth grades, it never occurred to me that I wasn't going to college—that I wouldn't have a bright future. There was never that feeling of hopelessness, of despair. There were no signs of chronic social pathology. I never saw anyone shot. Our teachers never gave up on us. I remember a white teacher calling me in and telling me that I had a very high I.Q. and it was time I started living up to my potential." All the Wilson children expected to go to college, and they all did.

Wilson got an extra boost from his father's sister, Janice Wardlaw, who was a social worker in New York. He was sent off to spend summers with his aunt, and she took him to museums, gave him books to read, and talked to him constantly about the importance of ambition and creativity. Even when Wilson began to compete at higher and higher academic levels, Janice Wardlaw gave him the confidence he needed.

"She was always bragging about me, always making me feel I was smart and worth something," Wilson said. "You *have* to have someone like that in your life. I remember her when she was dying of cancer, in 1980. There was a piece in a magazine on race and class, all of it centered on me and my work. Aunt Janice was on her deathbed, she barely had the strength to stay awake for long, but she asked her daughter to read her the magazine piece aloud. She could barely summon the strength to stay awake, but she did. And when it was over she grabbed my hand and said, 'Billy, you've made it now.' "

With a small scholarship from his church and some further financial help from his aunt, Wilson went off to Wilberforce, a predominantly black university in Ohio. A sociologist there, Maxwell Brooks, captured his interest with courses in social problems and race; Wilson started reading Robert Park, Ernest Burgess, E. Franklin Frazier, W. E. B. Du Bois, Charles S. Johnson. His politics began to incline toward the left, his ambitions toward the academic. After spending a couple of years in the Army and earning a master's degree at Bowling Green State University, in Ohio, Wilson turned down a chance to earn his doctorate at Columbia and went instead to Washington State University, where a white liberal Southerner named T. H. Kennedy had been recruiting black graduate students. "I became a star out there and came into my own," Wilson said. "It was a real ego boost."

Wilson's first academic job was at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. His specialty in those days was sociological theory and methodology. It was the mid-sixties, the thick of the civil-rights era. Although Wilson was not much of an activist, he was deeply interested in the movement and read many of the new books on race in his field. He discovered that with rare exceptions ("Dark Ghetto," for one) the work had more to do with polemics than with scholarship. Out of sheer frustration with those books, Wilson began working on a project of his own—"Power, Racism, and Privilege," a comparative study of race relations in the United States and South Africa, which was published in 1973. In the end, that book may turn out to have been more significant for what it lacked than for what it contained.

"Right after it went to press, I realized I had failed to take into account the class changes in the African-American community," Wilson said. "The black experience is not monolithic, and I had not captured that. I would drive around various areas in Chicago—I'd moved here on a temporary appointment in 1971—and I would go through some middle-class neighborhoods in South Chicago, like Kenwood, and you'd see a Mercedes in the driveway, lawns that looked like putting greens, and then you'd drive a few hundred yards west or south and you'd be in a ghetto area. You had to live in Chicago to appreciate the changes that were taking place. I felt we had to start thinking about the black class structure and the extent to which public policies can deal with racial equality. One segment seemed to be improving, with higher incomes, better life styles, while the rest were falling farther and farther behind."

For the next several years, Wilson devoted himself to that very dilemma, to the shifting balance between class and race, and in 1978 he published "The Declining Significance of Race." In that book Wilson argued that, owing largely to the civil-rights movement, but also to the dramatic rise of a growing black middle class, problems of class had become more central to the black poor than racial discrimination. He expressed support for affirmative action, yet he noted that such programs tended to help mainly the educated middle class, while those left behind by a changing economy had begun to form a disadvantaged class in real danger of becoming permanent.

Wilson took pains in the book to point out that racism had not disappeared, but, like Bayard Rustin before him, he was convinced that the main problems facing poor blacks had more to do with economics than with race. For many of Wilson's readers, this was a dangerous heresy. There were attacks in the New York *Amsterdam News* and the Chicago *Defender*. Kenneth Clark wrote an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* calling Wilson's thesis mistaken. When the American Sociological Association gave Wilson the Sydney A. Spivack Award for "The Declining Significance of Race," the Association of Black Sociologists filed a protest, saying that the book had completely overlooked the realities of racism in American life. The group was "outraged over the misrepresentation of the black experience."

Charles Willie, a black sociologist at Harvard's Graduate School of Education, carried on what he told me was a "ten-year war" with Wilson, blaming him—a prominent *black* sociologist—for giving "aid and comfort" to a society that would quite happily "blame poverty on poor people" and ignore the inner city altogether. "By identifying the poor as cut off—as an underclass with no relation to anyone else—it absolved the rest of society of responsibility," Willie said of Wilson's book. Wilson had to endure not only the condemnation of some of his colleagues but also the far less civil opprobrium of the Chicago activist Steve Cokely, who publicly called him a "nigger."

Nowhere does Wilson dismiss racism or absolve society of responsibility in any way for poverty. In fact, he was paying a price not only for the title of his book, which—by academic standards, anyway—was inflammatory, but also for his timing. Wilson's book came out during a period of liberal skittishness. By the early sixties, two liberal writers—Oscar Lewis, an anthropologist, and Michael Harrington, a leading democratic socialist—had advanced the idea that a dysfunctional culture, in opposition to mainstream culture, develops in conditions of poverty and is then handed down, from generation to generation. As Nicholas Lemann observes, the "culture of poverty" idea was an attractive one for the liberals around Lyndon Johnson, "because the obvious cure for it was for the government to act as an agent of acculturation." Conservative scholars and politicians, however, adopted the notion and widened it by saying that such a culture is beyond repair—immune from the best efforts of any social program. The "culture of poverty," therefore, quickly became an incendiary phrase among liberals—a subject to avoid at all costs.

In that context, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in 1965, when he was an Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Johnson Administration, issued his famous report, "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." In it Moynihan said that poverty was now "feeding upon itself," and explained, "At the center of the tangle of pathology is the weakness of the family structure. Once or twice removed, it will be found to be the principal source of most of the aberrant, inadequate, or anti-social behavior that did not establish but now serves to perpetuate the cycle of poverty and deprivation." Much that was in the Moynihan report had appeared decades earlier in E. Franklin Frazier's books on the black family in Chicago and in the United States generally, but Moynihan was vilified, much as he was a few years later when he served as an adviser to Richard M. Nixon and urged a policy of "benign neglect." He was accused, in the phrase of a white psychologist and civil-rights activist, William Ryan, of "blaming the victim." In the aftermath of the Moynihan report and its attendant controversy, many liberals were wary of describing behavior in the ghetto in harsh terms. And into that still charged atmosphere came "The Declining Significance of Race."

"Maybe Bill should have called the book 'The Rising Significance of Class' and saved himself a lot of trouble," Columbia's Herbert Gans said. "I think one reason black people were so upset is the fear that if the problem is class, and not race, then the political clout of the race, and black leaders, will somehow be less."

As a result of "The Declining Significance of Race," Wilson, who considers himself a social democrat, was now hearing himself described in some quarters as a neoconservative. And not only in academe. At one point, he got a call from the White House asking him if he would come meet with President Reagan. The President, the aide said, wanted to meet with some black conservatives.

"Where did you get the idea that I'm a conservative?" Wilson said. "To the contrary, I'm a member of the Democratic left." The White House staffer apologized for his error. To this day, Wilson is misperceived, and it makes him furious. Just last year, *The Journal of Blacks in Higher Education* called Wilson a conservative. He sent a letter of correction, which was published.

The controversy surrounding "The Declining Significance of Race" was painful for Wilson. Like Ralph Ellison, he was being denounced in some quarters for insufficient loyalty to the race. "It was extremely unpleasant," he says, to be abused, to have one's status as a "race man" called into question.

As a public figure, Wilson has maintained his customary reserve. At home, he is not quite so buttoned up. He is a huge White Sox fan and a NordicTrack addict. One black colleague, who sees a lot of him, says, "Bill is a get-down brother behind closed doors. But remember—this is a man who comes right after the generation of John Hope Franklin. It's a wonder he's not *more* buttoned up in public."

Christopher Jencks is one of Wilson's closest white colleagues, and I asked him one day how much of a role he thought race has played in the reception of Wilson's work. "His race has to have a meaning," Jencks said. "His work wouldn't have had the same meaning if I had written it—not in impact or in the size of audience. He's got a lot of rewards for what he's done, but it took terrific courage—there was a lot of flak to take."

Wilson told me he agreed with Jencks that a small part of the authority of his work comes from his race. "I think my race gives me a little more credibility when I talk about these questions. There are still a lot of people (and I'm not one of them) who believe in the insider-outsider doctrine—that, say, only blacks can understand the black experience."

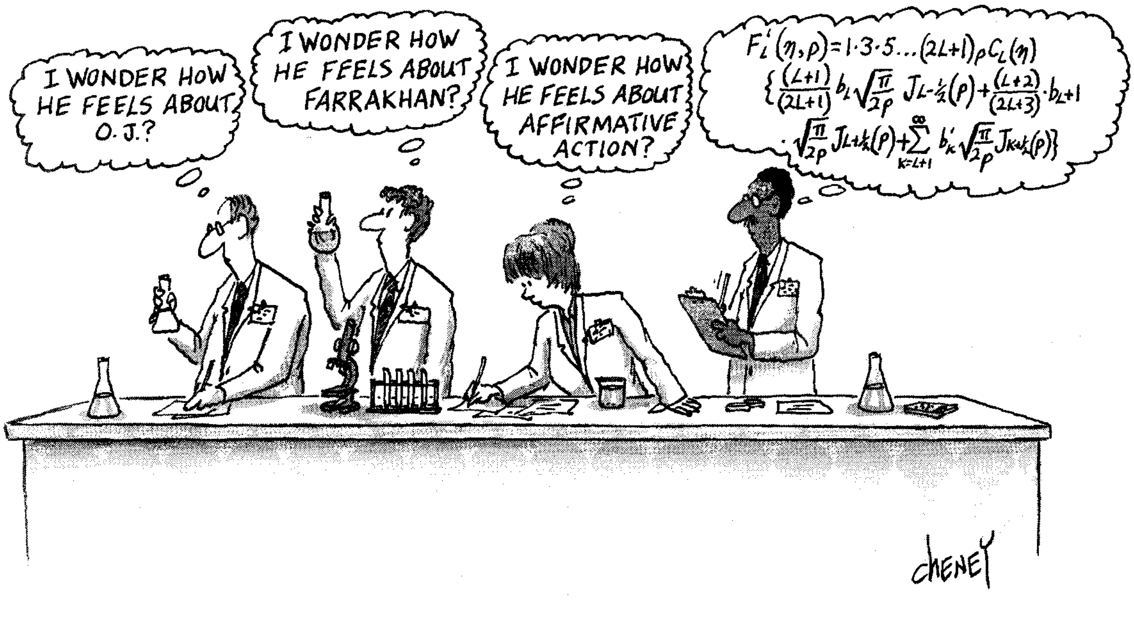
Throughout his academic life, Wilson has worked constantly and easily with white colleagues. His wife, Beverly, is white. Wilson said that discrimination had not been his experience. "In the academic world, give me two equal individuals, equal in training and talent and motivation and work, one white and one black, and I'll take my chances with the black in terms of social mobility," he said. "Black talent in academe is in short supply, and those of us who make it have our pick of jobs, whether we want to admit it or not." He added, "But I've encountered problems that all blacks encounter. One professor here at Chicago, now dead, was editor of the *American Journal of Sociology*. Another professor appointed me an associate editor. The then editor asked, 'Can Wilson read?' Someone else said, 'My God! He's a tenured member of the faculty.' The editor said, 'Well, you know how those people are.' Several years later, that same man had to approach me when I was chairman of the department. I was sorely tempted to deny him whatever it was he wanted. But I didn't."

By the mid-eighties, when Ronald Reagan was in office, liberal scholars had lost the initiative on race and poverty. Conservative thinkers like Thomas Sowell, Lawrence Mead, George Gilder, and, above all, Charles Murray filled the academic and policy vacuum. Murray may be best known now for his collaboration with the late Richard J. Herrnstein on "The Bell Curve," but his 1984 book, "Losing Ground," was far more influential. The underclass, Murray argued, was expanding thanks to the very programs that were intended to help it. Poor women were giving birth to more and more babies out of wedlock because welfare benefits had become more lucrative than getting a low-wage job; crime rates were rising because the probability of punishment had become so slight. Murray proposed the end of welfare—the social-Darwinist solution—and a rhetoric and policy of tough love. He crystallized the idea among conservatives that liberal social policy had actually worked against the poor, by creating a culture of dependency, and that the libertarian solution—to do nothing—was the true act of grace.

Wilson had a hard time finding the love in Murray's toughness. He also questioned Murray's numbers. Among Murray's many sins against fact, Wilson argued, was that "Losing Ground" simply failed to account for the over-all negative trends in the economy when the rise in the poverty rate was being calculated. Murray failed to note that between 1968 and 1980 the unemployment rate had doubled.

Wilson questioned not only Murray's numbers but his motives as well. "I think a lot of Charles Murray's conclusions are ideologically driven and he doesn't let facts get in the way of his beliefs," Wilson told me. "Somehow, I'm more charitable toward Reagan than I am toward Murray. Reagan was naïve. Charles Murray is not, and he is extremely selective in the way he interprets his material. I think the man is . . . Well, I think he's dishonest. He plays to the conservative fears, and I think he knows better. A lot of what he says he doesn't really believe, but it's conservatively popular. It's politically driven. I get the sense that Murray would rather keep looking for something to prove his case that blacks would rather be hustling in the streets than working."

The most painful and lasting influence was Murray's effect on the conservative rhetoric and, consequently, on the popular notion of poverty; the changed notion lingers even now. "What bothers me is that a lot of conservatives blame the individuals and pay no mind at all to the structures that create those cultural styles and habits," Wilson said. "Bill Bennett has a vision that places primary empha-


I WONDER HOW HE FEELS ABOUT O.J.?
I WONDER HOW HE FEELS ABOUT FARRAKHAN?
I WONDER HOW HE FEELS ABOUT AFFIRMATIVE ACTION?
$F_L'(\eta,\rho)=1\cdot3\cdot5\ldots(2L+1)\rho C_L(\eta)$
$\{\frac{(L+1)}{(2L+1)}b_L\sqrt{\frac{\pi}{2\rho}}J_{L-\frac{1}{2}}(\rho)+\frac{(L+2)}{(2L+3)}\cdot b_{L+1}$
$\cdot\sqrt{\frac{\pi}{2\rho}}J_{L+\frac{1}{2}}(\rho)+\sum_{K=L+1}^{\infty}b_K'\sqrt{\frac{\pi}{2\rho}}J_{K+\frac{1}{2}}(\rho)\}$
CHENEY

sis on culture as an explanation for everything but says nothing about the source of that culture. If Bennett tries to explain the problem of family values and responsibility, he isn't likely to take into account the overwhelming problems of living up to these values when you grow up under different circumstances and with near-impossible obstacles."

Wilson's answer to Murray and the Reagan rhetoric came in 1987, with the publication of "The Truly Disadvantaged," in which he took on the vexed question of "the culture of poverty." In private conversation with colleagues, Wilson admits that inner-city poverty has, of course, given rise to a set of styles, attitudes, and habits that might loosely be considered a culture of poverty. But the way the term has often been used, in both scholarship and politics, is anathema to him. "It's just too loaded a term and too given to extreme notions," he told me. In his book Wilson did not shy away from describing the maladies present in the inner city—out-of-wedlock births, welfare dependency, crime—but he described them only in the context of their having grown out of a set of very particular and trying circumstances: joblessness, segregation, and oppression among them. One of the many findings of Wilson's research is that, contrary to much conservative thinking, the ghetto poor generally support such "mainstream" values as hard work, initiative, and honesty; what prevents their being adhered to is the difficulty of establishing and sustaining the social structures and circumstances needed to help carry them out.

Wilson describes how the triumph of so many African-Americans—the great rise in the number of working- and middle-class blacks and their migration from the inner cities to the suburbs—changed the ecology of the urban neighborhoods they left behind. Since the departure of the middle class, and the commerce and the institutions they once supported, the remaining population has been suffering from the "concentration effects" of poverty: joblessness, crime, fatherless children. With no jobs around, young men make "rational" decisions to hustle on the street; with so few "marriageable" young men around, young women decide to have children on their own. Without working- and middle-class role models around, "mainstream" behavior begins to weaken. There are now fewer churches, community groups, and after-school programs to help parents teach their children the sort of values and behavior that will help them get jobs and survive in a world beyond the inner city. Kids learn styles of bearing and speech that might help them survive in the ghetto but will sink them at a job interview. "For one reason or another," Wilson told me, with a hint of disdain in his voice, "conservatives find it convenient not to factor all this into their discussion."

Christopher Jencks said of "The Truly Disadvantaged," "What Bill had done was create a political space for talking about things people had agreed not to talk about. Within academic sociology, people went around walking on eggs, basically. The field had been largely abandoned by white scholars, because of the feeling that it wasn't appropriate for white people to tell black people what's wrong."

According to David Ellwood, a professor of public policy at Harvard and a former Clinton Administration official, the publication of "The Truly Disadvantaged" was "the defining moment" in the debate. "What it did, was, for the first time, to acknowledge real and significant problems in central cities and then provide a coherent and comprehensible theory or structure to understand what was going on," Ellwood said.

In Chicago, community activists influenced by Wilson's work even began a successful program called Jobs for Youth. A nonprofit group, Jobs for Youth has made sixteen hundred placements mainly of black men and women between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four in a wide range of businesses in the metropolitan area. "What we are trying to do fundamentally is de-ghettoize the kids that come to us from public housing projects, isolated places," Jack Connelly, the executive director, told me. "One of the fundamental tenets of Bill's writing is that the isolation has sustained the poverty over time. What we find is that when the kids start doing well they leave their neighborhood and go somewhere safer and more diverse. A trick for some of the kids is just trying to figure out how to get downtown to the Loop. A girl might never have left the ten-block radius of her house on the South Side, except maybe for a trip to the Delta in Mississippi to see her relatives."

The critics of "The Truly Disadvantaged" came, once more, from all sides. Adolph Reed, Jr., a political scientist at

SHOWCASE

TERRY McMILLAN

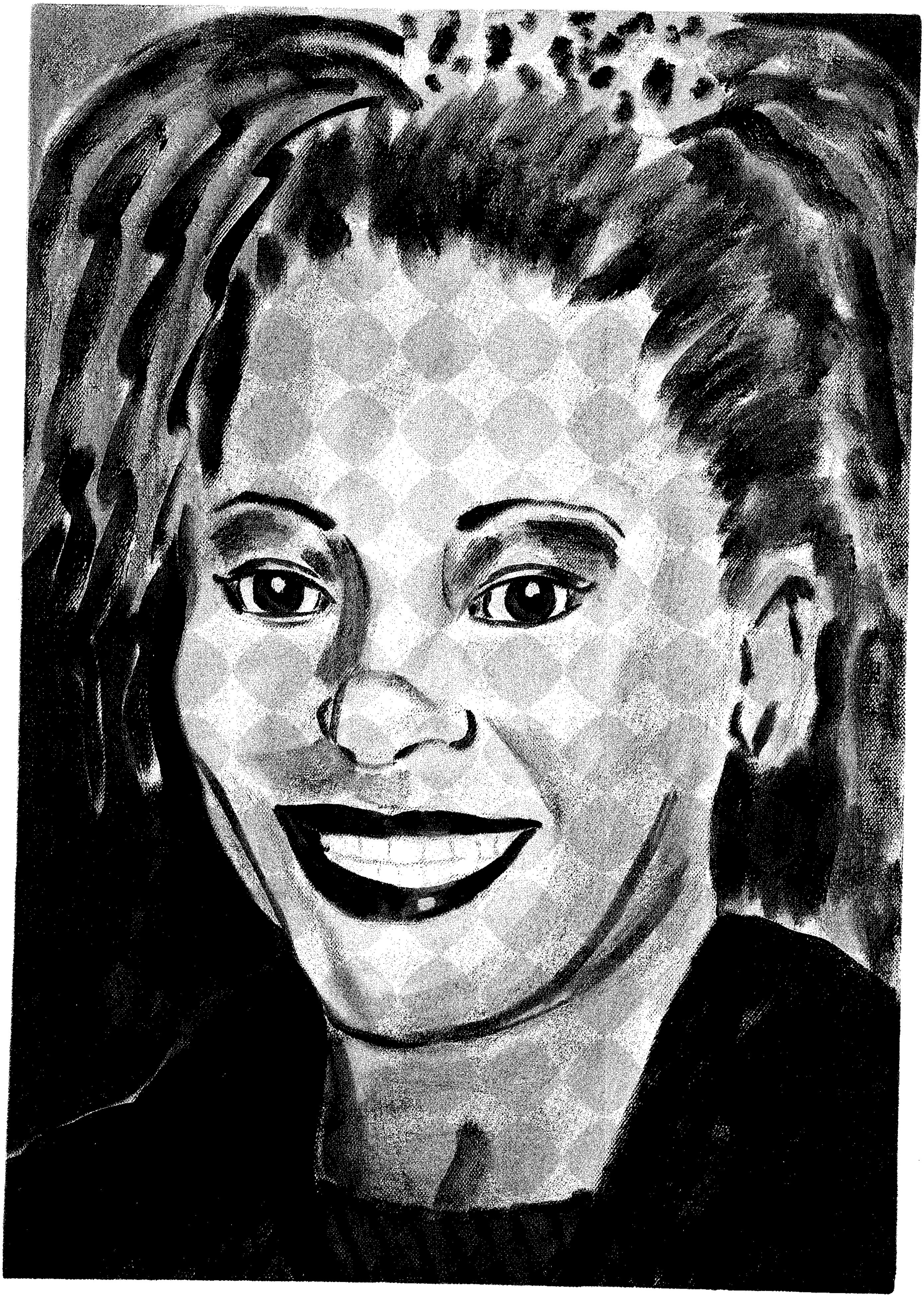
"WAITING TO EXHALE" was for Terry McMillan what "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant" was for Anne Tyler—a popular breakthrough after years of paying dues. McMillan's previous novels, "Mama" and "Disappearing Acts," had found a niche with readers, but had done nothing to separate her from the pack of other praiseworthies. Then came "Waiting to Exhale," a huge best-seller, its liftoff supplied by the jubilant, snappy talk of its female characters—especially when they ragged on men. History and the burden of race didn't give weight to its pages, as they do in much black fiction. Set in Phoenix, "Waiting to Exhale" exulted in light, open, possibility-filled space.

McMillan's new novel, "How Stella Got Her Groove Back," which is coming from Viking this month, is also set in the airbrushed present. There are a lot of long sentences without commas, to convey the anxious rush of its heroine's acceleration through life. Lots of "You go, girl!" backslap, too. McMillan, who took flak for portraying black men as sneaks and sheiks in "Waiting to Exhale" (a controversy that was reignited when the book became a hit movie), tries to make amends here in the form of Winston, whom Stella meets on a vacation in Jamaica. He is so fine: only twenty-one—half Stella's age—he is responsible, polite, and attentive to a woman's needs, and when he and Stella kiss, those long sentences without commas ascend like goldfish bubbles.

The first printing for the book is a monster one million copies, which makes McMillan the Oprah of black fiction, selling and exemplifying the holy trinity of wish fulfillment: money, fame, and romance. McMillan doesn't write for worrywarts. "How Stella Got Her Groove Back," like "Waiting to Exhale," is a sexy handbook of self-realization.

—JAMES WOLCOTT

DRAWING BY RON BROWN



Northwestern, wrote in *The Nation* that Wilson—"who exemplifies the limits of the liberal technocratic vision"—focussed on "disorganization" and "deviance" using a vocabulary of pathology which unjustly implied a model of social health elsewhere. "What is that model?" Reed asked, and he added that Wilson's view was "abominably sexist, not to mention atavistic." In a book entitled "Turning Back" Stephen Steinberg, a sociologist at the Graduate Center of CUNY, wrote that with "The Truly Disadvantaged" Wilson had become little more than "a black reincarnation" of Moynihan, and that Wilson's book "quietly served as President Clinton's exculpation for the administration's failure to develop policies to deal with the plight of the nation's ghettos." Wilson legitimatized a "retreat from race," Steinberg went on to say, and "this is the significance of Wilson's elevation to national prominence and even to celebrity status."

Neither Reed nor Steinberg treated Wilson's claim to being on the liberal left with anything other than derision. When I called Reed and asked him why he had attacked Wilson so fiercely when Wilson was offering policy recommendations that made him a "social democrat," Reed laughed. "I don't know where Wilson is politically," he said. "He's proclaimed himself to be a social democrat. I don't know what that means. I can call myself the King of France but that doesn't mean I am one."

In other words, in the view of his critics on the left Wilson had once more overlooked the problem of race and racism as an autonomous element of poverty. Wilson is, as I said, courtly, but when he is attacked on that level he is not exactly defenseless. Neither Reed nor Steinberg, he said, is a serious scholar, and he left it at that.

Charles Murray's critique has more to do with the European-style social programs that Wilson recommended as solutions than with his analysis of the problem itself. "I remember when I read 'The Truly Disadvantaged' I was struck by how the first chapters were so similar to 'Losing Ground'—the damning statements about the problems associated with the social pathologies, and so on," Murray told me. "My main reaction is that he then gets to the end, where he says we need a more progressive social democracy, and I say, 'Where did that come from?' There is a disjoint between the analysis of the problem and the analysis of a solution."

Murray has a point: there *is* a disjunction between the analysis and the prescription. It's just not the one Murray has in mind. Wilson's problem—and he faces it even more squarely in "When Work Disappears"—is that he is prescribing a kind of expensive medicine that Americans show no sign of wanting, or wanting to pay for. With the new book, he has ventured even further into the practical realm of policy, and the criticisms of his solutions are bound to be even sharper than they have been so far.

WILSON'S life will change drastically this fall. After twenty-five years at the University of Chicago, he is moving east. Wilson has been feeling isolated

MEMOIR • BY ANNA DEAVERE SMITH

AUNT ESTHER

Long as I can remember
people always told me I was cute
but
I never felt that I was cute,
I never thought that I was an ugly child,
nor do I feel that I was a pretty child.
I just thought I was a child!
All my life,
people had told me that I was cute,
and I know when I was little
a white lady stole me.
You never heard that tale?
When we were on Biddle Street you had the Richmond Market up there
and you had people coming up
from Charles Street
from Cathedral Street
and whatnot
the Richmond Market was a very good market
you got gourmet foods up there and all like that.
I know Daddy,
your grandfather used to bring Miss Langral in from Roland Park to shop at Richmond
Market
and all
along with going to Lexington Market
and you had the maids and the um butlers
and whatnot from the big houses over on Charles Street
coming over
to Richmond Market
getting things
and from what I understand
and Mother used to keep me looking real nice
I was out on the front and Argrel was supposed to be watching me
and Aunt Argrel wasn't too bright
and they looked and I wasn't on the front!
I was like between two and three
something like that.
And when I was little
I had these big blue eyes
and blond hair,
curly blond hair.
You can see my baby picture how I was.

Well they were all up and down looking for Esther.
I was like the pet on the block
I was very friendly very outgoing.
One man used to tell the story about how I came up to him and said
Aren't my shoes delicious?
And like the Germans who lived up the street
they went up to the Krauses
I wasn't up there—
Miss Robinson hadn't seen me—
Miss Patterson who loved me just like her own child
she didn't know where I was—
the barber nobody knew where I was.
Well I was one of those little friendly children.
Well the word got out that Esther was missing.
Well the story gets vague but the way I understand it—
somebody who worked down on Cathedral Street
realized that they had been lookin' for me
said
Well a white lady was taking Esther down to a house on Cathedral Street.
Well they went down there
and here I was with this white woman
and seemed like she asked me did I want some candy or some ice cream or something
maybe it was one of those women who wanted a child
and I just went right on with her.
What always puzzled me,
see I was light
like I met somebody not too long ago
said "you look different"
I said "yeah."
Like I told a fellow when I went to work in Washington
he said "what happened to your hair it used to be lighter, you dying it?"
And I'm wondering now—
Had they not found me and she kept me
and I started blossoming,
blossoming out
with all these Negroid features
what would have happened
she wouldn't have known
and I would have been one of those people who grew up without knowing their heritage.
It has happened.

at Chicago for several years—cut off, especially, from the national policy debates. The break came early this year, after Henry Louis Gates, Jr., the chairman of the Department of Afro-American Studies at Harvard, threw a dinner for Wilson at which many of the most important black scholars in Cambridge—Anthony Appiah, Orlando Patterson, Leon and Evelyn Higginbotham, Charles Ogletree, and Cornel West among them—gathered around the table and tried to persuade Wilson to come join them.

"That was one of the most exciting evenings of my life," Wilson told me. "Not because of the flattery but because of the intellectual level of the discussion. Harvard has somehow collected this critical mass of black intellectuals, and I found I could no longer resist it. No matter what Chicago could still offer, I had to make the change. I had to come."

When Wilson announced his decision, the news set off a flurry of articles in *Time*, *Newsweek*, the Washington *Post*, and elsewhere declaring that Harvard had now officially become the mecca of black intellectuals—a focus, much like what the offices of the *Partisan Review* were for the Jewish intellectuals (and their *goyishe* cousins) of the fifties. For Chicago, the change will not be easy: the most prominent sociology department in the field has lost its singular scholar, and the Center for the Study of Urban Inequality will probably shut down within a year or so, he says. "It will be difficult for a while, but I think Chicago will rebound," Wilson said one day as we were walking to class. "I just had to do this now—something really new, as a last stage of my work."

At about the same time Wilson shows up at Harvard, "When Work Disappears" will show up in the bookstores. The manuscript, which Wilson gave me to read, is more ambitious and more accessible than anything he has published before. His survey of the South Side and of Chicago employers gives an empirical heft to the speculations of "The Truly Disadvantaged." Because of his prominence in the field, Wilson has become a magnet for grants, and he has funnelled that money into the field work necessary for such a project. A few of his students have become so involved in Wilson's even more recent work that they have moved into working-class neighborhoods on the South Side; one graduate student, who did much of his interviewing at a gym, has become an amateur boxer—a rare feat in sociology.

How top-level academics view poverty and race, and even the language they use to talk about it, can have serious consequences out in the greater world. Wilson knows that as well as anyone, and once more he is publishing in a highly charged, politicized atmosphere. The static will come not only from the obvious names on the right, for in the last few years a number of liberal social scientists have been trying to present a view of the ghetto that is somehow more optimistic than Wilson's portrait of the South Side. A young sociologist named Mitchell Duneier, for example, now at the University of California at Santa Barbara, won several awards and a lot of attention in 1992 with "Slim's Table," a profile of a group of working-class black men who gather every day at a South Side cafeteria. The book suggested that the inner city was not nearly so bleak as it had been portrayed—that there was still a prevalent, healthy sense of hard work, pride, and self-sufficiency.

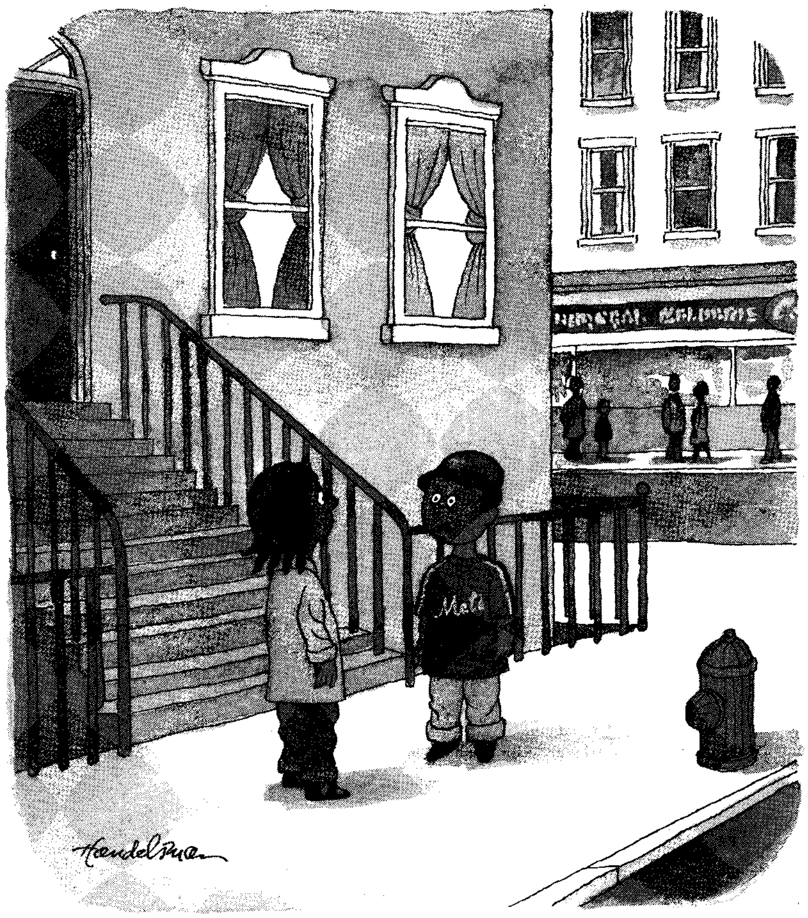
Wilson was annoyed that "Slim's Table," which lacks a systematic sample of the local population, tries to make a few men stand for more than the real evidence allows. "Of course, there are Slims in this world. The tragedy is that there are so few of them," Wilson told me. "We have a problem with political correctness in sociology. There is an urge to skim over the facts in the interest of not making a community look bad somehow. . . . People get sick and tired of hearing about the problems, and so when someone can come along and say the problems are not so bad they are relieved and happy. Unfortunately, it doesn't do anything to change the reality of the problems."

In "When Work Disappears," the landscape is still one of "depopulation," "concentration effects," "ghetto-related behavior," the lack of "soft skills"—the same sorry picture that was on display in "The Truly Disadvantaged"—but this time Wilson has widened his scope. For one thing, he has used the voices of some of the hundreds of people who spent time with his team of researchers. Although what they are saying is familiar from journalistic accounts like Alex Kotlowitz's "There Are No Children Here" and Darcy Frey's "The Last Shot," Wilson puts those voices in a scholarly context that makes them extremely powerful and indicative of an entire world. To set the scene, for example, he quotes a seventeen-year-old college student and part-time worker from a poor neighborhood on the West Side, who says that about forty per cent of her neighbors are alcoholics:

> They live based on today. You can ask any of 'em: "What you gonna do tomorrow?" "I don't know, man. I know when [it gets] here." And I can really understand, you know, being in that state. If you around totally negative people, people who are not doing anything, that's the way you gonna be regardless.

As Wilson and his assistants worked with more and more residents in Black Belt neighborhoods, he uncovered a rapid increase in concentrated poverty. Of the ten communities that represent the Black Belt, eight had rates of poverty exceeding forty-five per cent, including three with rates higher than fifty and three higher than sixty. Twenty-five years ago, only two of these neighborhoods had poverty rates above forty per cent. This sort of poverty is something new. "For the first time in the twentieth century," Wilson writes, "most adults in many inner-city neighborhoods are not working in a typical week." Today, more than half of all African-American men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four either are not employed or do not earn sufficient wages to support a family of four above the poverty level. Moreover, nearly one in three black males in their twenties was either in prison, out on parole, or under the supervision of the justice system in 1994. Wilson's numbers and polling also suggest that class makes the essential difference in behavior and opportunity: blacks with a middle-class income show no greater tendency toward violence, drug use, or joblessness than whites of the same income level.

Wilson's interviews reveal how circumstances breed an extraordinary degree of suspicion between men and women in the black community. In Chicago's inner city, sixty per cent of the black adults between the ages of eighteen and forty-four have never been married, and that rate is much higher down the economic scale. When one inner-city black woman was asked why she had never married, she said, "I don't think I want to get married but then . . . see you're supposed to stick to that one and that's a fantasy. You know, stick with one for the rest of your life. I've never met many people like that, have you?" A twenty-five-year-old unmarried father from the West Side said, "Well, most black men feel now, why get married when you got six to seven womens to one guy, really. You know, 'cause there's more women out here mostly than men. 'Cause most dudes around here are killing each other like fools over drugs or all this other stuff. And if you're not that bad looking of a guy, you know, and you know a lot of women like you, why get married when you can play the field the way they want to do, you know." Wilson's data reveal, in other words, that these men and women be-



"My mother is black, my father is African-American, and my grandfather is Negro. I can hardly wait to find out about me."

lieve that since marriages will inevitably disintegrate it is better to avoid wedlock altogether.

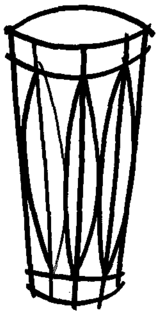
"When Work Disappears" explores why it has become harder than ever for residents of the inner city to find work. By interviewing potential employers at a hundred and seventy-nine Chicago-area firms, Wilson discovered that almost three-quarters of them tended to avoid hiring blacks from low-income neighborhoods, because they saw such blacks as too often lazy, unreliable, dishonest, mixed up with drugs, or lacking in language skills, or as having a "bad attitude." Some respondents seemed to speak out of racism, others out of wearied experience. One manufacturer said:

> I think that today there's more bias and prejudice against the black man than there was twenty years ago. I think twenty years ago, fifteen years ago, ten years ago, white male employers like myself were willing to give anybody and everybody the opportunity, not because it was the law, but because it was the right thing to do, and today I see more prejudice and more racial bias in employers than I've ever seen before. Not here, and our employees can prove that, but when we hear other employers talk, they'll go after primarily the Hispanic and Oriental first, those two and . . . I'll qualify that even further, the Mexican Hispanic, and any Oriental, and after that, that's pretty much it, that's pretty much where they like to draw the line, right there.

The black potential employers were often more nuanced in their comments, but they, too—eighty per cent of them—expressed a negative attitude toward hiring inner-city blacks. Wilson quotes this exchange between one of his field workers and the black president and C.E.O. of an inner-city wholesale firm. The C.E.O. says:

> So, you put . . . a bunch of poor people together . . . I don't give a damn whether they're white, green or grizzly, you got a bad deal. You're going to create crime and everything else that's under the sun, dope. Anytime you put all like people together—and particularly if they're on a low level—you destroy them. They not, how you going to expect . . . one's going to stand up like a flower? He don't see no reason to stand up . . .
>
> INTERVIEWER: So, you understand this wariness of some employers?
>
> RESPONDENT: Sure.

Wilson is well aware that there are many points in the book which if they were to be dumbed down to the point of absurdity his opponents could exploit (Mexican immigrants good, black males bad, etc.). And yet he will not hold off. In one passage he writes about the way ghetto kids who no longer have recreation and entertainment centers in their own neighborhood come into conflict with other classes when they go beyond their usual locales. Without passing judgment either way, Wilson uses the example of how middle-class moviegoers resent inner-city black kids who talk through the film. This is a conflict of "style"—the "communal" style of moviegoing versus the silent one—and one of many details in the over-all conflict between races and classes in the American city.



"I know I may get clobbered, but this is descriptive work," Wilson said. Conservatives, he went on, will pick up some of these details of personal behavior and use them for their moralistic purposes, but ignore the connection Wilson makes between those behaviors and structural factors—especially joblessness. The American politics of poverty invariably centers on the management of individual behavior, Wilson writes. "From the building of almshouses in the late nineteenth century to President Johnson's War on Poverty, Americans have failed to emphasize the social rights of the poor."

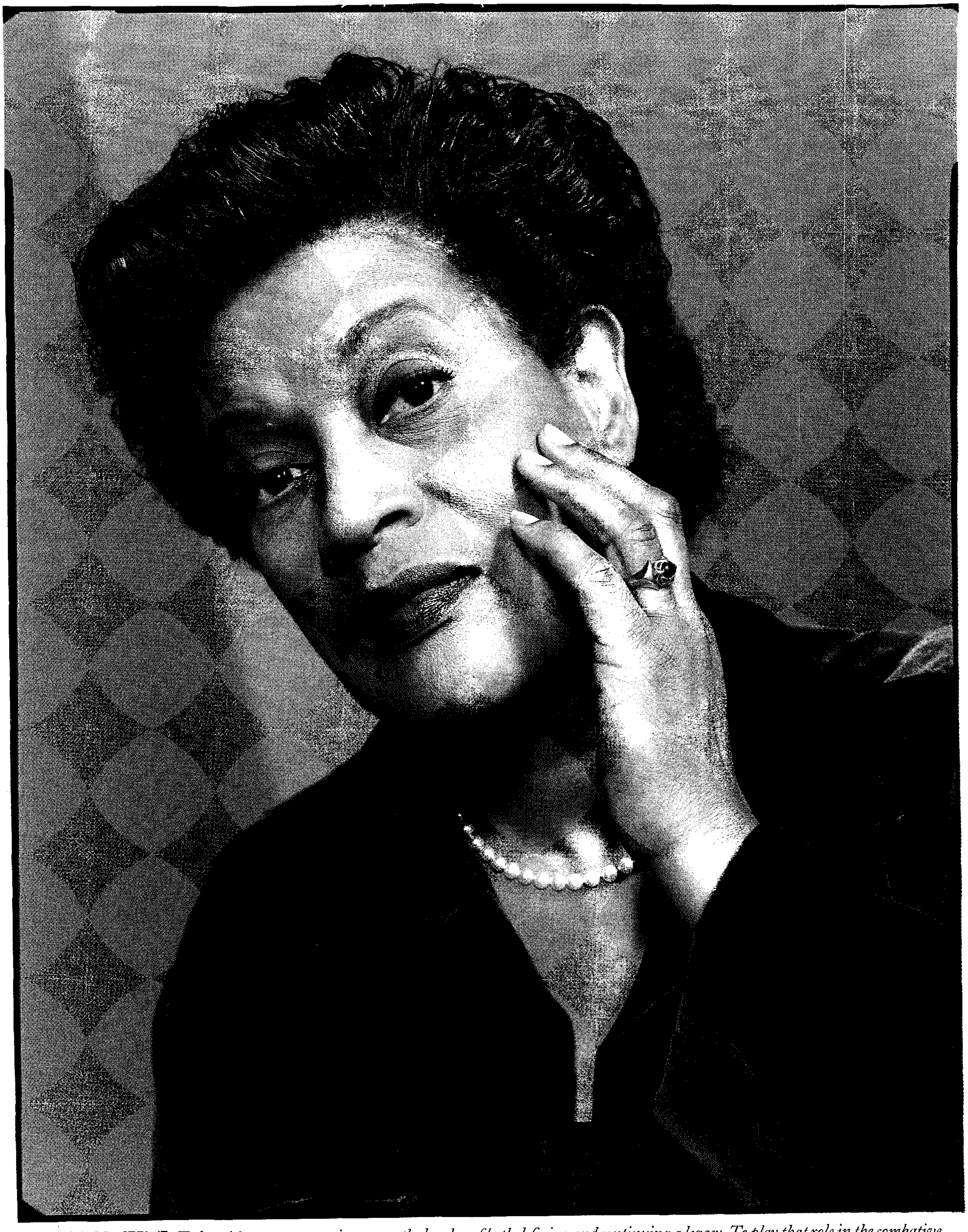
Most sociologists do not dare go much beyond description and analysis and enter the realm of policy. In "When Work Disappears" Wilson elaborates on his recommendations. To untangle the web of joblessness, family disintegration, welfare dependency, violence, and all the other problems of the inner city, the government needs to follow the lead of Western Europe, and promote social-welfare policies that make it possible for ghetto residents to work and thus end their social isolation. The United States devotes a far smaller percentage of its gross domestic product to social expenditures than Germany, England, France, or Sweden, and has higher poverty rates than any of them. Wilson is furious because the Republicans in Congress support a welfare-reform proposal without guaranteed jobs, one that would adopt the idea of time limits but would then make welfare the business of the states, with the states, in turn, allocating, or not allocating, benefits, as they saw fit. And once welfare recipients are no longer getting benefits, Wilson asks, where will they go for a job, for health care, for anything at all? At the moment, universal health care is dead, and welfare policy is in danger of growing far more draconian. Wilson, however, thinks that the sort of progressive proposals he favors will resurface—and, with better political handling, could even prevail.

Naturally, the biggest question that Wilson faces in terms of policy is money. Who is going to pay for what he suggests? How does a country with an angry antitax electorate, with a social-security system on the verge of catastrophe, do much of anything for the poor? Moreover, who, exactly, gives a damn anymore?

"For me, lower taxes is a code for not doing anything. That's one of the reasons I was so disappointed in Colin Powell when he talked about his politics before bowing out of the race," Wilson said. "Bob Dole just does not have the vision that Clinton has. He doesn't have the full understanding of what affects the life chances of these kids that Clinton has. Dole is more compassionate than some of the other leading Republicans—he won't demonize whole groups, the way they do—but he doesn't have Clinton's vision. I think if Dole were elected, there just would not be much attention paid to these problems.

"Over all, I fight pessimism all the time," Wilson went on. "But somehow I have a sense that things are beginning to turn. I even get the sense that Americans could be having their doubts, that they are beginning to blame the Republicans. I even get the sense that they are hungry for liberal books. People are waiting for something different—a different message, a progressive, populist message."

Wilson had said that sort of thing to me more than once over the several days I spent with him in Chicago. He tried, as best he could, to end our sessions on a promising note. But then, one afternoon, unprompted by any question of mine, and in the middle of a conversation about something else entirely, he stopped, and said, "You know, I would really hate to be a young person right now. If we don't stem the tide now, the jobless percentage I'm talking about now will seem mild. And there is no serious planning going on for this. There will come a day when ignoring the poor is not an option." ♦



THEY ALSO SERVE *To be widow to a martyr is to carry the burden of both defining and continuing a legacy. To play that role in the combative realm of racial politics makes the burden twice as great. There can be no retreat into the sort of privacy or luxury which other widows have accomplished; the struggle beckons. Coretta Scott King (right) has, with her presence in electoral politics, made sure that no candidate with a conscience can dodge*

the moral questions her husband first posed during the civil-rights movement. Myrlie Evers-Williams (left) waited thirty years before her first husband's assassin was convicted; now, as the chairwoman of the N.A.A.C.P., she has returned to that organization the same integrity and fight that Medgar Evers brought to it when he opened a field office in Mississippi more than forty years ago. Photographs by Mary Ellen Mark.

FICTION

THE UNPUBLISHED ELLISON

These two unpublished stories, recently found in the late author's apartment, show the impact of Ralph Ellison's childhood, and are early examples of his lifelong fascination with American identity.

"It's a crazy country," Ralph Ellison used to say, marvelling at "the sheer unexpectedness of life in these United States." Our friendship, and now my role as his literary executor, confirms his point. I came to know him when I wrote a piece called "The Historical Frequencies of Ralph Waldo Ellison," in 1977. "The 'historical frequencies' phrase of your essay's title so intimidated me," he wrote, with his characteristic mix of irony and modesty, "that I began reading it in fear and trembling." But from our first meeting to the last ours was a friendship as filial and paternal as it was literary. I didn't pester him about the novel he was writing, nor did he usually inquire about my work. Whatever revelations there were (and there were plenty) often got started with talk of his roots, of Oklahoma City and Tuskegee. Only well into his wife Fanny's cool, crystal, sneak-up-on-you Martinis did the conversation turn toward literature.

That Ellison was a writer's writer becomes more manifest as I pore over the handwritten notes and drafts, typescripts, computer printouts, and disks that survive his more than thirty-five years of work on the novel that he had been writing up until his death, in April of 1994. One note describes the bond between Hickman, a Negro jazzman turned minister, and Bliss, a boy of "indeterminate race" who had been a performer in the Reverend Hickman's church rituals of death and resurrection and had gone on to become the race-baiting Senator Sunraider from a New England state. "Hickman," Ralph wrote, "despises the man but loves the boy who the man had been."

The last time I saw Ralph in his apartment, ten days before his eightieth birthday in March of 1994, he spoke of the novel—"the damn transitions are still giving me fits, but I'm having fun"—and then he told me that he wanted to publish his short stories. (A few months earlier, I had collected the published pieces and sent them to him in a loose-leaf binder.) Now he hinted that there might be more and joked about the files crammed into what Mrs. Ellison called "the little room," off the long hallway of their apartment. But I forgot his words about the stories until one afternoon when I was hunting for a certain section of the novel. "John," Mrs. Ellison said, "there's a box under the dining-room table. Have a look." I rummaged through it, and at the bottom I discovered a brown imitation-leather folder with "Ralph W. Ellison" embossed in gold letters on the front. Inside, bulging with manuscripts, was a manila folder labelled "Early Stories." The stories were typed on paper brown with age and beginning to crumble; here and there passages were crossed out, and revisions had been inserted in Ralph's hand.

"I blundered into writing," Ellison admitted, in 1961. At first, music was his life. In 1933, after "operating an elevator two years at eight dollars a week in a vain effort to save tuition fees," he was awarded a scholarship to Tuskegee Institute to study symphonic composition and the trumpet. He made his way from Oklahoma to Alabama, hoboing on the freights of half a dozen railroads along the way. A year after coming to New York, in the summer of 1936, he met and struck up a friendship with Richard Wright. Having finished but not yet found a publisher for his own book, "Uncle Tom's Children," Wright nevertheless encouraged Ellison to write, and the aspiring symphonic composer gradually made the transition from musician to writer.

"Boy on a Train" and "I Did Not Learn Their Names," the two stories published here for the first time, were probably written in Dayton, Ohio, at night, in the second-story office of a lawyer who befriended Ralph after his mother's death in October, 1937, and then revised after Ellison returned to New York the following March. They show the impact of his Oklahoma boyhood: his father's death when he was three; his mother's strength and inculcation of duty; and the young Ellison's hoboing experiences during the Depression. As he wrote, in 1945, of Richard Wright's "Black Boy," Ellison's first stories, too, are "filled with blues-tempered echoes of railroad trains"; they are early explorations of his lifelong fascination with the "complex fate" and "beautiful absurdity" of American identity. In them, a young writer finds his voice, and sets about mastering his craft. —JOHN F. CALLAHAN

BOY ON A TRAIN

THE train gave a long, shrill, lonely whistle, and seemed to gain speed as it rushed downgrade between two hills covered with trees. The trees were covered with deep-red, brown, and yellow leaves. The leaves fell on the side of the hill and scattered down to the gray rocks along the opposite tracks. When the engine blew off steam, the little boys could see the white cloud strew the colored leaves against the side of the hill. The engine hissed, and the leaves caught in the steam danced like leaves in a white wind.

"See, Lewis, Jack Frost made the pretty leaves. Jack Frost paints the leaves all the pretty colors. See, Lewis: brown, and purple, and orange, and yellow."

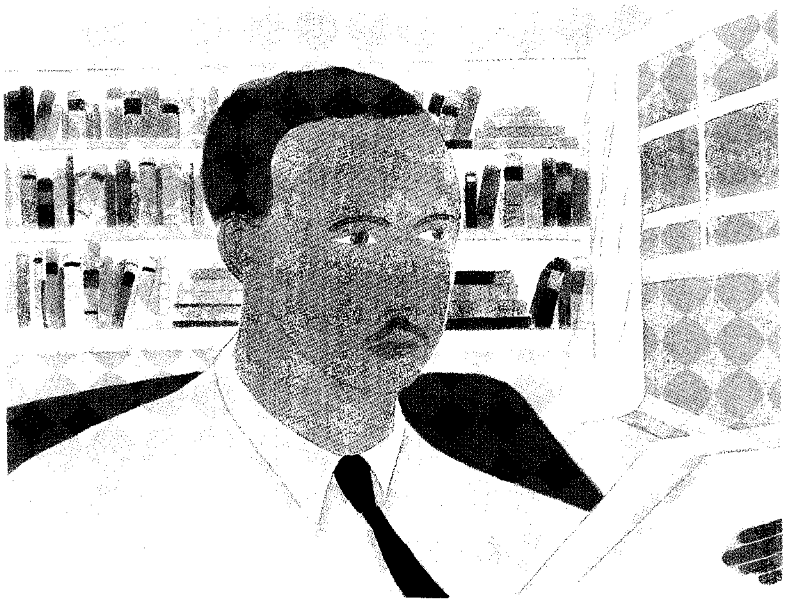
The little boy pointed and paused after naming each color, his finger bent against the glass of the train window. The baby repeated the colors after him, looking intently for Jack Frost.

It was hot in the train, and the car was too close to the engine, making it impossible to open the window. More than once, cinders found a way into the car and flew into the baby's eyes. The woman raised her head from her book from time to time to watch the little boys. The car was filthy, and part of it was used for baggage. Up front, the pine shipping box of a casket stood in a corner. Wonder what poor soul that is in there, the woman thought.

Bags and trunks covered the floor up front, and now and then the butcher came in to pick up candy, or fruit or magazines, to sell back in the white cars. He would come in and pick up a basket with candy, go out, come back; pick up a basket of fruit, go out; come back, pick up magazines, and on till everything had been carried out; then he would start all over again.

He was a big, fat white man with a red face, and the little boy hoped he would give them a piece of candy; after all, he had so much, and Mama didn't have any nickels to give them. But he never did.

The mother read intently, holding a page in her hand as she scanned, then turned it slowly. They were the only passengers in the section of seats reserved for colored. She turned her head, looking back toward the door leading to the other car; it was time for the butcher to return. Her brow wrinkled annoyedly. The butcher had tried to touch her breasts when she and the boys first came into the car, and she had spat in his face and told him to keep his dirty hands where they belonged. The butcher had turned red and gone hurriedly out of the car, his baskets swinging violently on his arms. She hated him. Why couldn't a Negro woman travel with her two boys without being molested?



Ralph Ellison was eighty when he died, in 1994, and had been working on his last, still incomplete, novel for thirty-five years.

GEOFFREY PARKER

The train was past the hills now, and into fields that were divided by crooked wooden fences and that spread rolling and brown with stacks of corn as far as the blue horizon fringed with trees. The fences reminded the boy of the crooked man who walked a crooked mile.

Red birds darted swiftly past the car, ducking down into the field, then shooting up again when you looked past to see the telephone poles and fields turning, and sliding away from the train. The boys were having a good time of it. It was their first trip. The countryside was bright gold with Indian summer. Way across a field, a boy was leading a cow by a rope and a dog was barking at the cow's feet. It was a nice dog, the boy on the train thought, a collie. Yes, that was the kind of dog it was—a collie.

A freight was passing, going in the direction of Oklahoma City, passing so swiftly that its orange-and-red cars seemed a streak of watercolor with gray spaces punched through. The boy felt funny whenever he thought of Oklahoma City, like he wanted to cry. Perhaps they would never go back. He wondered what Frank and R.C. and Petey were doing now. Picking peaches for Mr. Stewart? A lump rose in his throat. Too bad they had to leave just when Mr. Stewart had promised them half of all the peaches they could pick. He sighed. The train whistle sounded very sad and lonesome.

Well, now they were going to McAlester, where Mama would have a nice job and enough money to pay the bills. Gee, Mama must have been a good worker for Mr. Balinger to send all the way to Oklahoma City for her to come work for him. Mama was happy to go, and he was glad for Mama to be happy; she worked so hard now that Daddy was gone. He closed his eyes tight, trying to see the picture of Daddy. He must never forget how Daddy looked. He would look like that himself when he grew up: tall and kind and always joking and reading books. . . . *Well, just wait; when he got big and carried Mama and Lewis back to Oklahoma City everybody would see how well he took care of Mama, and she would say, "See, these are my two boys," and would be very proud. And everybody would say, "See, aren't Mrs. Weaver's boys two fine men?" That was the way it would be.*

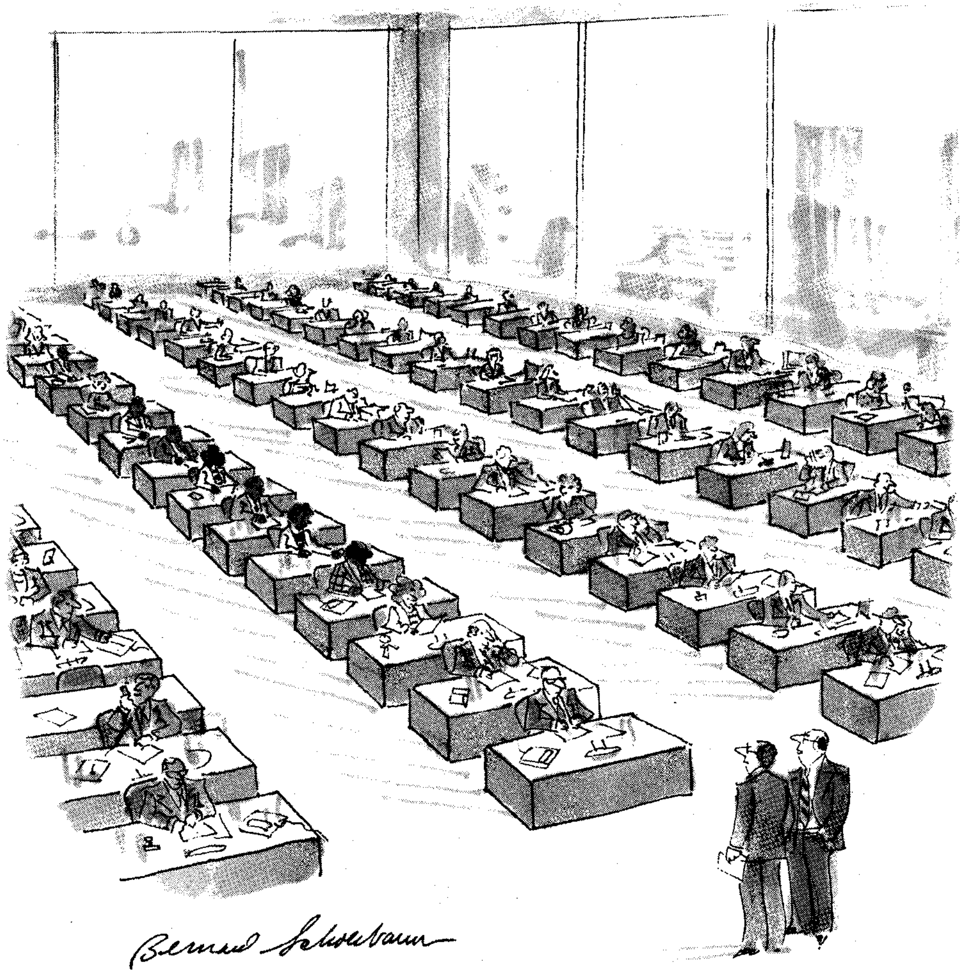
The thought made him lose some of the lump that came into his throat when he thought of never, never going back, and he turned to see who it was coming through the door.

A white man and a little boy came into the car and walked up front. His mother looked up, then lowered her eyes to her book again. He stood up and looked over the backs of the chairs, trying to see what the man and boy were doing. The white boy held a tiny dog in his arms, stroking its head. The little white boy asked the man to let him take the dog out, but the man said no, and they went, rocking from side to side, out of the car. The dog must have been asleep, because all the time he hadn't made a sound. The little white boy was dressed like the kids you see in moving pictures. Did he have a bike? the boy wondered.

He looked out the window. There were horses now, a herd of them, running and tossing their manes and tails and pounding the ground all wild when the whistle blew. He saw himself on a white horse, swinging a l-a-r-i-a-t over the broncos' heads and yelling "Yip, yip, yippee!" like Hoot Gibson in the movies. The horses excited Lewis, and he beat his hands against the window and cried, "Giddap! Giddap!" The boy smiled and looked at his mother. She was looking up from her page and smiling, too. Lewis was cute, he thought.

They stopped at a country town. Men were standing in front of the station, watching the porter throw off a bunch of newspapers. Then several white men came into the car and one said, "This must be it," and pointed to the big box, and the porter said, "Yeah, this is it all right. It's the only one we got this trip, so this must be the one." Then the porter jumped out of the car and went into the station. The men were dressed in black suits with white shirts. They seemed very uncomfortable with their high collars, and acted very solemn. They pushed the box over gently and lifted it out the side door of the car. The white men in overalls watched them from the platform. They put the box in a wagon, and the man said "Giddap" to the horses and they drove away, the men on the back with the box looking very straight and stiff.

One of the men on the platform was picking his teeth and spitting tobacco juice on the ground. The station was painted green, and a sign on the side read "Tube Rose Snuff," and showed a big white flower; it didn't look like a rose, though. It was hot, and the men had their shirts open at the collar and wore red bandannas around their necks. They were standing in the same position when the train pulled out, staring. Why,



"Good, Hennings, but sprinkle them around a little."

he wondered, did white folks stare at you that way?

Outside the town, he saw a big red rock barn standing behind some trees. Beside it stood something he had never seen before. It was high and round and made out of the same kind of rock as the barn. He climbed into his seat and pointed.

"What is that tall thing, Mama?" he said.

She raised her head and looked.

"It's a silo, son," she said. "That's where the corn is stored." Her eyes were strangely distant when she turned her face back to him. The sun slanted across her eyes, and her skin was brown and clear. He eased down into the seat. *Silo, silo. Almost as tall as the Colcord Building in Oklahoma City that Daddy helped to build . . .*

He jumped, startled; Mama was calling his name with tears in her voice. He turned around and tears were on her face.

"Come around here, James," she said. "Bring Lewis."

He took Lewis by the hand and moved into the seat beside her. *What had they done?*

"James, son," she said. "That old silo back there's been here a long time. It made me remember when years ago me and your Daddy came over this same old Rock Island line on our way to Oklahoma City. We had just been married and was very happy going West because we had heard that colored people had a chance out here."

James smiled, listening; he loved to hear Mama tell about when she and Daddy were young, and about what they used to do down South. Yet he felt this was to be something different. Something in Mama's voice was vast and high, like a rainbow; yet something sad and deep, like when the organ played in church, was around Mama's words.

"Son, I want you to remember this trip," she said. "You understand, son. I *want* you to remember. You *must*, you've *got* to understand."

James sensed something; he tried hard to understand. He stared into her face. Tears were glistening in her eyes, and he felt he would cry himself. He bit his lip. No, he was the man of the family, and he couldn't act like the baby. He swallowed, listening.

"You remember this, James," she said. "We came all the way from Georgia on this same railroad line fourteen years ago, so things would be better for you children when you came. You must remember this, James. We travelled far, looking for a better world, where things wouldn't be so hard like they were down South. That was fourteen years ago, James. Now your father's gone from us, and you're the man. Things are hard for us colored folks, son, and it's just us three alone and we have to stick together. Things is hard, and we have to fight. . . . O Lord, we have to fight! . . ."

She stopped, her lips pressed tight together as she shook her head, overcome with emotion. James placed his arm around her neck and caressed her cheek.

"Yes, Mama," he said. "I won't forget."

He could not get it all, but yet he understood. It was like understanding what music without words said. He felt very full inside. Now Mama was pulling him close to her; the baby rested against her other side. This was familiar; since Daddy died Mama prayed with them, and now she was beginning to pray. He bowed his head.

"Go with us and keep us, Lord. Then it was me and him, Lord; now it's me and his children. And I'm thankful, Lord. You saw fit to take him, Lord, and it's well with my soul in Thy name. I was happy, Lord; life was like a mockingbird a-singing. And all I ask now is to stay with these children, to raise them and protect them, Lord, till they're old enough to go their way. Make them strong and unafraid, Lord. Give them strength to meet this world. Make them brave to go where things is better for our people, Lord. . . ."

James sat with head bowed. Always when Mama prayed, he felt tight and smoldering inside. And he kept remembering his father's face. He could not remember Daddy ever praying, but

Daddy's voice had been deep and strong when he sang in the choir on Sunday mornings. James wanted to cry, but, vaguely, he felt *something* should be punished for making Mama cry. Something cruel had made her cry. He felt the tightness in his throat becoming anger. If he only knew what it was, he would fix it; he would kill this mean thing that made Mama feel so bad. It must have been awful because Mama was strong and brave and even killed mice when the white woman she used to work for only raised her dress and squealed like a girl, afraid of them. If he only knew what it was . . . Was it God?

"Please keep us three together in this strange town, Lord. The road is dark and long and my sorrows heavy but, if it be Thy will, Lord, let me educate my boys. Let me raise them so they'll be better able to live this life. I don't want to live for myself, Lord, just for these boys. Make them strong, upright men, Lord; make them fighters. And when my work on earth is done, take me home to Thy kingdom, Lord, safe in the arms of Jesus."

He heard her voice trail off to a tortured moan behind her trembling lips. Tears streamed down her face. James was miserable; he did not like to see Mama cry, and turned his eyes to the window as she began wiping away the tears. He was glad she was through now because the butcher would be coming back into the car in a few minutes. He did not want a white man to see Mama cry.

They were crossing a river now. The slanting girders of a bridge moved slowly past the train. The river was muddy and red, rushing along beneath them. The train stopped, and the baby was pointing to a cow on the banks of the river below. The cow stood gazing out over the water, chewing her cud—looking like a cow in the baby's picture book.

"Bowwow!" the baby said. Then questioningly: "Bowwow?"

"No, Lewis, it's a cow," James said. "Moo," he said. "Cow." The baby laughed, delighted. "Moo-oo." He was very interested.

James watched the water. The train was moving again, and he wondered why his mother cried. It wasn't just that Daddy was gone; it didn't sound just that way. It was something else. I'll kill it when I get big, he thought. I'll make it cry just like it's making Mama cry!

The train was passing an oil field. There were many wells in the field; and big round tanks, gleaming like silver in the sun. One well was covered with boards and looked like a huge Indian wigwam against the sky. The wells all pointed straight up at the sky. Yes, I'll kill it. I'll make it cry. Even if it's God, I'll make God cry, he thought. I'll kill him; I'll kill God and not be sorry!

The train jerked, gaining speed, and the wheels began clicking a ragged rhythm to his ears. There were many advertising signs in the fields they were rolling past. All the signs told about the same things for sale. One sign showed a big red bull and read "Bull Durham."

"Moo-oo," the baby said.

James looked at his mother; she was through crying now, and she smiled. He felt some of his tightness ebb away. He grinned. He wanted very much to kiss her, but he must show the proper reserve of a man now. He grinned. Mama was beautiful when she smiled. He made a wish never to forget what she had said. "This is 1924, and I'll never forget it," he whispered to himself. Then he looked out the window, resting his chin on the palm of his hand, wondering how much farther they would have to ride, and if there would be any boys to play football in McAlester.

I DID NOT LEARN THEIR NAMES

It was chilly up on top. We were riding to St. Louis on a manifest, clinging to the top of a boxcar. It was dark, and sparks from the engine flew back to where we were riding. Sometimes cinders blew in our faces, and the thick, tumbling part of the blackness was smoke. The freight jerked and bumped, and sparks flew past, dancing red in the whirling darkness. It was chilly as hell, and we were travelling fast. The Santa Fe freight was highballing down a grade in the dark. Miles off to our left, an airport beacon carved the night. Up on top, it was cold for early fall, and the cinders struck our faces like sand awhirl in the wind.

"How soon'll we make it to St. Louis?" I yelled to Morrie.

"Tomorrow noon, if she don't jump the track. She's running like a bitch with the itch," he yelled in my ear.

Morrie was my buddy. I had met him in the sunflower jungle outside an Oklahoma town. He climbed off when the freight stopped and sat near me on the embankment. It had given me a queer feeling as I watched him roll up his trousers and take off his leg. The artificial leg had been flesh white and the stump red and raw. He had lost his leg to the knee beneath the wheels of a freight, and the artificial leg had been given him by an insurance company. He told me he had been on the bum for five years. The next day, he had saved me from falling between two cars to the wheels below, and he got quite a kick out of having a Negro for a buddy.

An old couple was riding in the car below us. I had seen them climb quietly into the boxcar when the freight made its last stop at dusk. I had gone down to see the old man stripping the car of its brown-paper lining to make a bed for the old lady. It was an ingenious thing for him to do. I wondered why no one had thought to do it before. The floor of a boxcar is hard, and the paper used to line the walls of cars in which automobiles are shipped is the softest thing about them. When the freight hit a rough stretch of track, you usually stood up until it was passed. Or else you rested back on the palms of your hands and bounced with the bumps as though your arms were springs. The old man had saved his wife that indignity. It's really a ridiculous position to assume: your hands palm down, your feet flat, and your tail held just high enough off the floor to get it spanked whenever the freight gave a hard jerk and bounced. You usually laughed when you did this, and I could not imagine the old lady in such a position and laughing.

I had gone back on top to join Morrie, but I went off to sleep and he woke me and I crawled down. It was pitch-dark in the car when I climbed down, and I could hear the old lady coughing. She could not sleep for the bumping and the chill. I didn't wish to disturb them, and eased over and sat with my legs dangling out of the open door. I went to sleep that way, watching the lights of distant towns.

The freight started bumping, and I woke to see the line in the east turning red with the dawn. In the dim light, I made out the old man sitting with his back against the side of the car. He was nodding, and the old lady lay in his arms. Then the freight was blowing for a crossing and the whistle sounded lonely in the gray dawn, and I went to sleep again. When I awoke, the sun was in the fields and a flock of sparrows was spurting past the car. I had intended to climb on top before it was light enough for the old couple to see me, but when I got up the old man was watching me from across the car. They were having breakfast.

"Good morning," I said.

He nodded, munching a sandwich.

I stretched and started outside to find Morrie. I was sorry that I hadn't wakened in time to save them embarrassment. In the dark, I was like all the rest who were on the freight and it didn't make a difference. Now it did. I was very sorry. I was having a hard time trying not to hate in those days, and I felt bad whenever I found myself in a position that might have been interpreted that way. I still fought the bums—with Morrie's help. But I had learned not to attack those who were not personally aggressive and who only expressed passively what they had been taught. And these were old folks. She was the oldest woman I'd seen riding the freights, much older than my own mother at home. They seemed kind, and I had not wished to cause them embarrassment.

I was nasty sometimes, because to be decent was to appear afraid and aware of a "place." And since when you were decent they thought that you were afraid, and that you were expressing those qualities that even their schoolbooks said your race possessed, I was almost always nasty. Then Morrie had saved my life, and I tried to change.

As I started to climb up, the old man called me:

"Come here a minute."

Probably wants to cuss me for being here, I thought. Probably thinks he owns the boxcar.

The freight was making a lot of noise, and he motioned for me to sit down. They had sandwiches in a small suitcase, and I sat down in front of it. There were two large red apples in among the sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper. The old lady, seated cross-legged on her brown-paper cushion, looked sadly out on the morning. They were not the kind of people you usually saw on the freights, even in those days.

The old man motioned for me to take a sandwich. I shook my head in refusal, but he insisted. I took the sandwich. I had some grub in Morrie's coat pocket up on top, but he insisted and I was curious and wanted to see what would happen. It was a good sandwich—cold beef with mustard.

"Are you going far?" the old man shouted.

"To Alabama."

Even though he was old and I had been taught to say "sir," I did not. Saying "sir" was too much a part of knowing your place. I had learned that on the road you really had no place; you were all the same—though some of them did not understand that.

The old lady turned and looked at me, silently.

"But Alabama is South," the old man said. "We're travelling *North*."

"Yes, I know. But this way I'll see part of the country I might not have a chance to see again."

"That's right. It's good for a young fellow to travel."

I was glad he thought so. I had left home to earn money for my school tuition and ended up on the freights.

I had hitchhiked out to Denver and felt the mountains in the morning mist, high and mysterious and psychic before the sun came, as I rode with a family headed for California in an old Ford car. But there had been no work in Denver. I had roamed around. I had gone back to Oklahoma for a while, and later grabbed a freight away. I had gone through the Ozarks, where orange flowers with splashes of red like tiger lilies lined the tracks. Through western Kansas, with the fields bare and buzzards flying and the fields in

---

THE BOUNTY II

The feel of the village in the afternoon heat, a torpor
that stuns chickens, that makes stones wish they could hide
from the sun at two, when to cross from door to door
is an expedition, when palm tree and almond hang their head
in dusty weariness, and the drunk old women sit on old canoes
from a county in Ireland you think you remember, where you felt
too tired to beg, and the young men have that dull stare
that says nothing, neither "Keep going" nor "Welcome." No noise
from the sea, the horizon dazzles; you are used to
this but sometimes something else pierces and the shallows sigh it:
Ici pas ni un rien? they say, here there's nothing. *Nada*
is the street with its sharp shadows and the venders quiet
as their yams, and strange to think the turrets of Granada
are *nada* compared to this hot emptiness, or all the white
stone castles in summer, or pigeons exploding into flocks
over St. Mark's, *nada* next to the stride-measuring egret,
compared to the leisurely patrolling of the frigate
over the stunned bay, and the crash of surf on the rocks.
It is only your imagination that cools or ignites it
at sunset in that half hour the color of regret,
when a truth older than your hand writes: "It
is nothing, and it is this nothingness that makes it great."

—Derek Walcott

motion with black-tailed rabbits and blowing dust; and boys and men with sticks marching forward and the rabbits bounding before them in droves; and the swift rush of water in the irrigation canals and the fish panting in the mud where the canals were dry and rotting in the sun where the mud had dried. I had come back to Kansas City and rode the Rock Island and the M. K. & T. through Topeka, Wichita, and Tulsa. It was Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado, and no jobs, from spring to fall. Now it was September.

"What will you do in Alabama?" he said.

"Go to school. Work my way."

"And you will study . . . ?"

"Music."

"Very fine. Negroes make fine musicians. We wish you luck, don't we, Mother?" He touched the old woman.

She turned from looking out the door, the distance still in her eyes.

"What is it?" she said.

"He's going to study music. I said we wish him luck, don't we?"

"Oh, yes. Great luck. Won't you have another sandwich? There's plenty."

I took the sandwich. It was very good, and I broke it to save half for Morrie.

"How far have you come?" I asked.

"All the way from Mexia, Texas."

"Never been to Texas," I said. "Lived in Oklahoma all my life, but never got down that far."

"That's too bad. It's a fine country."

I smiled. It was a fine country for *his* kind; mine didn't fare so well there, from what I'd heard.

"If things were as they were a few years ago, I'd invite you down. Our oldest boy had a colored boy for his companion the whole four years he was in school up at Amherst. Fine fellow."

The old lady brightened.

"We have a boy 'bout your age," she said.

"Yes?"

"Yes," the old man said. "He ran away five years ago. We didn't hear hide nor hair of him until six months ago. We're on our way to see him now, at Joplin. It will be a big surprise for him. Five years ago, we would not have had to make the trip in this manner."

"He's at Joplin, Missouri?"

"That's right. He's to be released tomorrow. We haven't seen him for five years. He was a fine boy then. He's still a fine boy," he added hopefully.

I did not know what to say. Joplin was where the Missouri State Reformatory was located.

"I hope you find him well," I said finally.

"Thank you. We are very happy, and very anxious to see him. When we had money, we lost our boy. Now the money is gone, and our boy will be back with us. We are very happy."

"I guess I had better get out and find my buddy," I said. "We'll have to go over to Kentucky to catch the L. & N. freight going South."

"You must be careful. We need more musicians, like Roland Hayes. You said you sing, didn't you?"

"No," I said. "I play the piano."

"Well, you be careful."

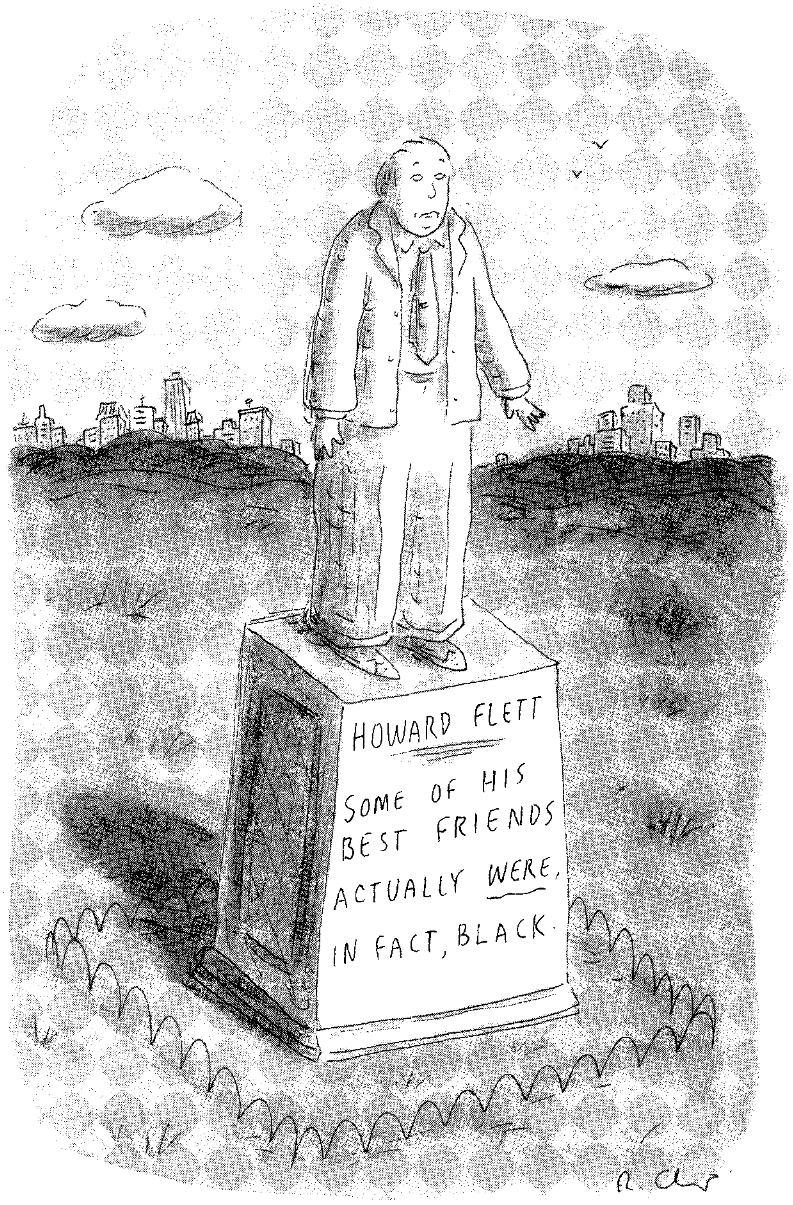
The old lady's face was still bright from the talk of her son.

"Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye, and be careful."

He handed me a wrapped sandwich. I stuck it in my pocket and climbed out of the car.

When the manifest slowed into the yards at St. Louis, I dropped down into the car and said goodbye again. They were very fine people. I thought of them a few days later when we got into Decatur. The bulls were in the railroad yards as we rolled into town. They came into the cars looking for girls and took me off and threw me into jail. In jail I learned about Scottsboro, and I was glad when Morrie made his way down to Montgomery and got in touch with the school officials, who finally got me out. I thought of the old couple often during those days I lay in jail, and I was sorry that I had not learned their names. ♦


HOWARD FLETT
SOME OF HIS BEST FRIENDS ACTUALLY WERE, IN FACT, BLACK.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CHARMER

How do we come to terms with the many faces of Louis Farrakhan? He dotes on Frank Sinatra, Jascha Heifetz, and his own grandchildren. He's passionately concerned about the betterment of black America. He's also addicted to the register of rage—and a host of anti-Semitic conspiracy theories.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

The drive to Louis Farrakhan's house, on South Woodlawn Avenue, took me through the heart of black Chicago—past campaign billboards for a hot city-council race, past signs for Harold the Fried Chicken King and Tony's Vienna Beef Hotdogs. Much of the area is flecked with housing projects and abandoned lots, but when you turn the corner at Woodlawn and Forty-ninth Street things abruptly look different. You can see why the late Elijah Muhammad, who led the Nation of Islam—the Black Muslims—for almost four decades, built his house in this little pocket of opulence. It's a street of large brick houses, enshrining the vision of black-bourgeois respectability, and even grandeur, that has always been at the nostalgic heart of the Nation of Islam's creed. The neighborhood, known as South Kenwood, is integrated and professional. In 1985, Farrakhan bought Elijah Muhammad's house—a yellow brick neo-Mediterranean structure—and he has lived there ever since; the creed and the neighborhood remain intact.

It was a warm spring morning the week after Easter, and everything was peaceful, quiet, orderly, which somehow made matters all the more unsettling. I wasn't expecting the Death Star, exactly, but I wouldn't have been surprised to see a formidable security detail: the Fruit of Islam patrolling the roof and gates with automatic weapons; perhaps a few attack dogs roaming the grounds. In fact, the only security measure in evidence was a rather elegant wrought-iron fence. After I spent a minute or so fumbling around, trying to find a hinge, a baby-faced young man with close-cropped hair and gleaming black combat boots came over and flicked the gate open. Together, we walked up a short, curved driveway, past two marble lions flanking the front door, and into the house that Elijah Muhammad built.

People in the Nation of Islam refer to the house as the Palace, and it does have an undeniable, vaguely Orientalist splendor. There is a large center hall, two stories high, filled with well-tended tropical plants, some reaching up between ten and twenty feet. Sunlight floods in from a huge dome of leaded glass; at its center, Arabic characters spell out "Allahu Akbar," or "God Is Great." To the right is a large and vibrant triptych: the Nation's founder, Wallace D. Fard; his prophet, Elijah Muhammad (with a set of gold keys in his hands); and Elijah's successor as the head of the Nation, a very youthful-looking Louis Farrakhan. The walls are spanking white, the floors are tiled in white and gray marble. A C-shaped sofa is upholstered in white fabric and covered with clear vinyl—the same stuff my mother put on to protect *her* good furniture, back in Piedmont, West Virginia.

Farrakhan's wife, Khadijah, came down to check on me, and to make sure everything was tidy now that company had arrived. Khadijah Farrakhan has a soft brown face and a warm smile. I had a bad cold that day, and she offered me some advice on how to unblock my ears, which still hadn't recovered from the flight to Chicago. "Open your mouth wide, and shift your jaw from side to side," she said, helpfully demonstrating the motion. We stood facing each other, our mouths contorted like those of a pair of groupers.

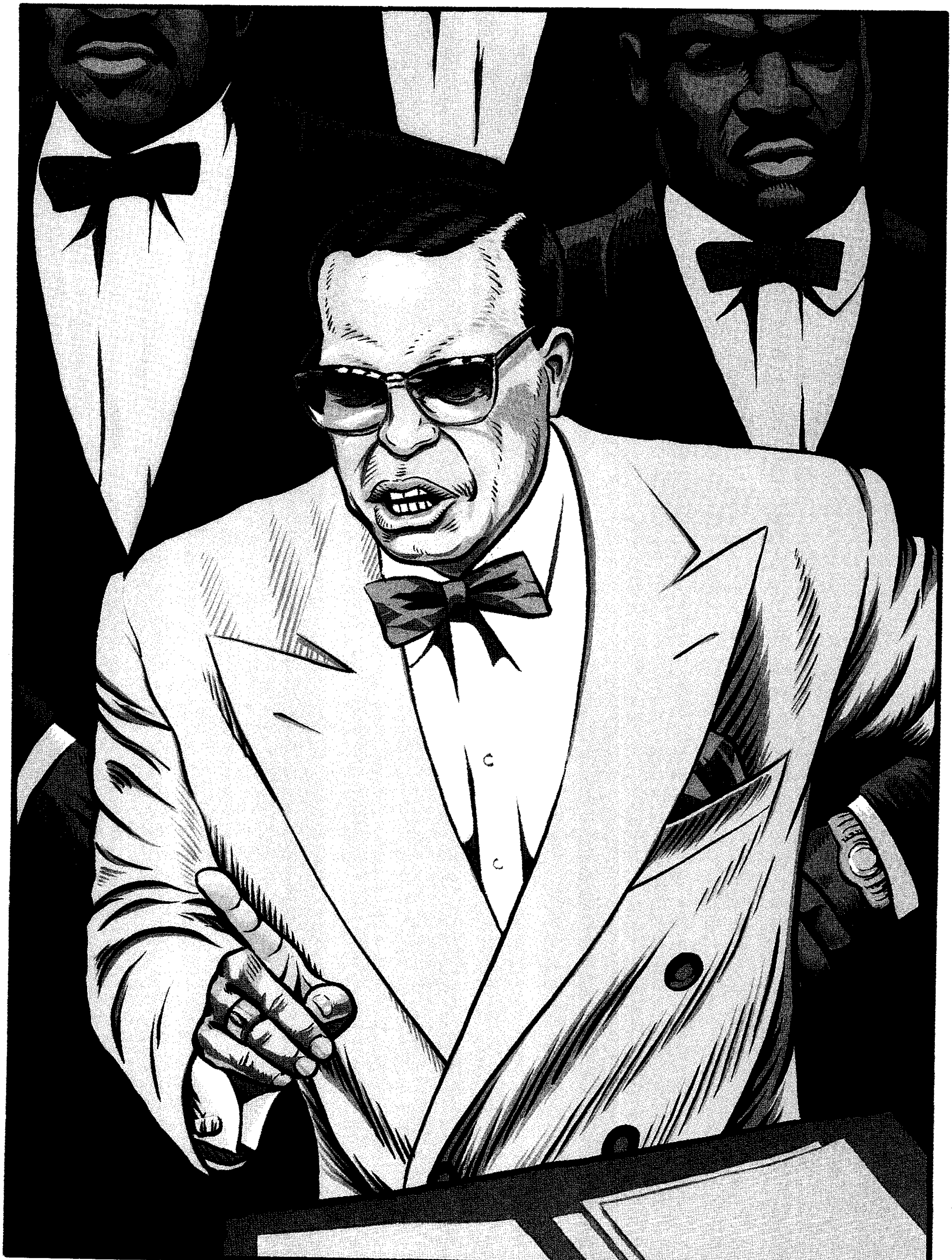
That is about when America's great black Satan himself came gliding into the room. Farrakhan was resplendent in a three-button suit of chocolate-brown silk, a brown-and-beige bow tie, and a matching pocket square. Only then did I notice that my own trousers did not match my suit jacket. Moments later, I referred to his wife as "Mrs. Muhammad," and there was a glint of amusement in his eyes. The truth is, I was having a bad case of nerves that morning. For good reason. After I criticized Farrakhan in print three years ago, a few of his more impetuous followers had shared with me their fervent hope for my death. Now that I was face to face with Farrakhan, I did feel, in fact, pretty deathly. "I'm a wounded warrior," I admitted.

Farrakhan, relaxed and gracious, made sure I was supplied with hot tea and honey. "Get the battlefield ready," he said, laughing. For the rest of a long day, we sat together at his big dining-room table, and it became clear that Farrakhan is a man of enormous intelligence, curiosity, and charm. He can also be deeply strange. It all depends on the moment and the subject. When he talks about the need for personal responsibility or of his fondness for Johnny Mathis and Frank Sinatra, he sounds as jovial and bourgeois as Bill Cosby; when he is warning of the wicked machinations of Jewish financiers, he seems as odd and obsessed as Pat Robertson.

Not long after we began talking, Farrakhan told me about an epiphany he had recently about the waning of white cultural supremacy. Farrakhan takes moments of revelation very seriously; one of his most profound occurred, he has said, while he was aboard a giant spacecraft. This particular revelation, less marvellously, took place at a Lionel Ritchie concert. There Farrakhan saw a beautiful young blond woman and her little daughter, who both clearly idolized this black performer. And when Ritchie told the mostly white crowd to raise their hands in the air almost everyone joined in. Farrakhan saw this as something not only amazing but telling.

"I see something happening in America," he said. "You go into white folks' homes, you see Michael Jackson on the wall, you see Michael Jordan on the wall, you see Hank Aaron on the wall. Their children are being influenced by black faces. And I say to myself, 'Where is this leading?' And what I see is that white su-

MARK ZINGARELLI



Louis Farrakhan: His talk ranges from far-fetched conspiracy theories to Dan Quayle-like calls for family values.

"That's what they all say, honey."

• •

premacy is being challenged in so many subtle and overt ways, and gradually children are losing that thing about being superior."

The myths of black superiority are also going by the wayside. Someone might believe that a white cannot play the horn, he said, "then Kenny G. blows that all away." (Joe Lovano, maybe, but Kenny G.?) It used to be that white people listened to the blues but could never sing it. Now, though, "white people are experiencing that out of which the blues came," he said. "White people are suffering. Now you drive your streets and you see a white person with stringy hair sitting by the side of the road plucking his guitar, like we used to do in the South. Now *they're* into that." What people must do is "outgrow the narrowness of their own nationalistic feelings," Farrakhan declared. "When we outgrow the color thing, outgrow the race and the ethnic thing, outgrow the religious thing to see the oneness of God and the oneness of humanity, then we can begin to approach our divinity."

I scratched my head: we'd gone from Kenny G. to God in a matter of seconds; "the blue-eyed devils"—Elijah Muhammad's favorite designation for white folk—are learning the blues, and we're mightily impressed.

It turns out that there is in Farrakhan's discourse a strain that sounds awfully like liberal universalism; there is also, of course, its brutal opposite. The two tendencies, in all their forms, are constantly in tension. Pundits like to imagine that Farrakhan is a kind of radio program: the incendiary Louis Farrakhan Show. In fact, Farrakhan is more like a radio station: what you hear depends on when you tune in. His talk ranges from far-fetched conspiracy theories to Dan Quayle-like calls for family values. Farrakhan really does believe that a cabal of Jews secretly controls the world; he also suspects, I learned later in our conversation, that one of his own grandparents was a Portuguese Jew. Apologists and detractors alike feel free to decide which represents the "real" Farrakhan. The result may score debating points, but it has little to do with the man who lives at South Woodlawn and Forty-ninth Street.

Much is made of Farrakhan's capacity to strike fear into the hearts of white liberals. And it does seem that for many of them Farrakhan represents their worst nightmare: the Nat Turner figure, crying out for racial vengeance. As Adolph Reed, Jr., writes of Farrakhan, "he has become uniquely notorious because his inflammatory nationalist persona has helped to center public discussion of Afro-American politics on the only issue (except affirmative action, of course) about which most whites ever show much concern: What do blacks think of whites?"

A subject that receives far less attention is the fear that Farrakhan inspires in blacks. The truth is that blacks—across the economic and ideological spectrum—often feel astonishingly vulnerable to charges of inauthenticity, of disloyalty to the race. I know that I do, despite my vigorous efforts to deconstruct that vocabulary of reproach. Farrakhan's sway over blacks—the answering chord his rhetoric finds—attests to the enduring strength of our own feelings of guilt, our own anxieties of having been false to our people, of having sinned against our innermost identity. He denounces the fallen in our midst, invokes the wrath of heaven against us: and his outlandish vitriol occasions both terror and a curious exhilaration.

FARRAKHAN is a distinctive figure with a distinctive message, but it is a message that has a context and a history. In the summer of 1930, a door-to-door salesman appeared in the Detroit ghetto selling raincoats and silks. In those days, he was known as Wallace D. Fard; later, in the literature of the Nation of Islam, his name would be given an Arabic form—Farrad Muhammad. Some say that Fard was a white man, and others believe he was an Arab; Farrakhan has said that Fard's mother was "from the Caucasus."

Fard told his customers in the early thirties that he carried silks of the same kind that Africans were still using. He seemed to know a great deal about Africa, and soon he was holding meetings about African history at the homes of various customers. For black people at that time, this was news they could use. He had, for instance, all sorts of dietary tips: he pointed out foods that were bad for black people, explaining that the people of their native land never touched them and were always in good health. Before long, Fard moved toward religious expostulations. If the diet that your African ancestors followed was best for you, so was their religion. As time went by, the numbers of people who wanted to attend Fard's meetings grew to the point where his followers rented a hall and called it the Temple of Islam. And so, while inner-city Detroit struggled through the Great Depression, a new religion was born.

Fard taught that although the world was still dominated by "the blue-eyed devils," they were only temporary interlopers. Fard himself had been sent to awaken the consciousness of the Black Nation, the earth's "Original Man." Those who sought to join Fard could send him their current surnames—their "slave names," that is—and receive their true Islamic surnames by return mail. In time, Fard began to refer to himself as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. And then, in June of 1934, he mysteriously vanished, never to be seen again.

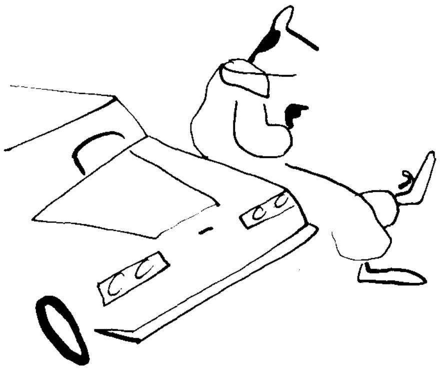
After the vanishing, Fard's fiery chief minister, Elijah Muhammad, (né Poole), declared Fard to have been an incarnation of Allah, thus elevating himself to the status of Prophet, or Messenger—Muhammad's title in the Koran. Fard's birthday, February 26th, became a holiday, Saviour's Day, and the organizational—and doctrinal—basis for the Nation of Islam was established.

"I must create a system, or be enslav'd by another man's," William Blake wrote in "Jerusalem." In that spirit, Elijah Muhammad's creed offered a unique creation myth, Leviticus-like strictures on diet and behavior, and a strong component of prophecy. In the world according to Elijah Muhammad, blacks were descended from the tribe of Shabazz, which "came with the earth," when an explosion separated the earth and the moon sixty-six trillion years ago. White people, by contrast, came into existence less than seven thousand years ago, the result of the genetic experiments of a wicked scientist named Yakub. Whites were drained not only of color but of humanity: "The human beast—the serpent, the dragon, the devil, and Satan—all mean one and the same; the people or race known as the white or Caucasian race, sometimes called the European race." Black Muslim theology features no afterlife; what it offers is the promise that the reign of the blue-eyed devils is nearing its end. One could be sure of this because of a particularly splendid element of Elijah's cosmogony: the whole of history was written ahead of time, by twenty-four black scientists, under the supervision of a twenty-fifth.

Not all doctrine pertained to such lofty matters. Elijah Muhammad also published several books on "How to Eat to Live." Tobacco and alcohol were forbidden, and so were corn bread and pork. Small navy beans were permissible; lima and pinto beans were not. The Messenger instituted for members a regime of two or more temple meetings a week. Men would be expected to do some proselytizing—or "fishing for the dead," as it was known. A woman's behavior was strictly circumscribed: she was not to let herself be alone in a room with any man who wasn't her husband; her dress had to be modest.

The idiosyncrasies of the Nation of Islam should not blind one to Elijah Muhammad's organizational genius. Fard was not the only black Messiah to have achieved prominence in the thirties, or the most influential, but his was the only legacy that has thrived. Similarly, the esoteric details of Black Muslim doctrine should not obscure the real sense of absence that Elijah Muhammad addressed. Louis Farrakhan told me that the Nation of Islam might be understood as a kind of Reformation movement within the black church—a church that had grown all too accommodating to American racism. It's true that, despite the prominence of such groups as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference during the civil-rights movement, most black churches were extremely conservative when it came to race matters. Dexter Avenue Baptist Church achieved legendary status because of the leadership of Martin Luther King, Jr., and yet that same church had fired King's predecessor, Vernon Johns, for protesting racism with too much zeal. Muhammad's fierce militancy and his inversion of reigning notions of racial inferiority should be seen in relation to the failures of the black churches—especially when it came to providing a moral language in which to address the political sins of state-sponsored racial inequality.

LOUIS FARRAKHAN, for his part, remains firmly tethered to the tradition of Christian homiletics. I asked him something that my father wanted to know: How did a good Episcopalian boy like Farrakhan, born Louis Eugene Walcott, end up leaving the true church?



Farrakhan laughed, and said I should tell my father that he never really left. "I thought I did," he said, "but my love is there, my roots are the church." And that's true: references to the Koran in his speeches are perfunctory, with passages from the Old and New Testaments taking pride of place.

"We were from St. Cyprian's"—an Episcopal church in the Roxbury section of Boston, where he grew up—"and I was in the choir," he went on to tell me. He still refers to Nathan Wright, the minister when he was growing up, as "Father Wright." Roxbury retains its hold on him in other ways, too. He spent his formative years in a bustling working-class neighborhood, which was populated by immigrants from the West Indies and boasted flourishing black-owned businesses and a thriving musical scene. It has been suggested that this experience of a tight-knit, prosperous, all-black community may undergird Farrakhan's conservative social views.

Born in 1933, Gene, as he was known, was the younger of two sons of Mae Clark, who was from Barbados. Gene was named after his father, a very light-skinned man from Jamaica; he was a philanderer, whom the family seldom saw—an exceptional circumstance in what was largely a community of intact families. Nathan Wright tells me the mother was "a little old-fashioned and a disciplinarian," even "a bit too strict." Mae Clark stressed education and paid for private music lessons for both her sons. Gene played the violin.

"When I was a young boy, hardly anybody in my all-black school could not read," Farrakhan recalled. "By the time I left the eighth grade, I knew every country on this earth, every capital. I knew their lakes and rivers, I knew what those countries produced for wealth." An honor student in high school, Gene studied, among other subjects, Latin and German, calculus and medieval history. He was also a star on the track team.

A couple of decades later, an accomplished scholar, musician, and athlete like Gene Walcott would have been given the financial aid to go to one élite university or another. In fact, in his high-school yearbook Walcott wrote that he wanted to attend the Juilliard School of Music. Instead, in 1950 he went off to a teachers college for blacks in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, on an athletic scholarship. It was there, in the South, that he first experienced the full impact of racism. Once, stopping over in Washington on the way down, Farrakhan decided to take in a movie, only to be told that tickets were not sold to Negroes. “A very close friend of mine had just been killed in Korea, and I walked down the street with a twenty-dollar bill in one hand, my wallet in the other, and at that point I was very, very angry with America,” he said. “I started writing a calypso song called ‘Why America Is No Democracy.’ ”

Within a few years, Gene Walcott had dropped out of college and taken up a career as a calypso singer, styling himself the Charmer. Among those charmed, he would recount years later, were many women: “I wouldn’t go to bed with them. They wanted to give me money. . . . I told them, ‘You’re out of your damn mind.’ They said, ‘I think you’re a faggot.’ And I said, ‘I *know* what I am. *You’ll* never find out.’ ”

At about the same time as the Charmer was making a name for himself in Boston, Malcolm X was making the rounds as a Black Muslim preacher. “A friend of mine tried to get me to go to the temple,” Farrakhan told me. “He said, ‘You know, Gene, the white man is the Devil.’ And I looked at him and said, ‘If I go home tonight and my wife is in bed with a black man, *she* has committed adultery. And if I pick up a gun and kill them, *I* have committed murder. Where’s the Devil in that?’ He couldn’t give me an answer. So I went on about my business—I wasn’t about to join the Muslims.” Still, Farrakhan described himself as having grown disillusioned with the Episcopal Church: “I couldn’t understand why Jesus would preach so much love and why there was so much hate demonstrated by white Christians against black Christians.”

In 1955, Walcott was playing the Blue Angel night club in Chicago, and he ran into some old friends who had got involved with the Nation of Islam. Walcott agreed to go to hear Elijah Muhammad preach at the mosque, and when he did he liked what he heard. That night, he went back to his hotel and started copying out the standard form letter to register as a Muslim:

> Dear Saviour Allah, Our Deliverer:
>
> I have attended the Teachings of Islam, two or three times, as taught by one of your ministers, I believe in it. I bear witness that there is no God but Thee. And, that Muhammad is Thy Servant and Apostle. I desire to reclaim my Own. Please give me my Original name. My slave name is as follows . . .

“I wouldn’t call it a conversion experience, because I wasn’t thoroughly convinced,” Farrakhan said. In any case, he never received a reply. Then, just a few months later, when he heard Malcolm X preach, back on the East Coast, sympathy turned into something like conviction. “I’d never heard any man talk like that,” Farrakhan went on, brightening now. “*Then* I was convinced that this was where I wanted to be.”

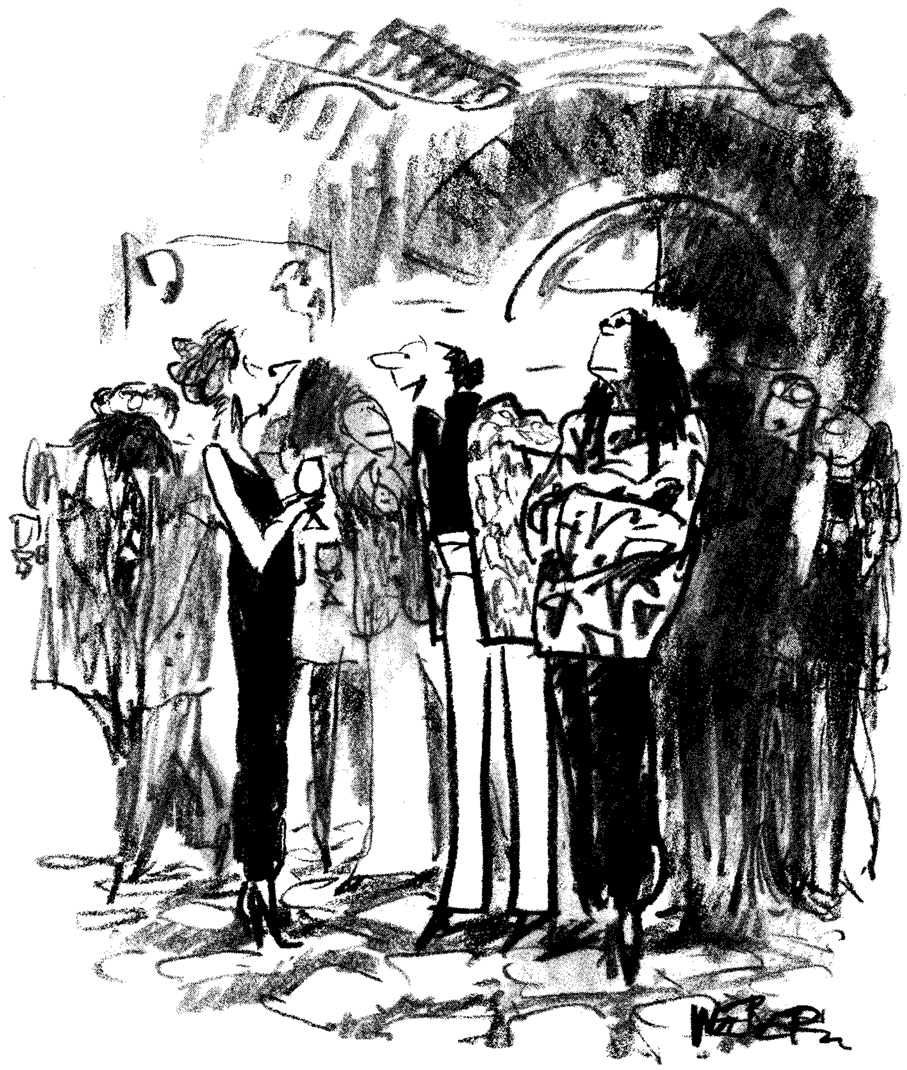
“Yeah, yeah, I know. You need a Laurence Fishburne–Forest Whitaker–James Earl Jones type.”

While Farrakhan was telling his story, one of his daughters—a cheerful young woman in a sari-like dress—came by with a real-estate brochure. She wanted to show her father a picture of a three-story brownstone that she and her husband were hoping to buy; Farrakhan expressed his approval. By that point, I’d already met his son Nasir, a handsome, self-possessed young man who was interested in filmmaking, and another daughter who, Farrakhan boasted, was attending law school. Farrakhan plainly was a man who was enormously proud of his children and seemed to enjoy a relaxed and affectionate relationship with them. A bit later, we were visited by a pregnant granddaughter, in her early twenties, who tapped her belly and beamed. “I’m going to be a great-grandfather again,” Farrakhan said, in the tone of a happy patriarch.

Farrakhan may have grown up without a father himself, but he speaks often of his mother and her brothers. Indeed, his early interest in the Black Muslims was only a new twist on an established family tradition. Most of Farrakhan’s relatives were already followers of the most widely influential black nationalist of the century—Marcus Garvey, whose Universal Negro Improvement Association achieved fame and notoriety in the early twenties. Even so, the reaction of Gene’s mother to his decision to join the Muslims was less than effusive. “She was a very reserved, strong woman,” Farrakhan said, “and she said, ‘It’s very interesting.’ She didn’t say nay or yea.”

Before long, her son emerged as Minister Louis X, of the Boston Temple. He had been trained well by Malcolm in public speaking, and he also brought his own particular gifts to the task. He recorded a song entitled “A White Man’s Heaven Is a Black Man’s Hell,” which was a hit in Black Muslim circles, and he swiftly established himself as one of the most promising members of the ministry. He wrote—and performed in—a play entitled “Orgena” (“A Negro” spelled backward), a satire about assimilated blacks. He also wrote “The Trial,” in which a black prosecutor (usually played by Louis) tries the White Man for his myriad sins, and at the conclusion a black jury finds the defendant guilty and sentences him to death. Audiences responded with clamorous ovations.

But the Black Muslims would soon be appearing on a far larger stage, for Elijah Muhammad was discovering that even ostensibly hostile exposure in the mass me-



"Robert is black and gay. Isn't that neat?"

dia could serve him well. In the summer of 1959, Mike Wallace and Louis Lomax produced a television documentary on the Black Muslims, a group that then numbered less than thirty thousand. The Nation seemed to arouse alarm in white audiences, but that alarm only deepened its appeal to its natural constituency. The religious scholar C. Eric Lincoln, who in 1961 conducted a landmark study of the Nation of Islam, points out that weeks after the documentary appeared Muhammad's following doubled in size.

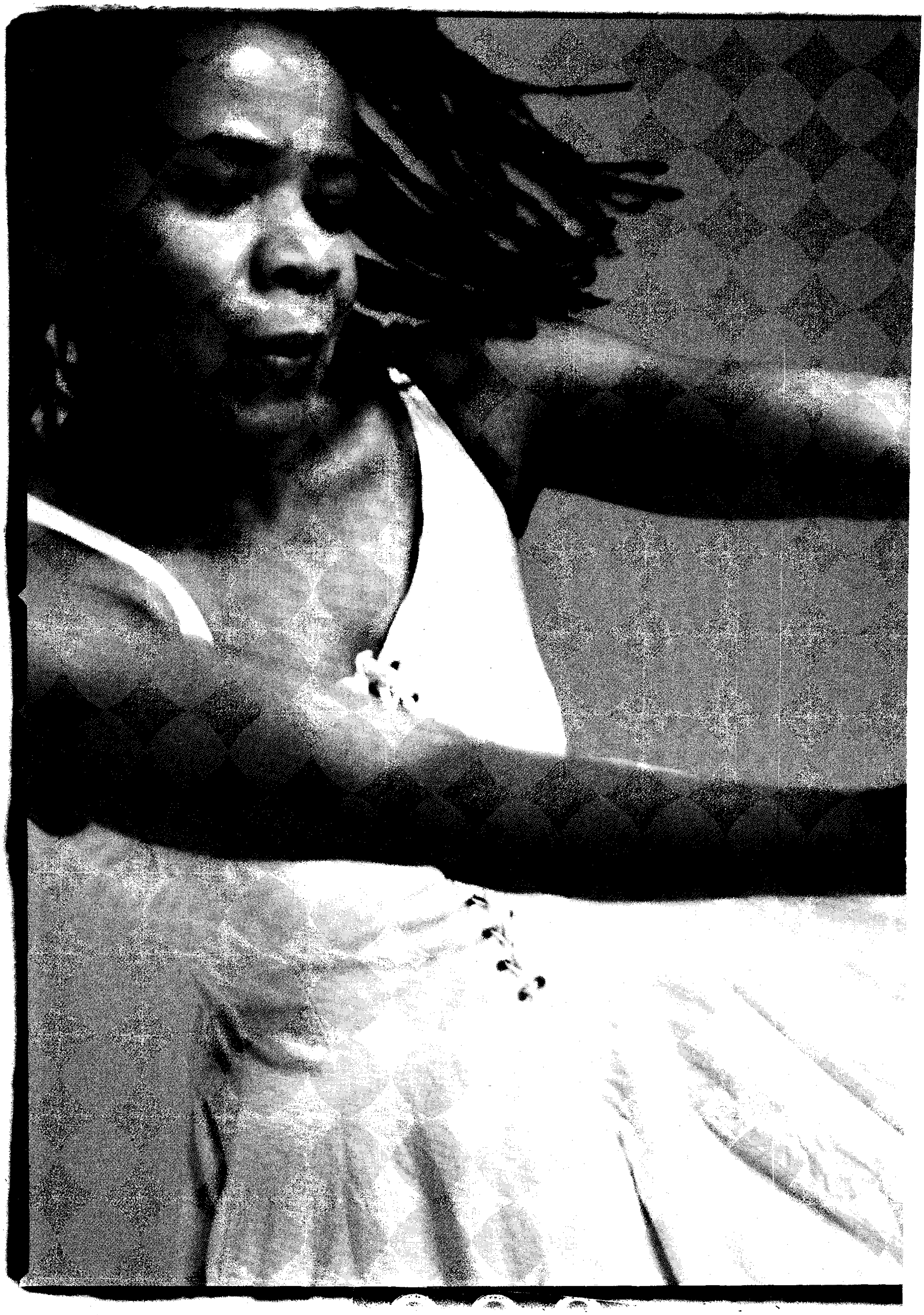
Malcolm X was the public, charismatic face of the Nation of Islam in these years, while Louis, eight years his junior, proved his best student. Close as they were, however, there were occasional flareups between them, especially as a rift between Malcolm and Elijah was gradually making itself felt. C. Eric Lincoln recalls a signal incident in the early sixties: "Alex Haley and Louie and I were all seated with Malcolm in a Muslim restaurant down in Harlem, and Lou, who is very irreverent and outspoken, suddenly said to Malcolm, 'Malcolm, why don't you stop all this "Mister Muhammad" shit and go out and lead your *own* movement? Man, you could—' And before he could get the words out of his mouth, Malcolm had shot up like an onion in the rain. His face was contorted, he was so angry. And he was *reaching* for Lou, and Alex Haley stepped between them. Malcolm said, 'Lou, we've been friends a long time. But don't you ever say that to me!' "

In 1964, however, Malcolm finally did break with the Nation of Islam, telling newspapers that he had been disillusioned by discovering that Elijah Muhammad had fathered children with his young secretaries. (Since the facts of Muhammad's philandering had long been an open secret among the Muslim élite, Malcolm's claim to have been shocked by such revelations struck his brethren as spurious and vengeful, aimed solely at causing embarrassment.) And Louis proved himself staunchly loyal to the Nation of Islam, denouncing in thunderous tones the Judas in its midst.

In a column that appeared in December of that year in *Muhammad Speaks*, the Nation of Islam's weekly newspaper, Louis wrote some now notorious words: "The die is set, and Malcolm shall not escape. . . . Such a man as Malcolm is worthy of death." Malcolm was assassinated in Harlem on February 21, 1965. Farrakhan has been dogged by speculation that he was somehow involved in the killing. One of the men convicted of the murder said that, once Malcolm had been denounced as a traitor, he simply understood it to be his duty to take him out. In recent years, Farrakhan has admitted his responsibility in helping to create the poisonous atmosphere in which the killing took place; still, he denies any more direct involvement.

Just as Fard's disappearance had propelled Elijah Muhammad into preëminence, Farrakhan was now left to fill the void left by Malcolm. By the end of the year, Farrakhan had assumed Malcolm's old position as minister of the Harlem Mosque No. 7 and as Elijah Muhammad's National Representative. Yet for some the aura of regicide would never fade. Eldridge Cleaver, who considers the assassination of Malcolm one of the crimes of the century against black people, speaks about the succession bitterly: "It was the old show-business adage: 'The show must go on.' And so, with Malcolm not being present, where was the best clone they could find? Farrakhan gravitated to the top of the heap as the slimeball, scheming, renegade bandwagoner that he is. He was able to get that position because, unlike any of the others around him, he was able to sing Malcolm's song."

In recent years, Malcolm has been retrieved by the mainstream as a palatable culture hero, whose path to enlightenment can be contrasted with Farrakhan's blinkered vision. The civil-rights activist Julian Bond says, "Malcolm grew. Farrakhan never did." It's hard to speak conclusively about Malcolm, since he was assassinated so soon after he announced his universalist creed, but the fact remains that, his conversion to Sunni Islam aside, he never really relinquished black nationalism. Like



Malcolm, Farrakhan says that we must learn to move beyond color, and transcend all the divisions of humanity; like Malcolm, he asks the black community to develop its own self-reliance in the meantime. So the supposed contrast between the two men can seem more convenient than convincing.

It's equally difficult to recapture a sense of the enmity that existed between black radicals and the civil-rights mainstream in the sixties. Malcolm and Martin Luther King (whom Malcolm used to refer to as the Reverend Dr. Chicken Wing) have in some measure been melded through martyrdom. But the Muslims' rhetoric was far from conciliatory. "I was a Muslim then," Farrakhan said to me. "I wasn't for integration—I was a separatist. I thought Dr. King wasn't going in the right direction." But he also spoke of these tensions as part of a historical pattern. "In all the years of our progress in our century, there have always been these two poles. The masses are hearing the arguments like a tennis match, and all the time there is a level of consciousness coming up." This was also true during the civil-rights era, when Malcolm X and the nationalists were squaring off against Dr. King and the integrationists.

"The argument was healthy," Farrakhan went on. "You can see it now, when you are getting old and about to die. We've tried socialism, some have tried Communism, we've tried nationalism, we've tried Americanism, we've tried integration. But in all these experiments we've become wiser, and what I see today is that there is and was good in every step that we made, and now what we need is not a thesis and an antithesis—what we need is a synthesis of the best ideas of this hundred years of struggle. And that's why in my maturity or my process of maturing I fell in love with Dr. King."

FULL FORCE

Bebe Miller is celebrating. This year, the forty-five-year-old dancer and choreographer—who grew up in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn and began her training at the age of four at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse—marks her company's tenth anniversary and her own nineteenth year of performing. As a choreographer, Miller is both electric and soulful—she has set pieces to Jimi Hendrix's screechy rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and to the Five Blind Boys' spiritual "Deep River," and has also used the chants of South African factory workers that she taped on a Johannesburg street. Reflecting on the work in her recent anniversary season at the Joyce, she said, "Things are more fun now. You reëvaluate where you've been and often end up back where you started, but with the ability to use the tools in another way. It's not going back to my roots, exactly—it's my tree, and my tree is in bloom."

Photographed by Chris Callis, New York City, April 1, 1996.

In the sixties and seventies, the Nation of Islam also began to attract followers for its level of discipline, its political savvy, and its emphasis on self-help. The eminent African-American novelist Leon Forrest served as managing editor of *Muhammad Speaks* in the early seventies, when many of its editors and writers were, like him, non-Muslims. He recalls that Elijah Muhammad was so politically agile that he ordered the paper not to write anything bad about Richard Nixon, hoping to profit from Nixon's proposal to set up enterprise zones in the inner city. That model of economic self-reliance was altogether consonant with the preachings of the Messenger. "The base of Elijah's movement and personality was steeped in a real deep conservatism," Forrest says. "Any number of whites who knew I worked for the Nation of Islam would say, 'You know, I really admire the Muslims.' And it was because it represents all the old American values of thrift and hard work, discipline, respect for the family and the women. Keep to yourself. Build small businesses. All the old American values, really. And then Elijah put in a little radical stuff here and there. But when you think about all the in-your-face, ready-to-duke-it-out vision people have of the Muslims, how many white people did they kill?"

As Elijah Muhammad's health declined, in the early seventies, many people believed that he was grooming Farrakhan to be his successor. And yet when Muhammad lay dying, in 1975, he designated not Farrakhan but, rather, his own son, Wallace Deen Muhammad. It was a bizarre choice. Wallace—or Warith, as he then renamed himself—had sided with Malcolm X against his father in the sixties, and had even been excommunicated for several years. He had also been taking very seriously his studies of Sunni Islam, and the teachings of his father had struck him as essentially heretical. Now that he was at last at the helm of his father's movement, he renounced the doctrines of Yakub, of racial demonology, of the divinity of Fard, even of his own father's status as prophet. He also set about divesting himself of Nation properties; soon an estate thought to be worth as much as a hundred million dollars had gone the way of the original Black Muslim doctrine.

By 1977, Louis Farrakhan had had enough. He announced that he was breaking with Warith's organization in order to reëstablish the Nation of Islam according to the original tenets of the Messenger. Carrying on the tradition of *Muhammad Speaks*, Farrakhan started up *The Final Call*, in which Elijah Muhammad's credo would be faithfully reproduced in every issue. Farrakhan also revived the creation myth of Yakub.

As a literary critic, I've long been impressed by Elijah Muhammad as a man who invented his own mythology. I asked Farrakhan whether he really believed the story of Yakub—or was it better understood as a metaphor?

"It is not, in our judgment, metaphorical," Farrakhan replied stolidly. "The reason it seems like an invention—and I know you meant that in the best sense—is that it was not heard before. And, rather than credit it as a revelation, intellectually we give it a name that allows us to deal with it. Personally, I believe that Yakub is not a mythical figure—he is a very real scientist."

Nevertheless, Farrakhan does seem to have quietly downgraded Elijah Muhammad's cherished demonology. Muhammad was asked, a few years before his death, whether he would really label *all* white people "blue-eyed devils." His reply was "Whether they are actually blue-eyed or not, if they are actually one of the members of that race they are devils." But now Farrakhan said, "If you saw a picture of Master Farrad Muhammad"—that is, Wallace Fard, the founder—"he looked like a white man." He went on to say that many of his own relatives, including his father and his grandfather, were fair-skinned, so how could he hate people because of the color of their skin?

While the burden of slavery and history and societal structure cannot be ignored, he argued, black men and women must accept responsibility, "more so than in any other time in our history," for their failures. "It's so easy to put it on the white man," he said. "As long as we can beat up on white people and make the world think that everything that went wrong in the world is due to them and we had nothing to do with this, then we rob ourselves of the impetus, the motivation, and the inspiration for personal change and for accepting personal responsibility. I say to black audiences today, 'There was a time when you could blame the white man and there was a time you could say the white man is a devil, but, with the way we're raising hell today and the way we're inflicting evil and pain on each other, you can't say that anymore.' "

In the late seventies and early eighties, Farrakhan was busy trying to shore up the ranks of the Nation of Islam, both economically and ideologically, but the nation at large was barely aware of his existence. Then came 1984, Jesse Jackson's campaign for the Presidency, and Farrakhan's decision to break with Elijah Muhammad's principled abstention from politics.

Inspired by Jackson's campaign, Farrakhan registered to vote and volunteered the Nation's Fruit of Islam to provide security for Jackson. According to Farrakhan, Jackson's bid alarmed Jews, who distrusted his attitude toward Israel, and sought to derail the campaign by using Farrakhan's extremist rhetoric against Jackson. The wildly menacing statements, the apocalyptic imagery of race warfare, and all the other staples of Black Muslim oratory played well at Mosque Maryam, in Chicago, but were less warmly received on network television. Farrakhan complained that Jews controlled the media, and then raised his voice even more when he was attacked as a "black Hitler." Around the same time, Jackson got himself in trouble when a black reporter quoted him referring to New York City as "Hymietown." Farrakhan thereupon made things worse for Jackson by urging the black community to ostracize the reporter, and adding that one day traitors like him would be killed. Then came the press conference at which, in reply to a question about the Hitler comparison, Farrakhan said that any man who is talked about forty years after his death is a great man but that Hitler was wickedly great. (It's clear, in context, that Farrakhan meant "great" in the same spirit in which *Time* named Hitler Man of the Year for 1938.)

THE BOUNTY III

It depends on how you look at the cream house on the cliff
with the rusted roof and a stunted bell tower in the garden
off the road edged with white hard lilies, it could seem sad if
you were from another country, and your faith did not harden
into pity for the priest in boots and muddy clothes who comes
from a county in Ireland you think you remember, where you felt
perhaps the same sadness for a stone chapel and low walls
heavy with time, an iron sea, and the history of the Celt
told in an earlier time with bagpipes and drums
turned into a Catholic station, a peaked, brown vestry
and a bleating lamb in the grass. So the visitor believes
the rusted trunk in the shade of large almond leaves.
On a Saturday, shut, and a temperate sky, Blanchisseuse
closed and an elsewhere-remembering sea,
you, too, could succumb to a helpless shrug that says,
"God! the sad magic that is the hope of black people!"
All the drumming and dancing, the ceremonies, the chants.
The chantwell screeching like a brass cock on a steeple.
The intricate, unlit labyrinth of their ignorance.
Or walk out to a gray sea no stranger than Ireland's
to be swept by a peace not even the wind understands.

—DEREK WALCOTT

"The next day, in the Chicago *Sun-Times*, in the New York *Post:* 'JACKSON PAL HAILS HITLER,' " Farrakhan recalled. "I took umbrage at being compared with Hitler. I haven't even been arrested for spitting on the sidewalk or doing anything violent to anyone. And now you're going to call me a Hitler, like I'm planning to do something evil to Jewish people?"

Four months later, Farrakhan made a radio broadcast during which he talked about Israelis' "using God's name to shield your dirty religion." Now he said, "Fine. I said that. They said I said 'gutter,' but it was 'dirty.' I had no reference whatsoever in my mind to Judaism. However, anybody who distilled that could say, and rightly so, that I was talking about Judaism. So the headline the next day was 'FARRAKHAN CALLS JUDAISM A GUTTER RELIGION.' "

It is true that the two things nearly everybody knows about Farrakhan—that he extolled Hitler as a great man and deplored Judaism as a "gutter religion"—are, strictly speaking, false. That point may not speak well of the accuracy of some of our leading media, but it hardly absolves him of the larger charge of anti-Semitism. And, for all his talk of reconciliation, Farrakhan refuses to budge. "It doesn't make any difference what I say, how I explain myself," he said. "I have never got away from 'Judaism is a gutter religion,' 'Hitler is a great man.' " He shrugged. "I'm a *man*—I'm not afraid of white folk. And so if they got the nerve to say that about me I got nerve enough to defend myself and to drop an accusation on them that I believe to be true. So the fight was on—me and the Jews." He spread his arms, holding up two clenched fists, like a pugilist.

If the public consternation over the Black Muslims in the late nineteen-fifties magnified Elijah Muhammad's influence, the controversy in the wake of the Jackson campaign performed a similar service for Farrakhan. David Jackson, of the Chicago *Tribune*, notes that Farrakhan's 1983 Christmas address attracted a small handful of listeners on folding chairs, whereas today he routinely commands audiences of ten thousand and more. The commentator Roger Wilkins says of Farrakhan's Jewish critics, "I'm not saying they're wrong to strike back—I'm never going to tell the guy whom somebody slams in the stomach, 'Well, here's what you must do now.' But, once they struck back, he became a national figure. These attacks don't hurt him in his base; they enhance him, because he has told his people that though he is not anti-Semitic, there's this free-floating Zionist plot that is directed at him. So when the Anti-Defamation League attacks him all he has to do is turn to his people and say 'See?' Then, of course, one of the messages is 'They are attacking me because I am supporting you and your interests.' "

LOUIS FARRAKHAN will say, up and down, that he reveres the Jewish people. Listen to him: "Personally, I don't know what this argument has served. Jewish people are the world leaders, in my opinion. They are some of the most brilliant people on this planet. The Jews are some of the greatest scientists, the greatest thinkers, the greatest writers, the greatest theologians, the greatest in music, the greatest in business. And people hate them sometimes because of envy, and because the Jews succeed in spite of the hatred of their Gentile brethren, or anybody else's hatred. I admire that, as God is my witness."

Farrakhan has a theological explanation for Jewish preëminence. His theory is that the Jews have had many prophets in their midst and so have been the greatest recipients of divine revelation, and that this elevated wisdom has translated itself into achievement of all kinds. "When you have a people who receive revelation," he says, "they can do very good things or they can become very base, evil, and use the revelation for wicked purposes."

For many years, Farrakhan has been saying that there is a small group of Jews who meet (variously) in a Park Avenue apartment or in Hollywood to plan the course of the nation. I had to ask, "Do you think that there's a cabal—that there's a central planning group within the Jewish community?"

"I do believe that," Farrakhan replied. "I believe that there are very, very wise Jews who plan good and there are very wise Jews who plan evil." He added, "I am not hateful. I am deeply respectful of the Jewish people, man. I know they are great, but I also know that there are some scoundrels among them. And those scoundrels have to be condemned by them. And if they don't condemn the scoundrels—well, that's all right. I will."

I began to focus on Farrakhan's reddish-ochre complexion and his silky, wavy hair—what we called "Jesus moss" when I was growing up. "Do you know anything about your white ancestry?" I asked him.

Farrakhan explained that his father was very light-skinned and had straight hair, and that his mother had told him his father's parentage was, in fact, white Portuguese. Then he said, "I'm going to tell you something. You really want to know what I think? I think they were members of the Jewish community." This sounds like a fantastical joke, but it is highly probable, given what we know about migration to the West Indies. Orlando Patterson, a historical sociologist at Harvard, who has made a study of merchant populations in the islands, confirms that nearly all people of Iberian descent in Jamaica and Barbados, even today, are of Sephardic Jewish ancestry.

"I believe that in my blood, and not in a bad way," Farrakhan said. "Because when I was a little boy I used to love listening to the Jewish cantors in Boston. They had a program, and every week I would listen. I was struck by the cantor, and I've always loved the way they sing or recite the Torah." Farrakhan is always happy to elaborate on his admiration for Jewish musicians. "When my mom put that violin in my hand and I fell in love with that instrument, I never was thinking Jew, Gentile, anything like that," he said. "But all my heroes were Jewish. The greatest was Jascha Heifetz, and I loved him then and I love him now. I was driving my car when it came over the news that Vladimir Horowitz, the pianist, had passed. I pulled my car over to the side of the road and I said a prayer for his soul."

He went on, "If in my lineage there are Jews, I would hope that in the end, before my life is over, I not only will have rendered a service to my own beloved community of black people but will also have rendered a service to the Jewish community." What he seemed to have in mind was not what most people would consider a service: he was evidently referring to the notorious book "The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews," published by the Nation of Islam, the implicit assumption of which is that a Jewish predilection for evil is visible throughout the centuries.

"You read 'The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews,' " Farrakhan said.

"And critiqued it," I put in.

"And critiqued it," he said, nodding. "I didn't order anybody to research this. They wanted to defend me, so they went to research it. We are making the point that the Jewish people were involved in slavery, and seventy-five per cent of the Jews owned slaves." He gave me a level look. "You have a relationship with Jews of scholarship and brilliance, whom you can admire and have a lovely friendship with," he said. "I know there are Jews like that and I could have a wonderful friendship with them. I'm hoping and I believe that in the future it will develop. Sometimes, Dr. Gates, when you are new in the neighborhood, you get in a fight and you bloody the guy's nose, and he bloodies your nose, and before you know it you end up being the best of friends. But you're not friends without mutual respect."

Farrakhan took a deep breath and continued, "But my point is I don't like our relationship with Jews. I think it's a weak relationship. I think it's a paternalistic relationship. I don't like a relationship where they are the agent or the manager and we are the talent alone. We bring a lot to the table, but we get so little from the table. The I.R.S. puts the principal in jail and the accountant gets away with the money. This is wrong. There is so much injustice here."

What is one to make of all this? Farrakhan isn't feigning admiration for Jews as a distraction from his hate-mongering. Rather, his love and his loathing flow from the same ideas. There's a sense in which Farrakhan doesn't want his followers to battle Jews, but, rather, wants them to *be* Jews. Yet when he describes Jews as "world leaders" it is a double-edged compliment. There is no sense in being gladdened when he extolls Jewish wisdom and troubled only when he warns of Jewish evil: both sentiments are sincere, and both are aspects of a single unhealthy obsession.

In speeches he has made over the past several years, Farrakhan stresses the fact that he is condemning only some Jews—the scoundrelly ones. But the question begged is one of relevance: What makes a scoundrel's ethnicity or religion of central concern to Farrakhan or his audiences? Farrakhan protests that he didn't say all Jews, he said *some* Jews, but the protest misses the point. Partitive anti-Semitism remains anti-Semitism.

Consider, even, the figure that Farrakhan often returns to: that seventy-five per cent of the Jews in the South owned slaves. He returns to it because, he says, no one has refuted it. It is a fact—the result of an 1830 survey—and not something just concocted. But facts, as Ronald Reagan once said, are stupid things. The historian Harold Brackman points out that in 1830 only a third of America's Jews lived in the South. Those Southern Jews tended to be middle-class urban dwellers, with small numbers of domestic servants; by contrast, Jewish representation among the plantation owners who held most of the slaves was minuscule. Furthermore, in 1830 black slaveowners outnumbered Jewish slaveowners by fifteen to one.

But the real question is why the results of this 1830 survey should be of such concern to a constituency that you might think had more pressing matters to contend with: mounting poverty, crime, AIDS. Farrakhan arouses the indignation of inner-city audiences when he speaks of an exploitative relationship between Jewish agents and black talent. You may cringe, but when you scan his flock you see that there's something bleakly comic about it, too. They're struggling to make ends meet. Agents? Accountants? What is Louis Farrakhan talking about? And why?

"Whenever our interests seemed diametrically opposed," Farrakhan told me, "Jews followed what they felt was in their best interest." And he cited Jewish opposition to Jackson's candidacy, and Jewish opposition to affirmative action. But, since most whites opposed Jackson and most whites are hostile to affirmative action, one might think that the more interesting fact is that Jews are disproportionately represented among those whites who did support Jackson, and who favor measures like affirmative action. Blacks, Farrakhan has said, must pursue their self-interest. But hurling invective at liberal allies doesn't sound like prudent self-interest to me. Even if Farrakhan's discourse on the Jews can't be reduced purely to a matter of fear and loathing, it doesn't bespeak sweet reason, either.

The truly paranoid heart of Farrakhan's world view has been revealed in recent speeches in which he has talked about a centuries-old conspiracy of international bankers—with names like Rothschild and Warburg—who have captured control over the central banks in many countries, and who incite wars to increase the indebtedness of others and maximize their own wealth. The Federal Reserve, the I.R.S., the F.B.I., and the Anti-Defamation League were all founded in 1913, Farra-

---

LEGAL BRIEF

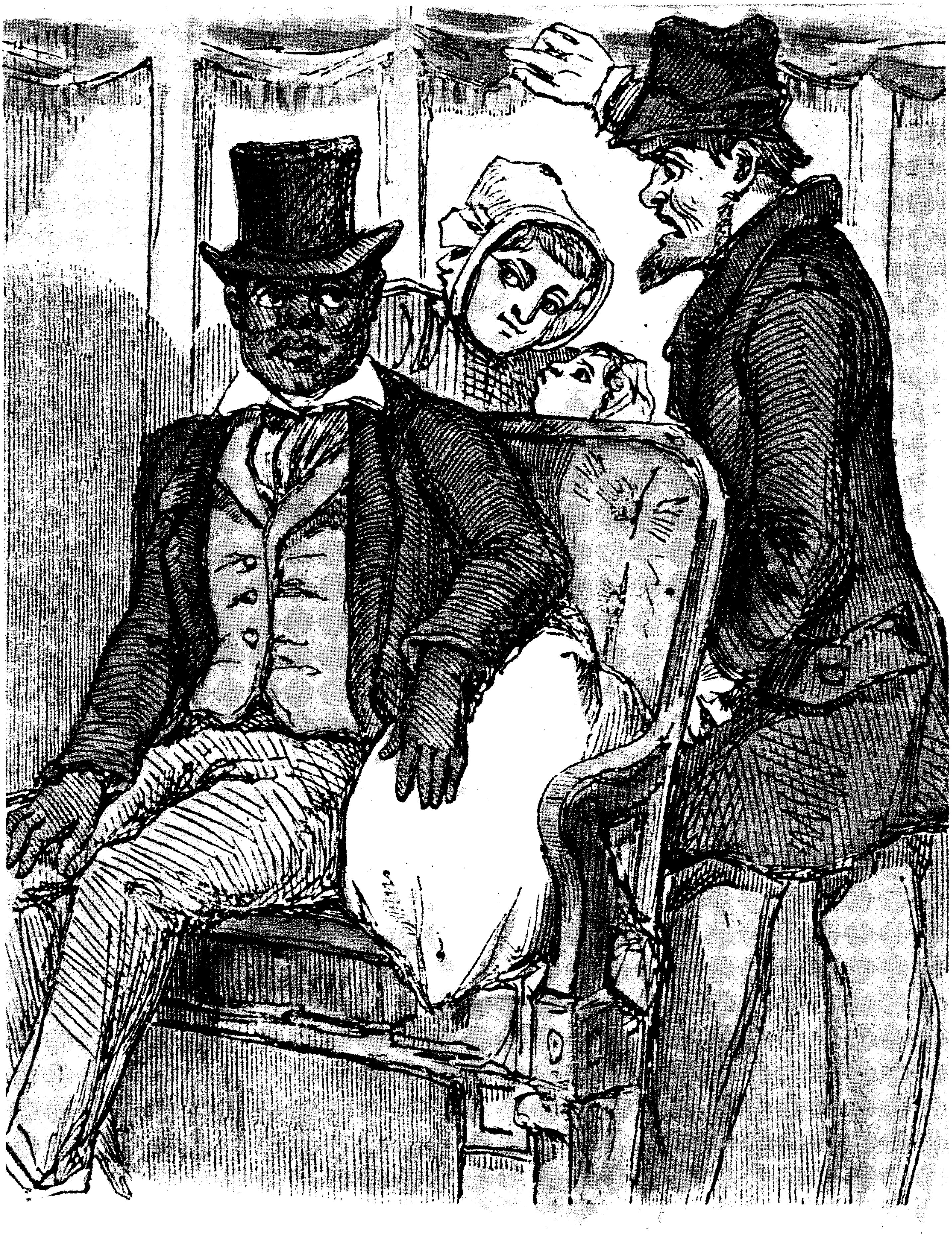
A GREAT DIVIDE

A hundred years ago next month, the United States Supreme Court upheld, in Plessy v. Ferguson, an 1890 Louisiana law "requiring all railway companies carrying passengers on their trains, in this state, to provide equal but separate accommodations for the white and colored races." In 1892, a New Orleans man named Homer Plessy, allied with other opponents of legalized segregation (and perhaps surreptitiously encouraged by the railroad), had decided to test Louisiana's railroad segregation law. Plessy, who looked white, got into a white coach but admitted that he was one-eighth Negro. Appearing before Judge John H. Ferguson of the New Orleans Criminal Court, he claimed that racial segregation was unconstitutional under the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, but the Judge denied the claim.

The case went on to the Supreme Court, where Plessy's lawyers argued that the Louisiana segregation statute denied him the use of his property in the seven-eighths of himself that was white. They held that in the United States the reputation of being white opens the golden doors of opportunity, and disputed the statute's presumption that all Americans could be identified as either white or Negro. These arguments did not prevail. The majority decision said that black people who felt insulted by segregation had an inferiority complex. Justice John Marshall Harlan's dissent, affirming the principle of equal rights and the color blindness of the Constitution, has worn far better.

Often paired in infamy with the Dred Scott decision of 1857, which ruled that African-Americans were ineligible for United States citizenship, Plessy v. Ferguson marked the nadir in American race relations after emancipation, and completed the reversal of the civil-rights revolution of Reconstruction. The decision meant that for nearly sixty years—until the Warren Court's unanimous 1954 ruling in Brown v. Board of Education—the exclusion and humiliation of Americans of African descent was considered constitutional, and "separate but equal" was the formula permitting segregation in the Southern states. —Nell Irvin Painter

GRANGER COLLECTION



NEGRO EXPULSION FROM RAILWAY CAR, PHILADELPHIA.

The Plessy decision cited a Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruling that allowed racial segregation on railroads.

khan says (actually, the I.R.S. was founded in 1862 and the F.B.I. in 1908, but never mind), and then he poses the favorite rhetorical question of all paranoid historians: "Is that a coincidence?"

What do you do with a religious demagogue who promulgates the theory that Jewish financiers have manipulated world events for centuries? Well, if you're a Republican contender for the Presidency, and the demagogue's name is Pat Robertson, you genuflect. It turns out that Farrakhan's conspiracy theory of Jewish cabals is essentially identical to Robertson's. "Rest assured, there is a behind-the-scenes Establishment in this nation, as in every other," Robertson writes in "The New World Order," his recent best-selling book. "It has enormous power. It has controlled the economic and foreign policy objectives of the United States for the past seventy years, whether the man sitting in the White House is a Democrat or a Republican, a liberal or a conservative, a moderate or an extremist." Robertson goes on to inveigh against the tentacular Rothschilds and Warburgs. Michael Lind, who has analyzed Robertson's conspiracy theories at length, suggests that not since the days of Father Coughlin has the grassroots right been as overtly anti-Semitic as it is now.

And Farrakhan? He, too, believes all this conspiracy stuff, and thinks he's just telling it like it is. He must realize that such talk goes down well with inner-city audiences hungry for secret histories that explain how things went wrong. He turns mainstream criticism to his advantage, winning ovations by representing himself as the persecuted truth-teller. But turnabout isn't always fair play: and the fact that Farrakhan is a black American only makes his deafness to historical context all the more dismaying. Within his own lifetime, one of every three Jews on the face of the earth died at the hands of a regime suffused by the same language about nefarious Jewish influence. Ultimately, Farrakhan's anti-Semitism has the characteristics of a psychological obsession, and once in a while he shows signs of recognizing this. "I would prefer that this whole conflict would go away, in truth," he said to me. His voice sounded husky, and a little tired. "But it's like I'm locked now in a struggle. It's like both of us got a hold on each other, and each of us is filled with electricity. I can't let them go, and they can't let me go."

FARRAKHAN's peculiar mixture of insight and delusion would be a matter of mainly academic interest if it weren't for his enormous populist appeal among black Americans—an appeal that was clearly demonstrated in last fall's Million Man March. That occasion has been widely seen as an illustration both of Farrakhan's strengths and of his weaknesses. "If only somebody else had convened it," the liberal-minded are prone to say. But nobody else—not Colin Powell, not Jesse Jackson—could have.

Some of the most heartfelt tributes to the event's success are also the most grudging. There's little doubt, after all, that the Farrakhan phenomenon owes much to a vacuum of radical black leadership. (Jesse Jackson has emerged over the past decade as the leading spokesman of the American left, I submit, rather than of black America.) "We have the worst leadership in the black community since slavery," Eldridge Cleaver maintains. "Farrakhan saw that vacuum, saw nothing motivating the people, no vision being projected to the people, and he came up with the defining event for a generation of people, this Million Man March."

Timing had a lot to do with the event's success, of course. As Roger Wilkins likes to say, Newt Gingrich was one of the main organizers of the march. "If the white middle class feels it's losing ground, the black working class and unskilled working class are being slaughtered—hit by a blitzkrieg that no one notices," Wilkins points out. "And their plight is not on anyone's agenda anymore. Farrakhan supplies an answer, and an emotional discharge."

Farrakhan's people have won some real credibility in the black community. "It's as if Malcolm was having a march on Washington," Robert Moses, the civil-rights activist and education reformer, says. And Wilkins says, "Nobody else can go into the prisons and save souls to the degree that they have." "Nobody else is able to put as many neat and clean young people on the streets of the inner city as they are. You think about the fellows who are selling their papers as opposed to those fellows you see standing around the liquor stores. Their men have this enviable sense of discipline, orderliness, and human purpose." (The Nation of Islam continues to have very conservative sexual politics, and Farrakhan is vehemently anti-abortion, but he has also inveighed against domestic violence, and—in a sharp break from tradition—even named a woman to be a nation of Islam minister.) Hugh Price, the president of the National Urban League, calls the march "the largest family-values rally in the history of the United States." Indeed, another sign of its success was the number of mainstream civil-rights leaders who were present. Whatever their discomfort with Farrakhan's extremist rhetoric, they calculated that their absence might well imperil their legitimacy with the black public.

Attendance or non-attendance was a delicate decision. General Colin Powell was prominent among those blacks who decided that they could not afford to appear. When I asked Farrakhan if he would consider supporting a future Powell Presidential bid, he said, "I don't want to support anybody because he's black—I think I have outgrown the need to support somebody because of the color of his skin. What is in the best interest of our people is really in the best interest of the country. So if General Powell had an agenda that is good for the totality of our people—the American people first—and in that package is something that can lift our people, he's got our support."

Farrakhan's level of support among black Americans is vigorously debated. If you gauge his followers by the number who regularly attend mosques affiliated with the Nation of Islam and eschew lima beans and corn bread, they are not very numerous. Estimates range from twenty thousand to ten times that. On the other hand, if you go by the number of people who consider him a legitimate voice of black protest, the ranks are much larger. (In a recent poll, more than half the blacks surveyed reported a favorable impression of him.) The march was inspired by the Muslims but not populated by them. Farrakhan knows that the men who came to the march were not his religious followers. They tended to be middle class and college-educated and Christian. Farrakhan is convinced that those men came "to a march called by a man who is considered radical, extremist, anti-Semitic, anti-white" because of a yearning "to connect with the masses."

Not everyone, to be sure, was quite so deeply impressed. "This was an opportunity for the black middle class to feel this symbolic connection, but what were the solutions that were proposed, except atonement?" Angela Davis asks. Julian Bond says bluntly, "You know, that Negro didn't even vote until 1984. He's the leader in the sense that he can gather people to him, but they don't go anyplace when they leave him." And Jesse Jackson, who addressed the marchers, now views the march as fatally flawed by its failure to reach out to Capitol Hill. "The 1963 March on Washington was connected to public policy—public accommodations," he says, and notes that the result was the signing into law of the Civil Rights Act the following year. By contrast, he argues, the Million Man March had "essentially a religious theme—atonement—disconnected from public policy," so it brought no political dividends in its aftermath. "On the very next day—the very next day, *the very next day*—there was the welfare bill," he said, referring to the House and Senate conferences to work out a final draft of a bill excusing the federal government from a degree of responsibility toward the poor. "The next day was the vote on the unfair sentence guidelines. The next day was the Medicare bill," another hostile measure. "The big debates in Congress took place between that Wednesday and Thursday. And so those who were taking away our rights and attacking us did not see any connection between the gathering and public policy." The lesson he draws is straightforward: "The march was essentially disconnected from our political leadership. Any mass action must be connected to the public-policy leaders."

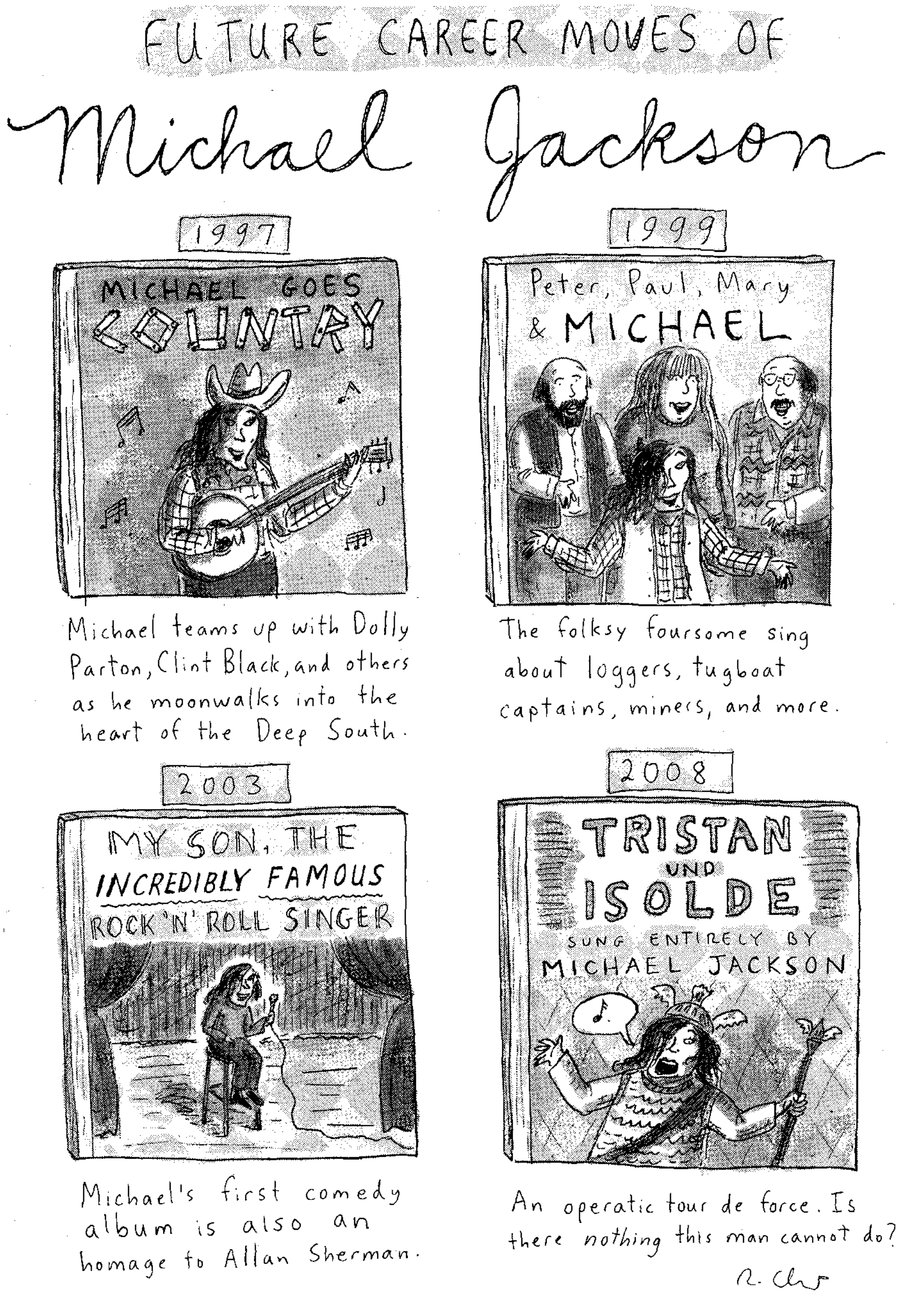
Some critics express a sense that the mass mobilization may itself be a relic of a bygone era. It was an arena where Farrakhan was able to stake a claim for mass black leadership, in part because of the near-sacralization of the 1963 precursor; but its continued political viability has not been demonstrated. Indeed, the growing fragmentation of black leadership—the irrelevance of the old-fashioned notion of a "head nigger in charge"—is one sign that an élite now exists in black America that does enjoy an unmediated relation to power. Privately, many black leaders say that Farrakhan's moment has passed. Such remarks inevitably carry an air of wishful thinking. White liberal allies sometimes worry that pressure is required to keep black leaders from being "soft on Farrakhan": in reality, no love is lost among those who would compete for the hearts and souls of black America. At the helm of the mainstream black-advocacy groups are men and women who may say conciliatory things about the Nation of Islam, but their jaws are tense and their smiles are tight. They reassure themselves that Farrakhan is bound to remain a marginal phenomenon because of his extremism. Yet the organic leaders of the disenfranchised are seldom moderate in tone; and since, from all indications, the underclass is continuing to expand, Farrakhan's natural power base will only increase.

In the months following the march, Farrakhan dropped out of public view, and he spoke of having suffered from depression, in part because he was still being misrepresented by the press. This response highlights Farrakhan's paradoxical relation to the wider public—that of a pariah who wants to be embraced. "Both Malcolm and Farrakhan had a very tough ideology but at the same time wanted a degree of public acceptance in the white community," Ron Walters, a political scientist and an adviser to Jackson, says. "To me, that's a tremendous contradiction. I don't know whether it's a personality thing or just what happens to you when you reach a certain level of prominence—that you do want a sort of universal acceptance."

Such acceptance has been elusive so far. A few weeks before the Million Man March, Farrakhan gave an interview to make it clear that when he referred to Jewish "bloodsuckers" he didn't mean Jews in particular—he meant all nonblack shopkeepers in the inner city, some of them Jewish but these days more often Koreans or Arabs. He must have found it galling when many newspapers wrested his remarks out of context, leaving the impression that he had merely repeated the original accusation: Farrakhan calls Jews bloodsuckers. Farrakhan's image also suffered when, early last year, the Chicago *Tribune* published an investigative series, by David Jackson and William Gaines, revealing financial disarray among Nation-owned businesses. Farrakhan's calls for economic self-sufficiency, it appeared, were not matched by his organization's performance.

Farrakhan hurt himself yet again, with his so-called World Friendship Tour, in

"I be off in the hood, chillin' with my homeboys, white folks!"


FUTURE CAREER MOVES OF
Michael Jackson
1997
MICHAEL GOES COUNTRY
Michael teams up with Dolly Parton, Clint Black, and others as he moonwalks into the heart of the Deep South.
1999
Peter, Paul, Mary & MICHAEL
The folksy foursome sing about loggers, tugboat captains, miners, and more.
2003
MY SON, THE INCREDIBLY FAMOUS ROCK 'N' ROLL SINGER
Michael's first comedy album is also an homage to Allan Sherman.
2008
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE SUNG ENTIRELY BY MICHAEL JACKSON
An operatic tour de force. Is there *nothing* this man cannot do?
R. Chst

January and February. He claims that his decision to make this trip to Third World capitals was a matter of divine inspiration, but it isn't hard to imagine human motivations as well. Public figures who feel that they have been badly used by the local papers often find that solace awaits them in admiring throngs overseas: call it the Jerry Lewis syndrome. Besides, how better to shore up your position as the leader of black America than by being received as such by foreign potentates?

The domestic fallout, however, has lingered. Even many of those who supported Farrakhan were chagrined to find him holding friendly meetings with some of the world's worst dictators: Nigeria's Sani Abacha, Libya's Muammar Qaddafi, Zaire's Mobutu, and Sudan's Omar al-Bashir. Ron Walters observes, "He gave all those people who wanted an opportunity not to have to deal with him the golden reason. The tremendous political capital of the march had been dissipated." Black nationalists were among those who were the most horrified. Molefi Kete Asante, the Afrocentric scholar, says, "What Farrakhan did, in my judgment, was to take the legitimacy of the march and put it in his back pocket, and march around to these terrible governments, as if somehow he were the leader of a million black people. That upset me."

It is a sore subject with Farrakhan. Sure, he met with dictators, he said to me, but when you are dealing with atonement, sin, and reconciliation you don't travel to the blameless. "It's all right for Jesse to sit down with George Wallace in Alabama and for them to pray together—and there's applause," he went on. "But I can't go sit down with my brother who is a sinner? Nixon died a hero, but I cannot forgive a black man?" There was a surge of anger in his voice. "That's the damnable thing that I hate about this whole damned thing," he said. "If I go to a black man to retrieve him, all of a sudden I'm cavorting with a damned dictator, but Jesus could sit down with the sinners and you give him honor and credit. And Reagan can sit down with Gorbachev, and he gets honor and credit. He sits with the evil empire, but I can't sit with my own brother. To hell with you for that. That's why I am not a politician."

"Has the tour compromised the achievement of the march?" I asked him.

He sounded subdued when he said, "If I lost momentum, I believe it's only temporary."

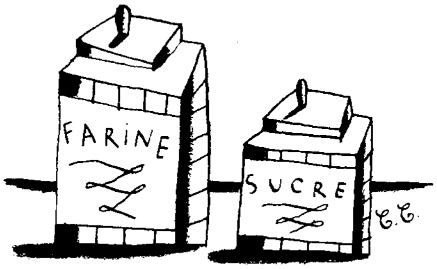
FARRAKHAN lays much stress on the imagery of dialogue and conciliation these days. Certainly the Farrakhan I met was a model of civility and courtesy. I was reminded of Eric Lincoln's account of the last couple of visits he had paid to Farrakhan at his home: "Louie insisted on getting down on his hands and knees on the floor to take my shoes off. You know, I'm overweight and it's a difficult task to get shoes and socks off. And so Louis said, 'I will do that.' And I said, 'No, no.' And Louis said, 'No, I want to do it.' He took my shoes off and rubbed my feet to get the blood circulating."

If the Farrakhan phenomenon remains disquieting, the man himself seems oddly, jarringly vulnerable. I met someone who was eager, even hungry, for conversation; someone of great intelligence who seemed intellectually lonely. In fiery speeches before packed auditoriums, Farrakhan speaks of plots against his life, and does so in alarmingly messianic tones. ("I don't care nothing about my life," he told his audience on Saviour's Day in 1995, his voice breaking. "It's *your* life that I want to save!") To me he spoke of his mortality in a quieter mode. He spoke movingly of watching the funeral of Yitzhak Rabin—about the tragedy of a wise and tempered elder statesman assassinated by a callow extremist. He spoke about having a growing appreciation for compromise, about coming to see the value in the positions of his ideological antagonists within the civil-rights tradition. And he told me about a fight of his own, against prostate cancer, over the past several years.

"At first, it was frightening to me—how could I have cancer? I've eaten well, I've tried to live clean. Then I fasted and I prayed and I went into the desert, and after a month I went and had an M.R.I. and one of those rectal ultrasounds, and all they could find was a little scar." He paused, and added quietly, "But then it came back." He looks in splendid health: he is sixty-three, and his skin remains soft and almost unlined. He recently made a health-and-exercise video, which shows him going through an arduous regimen of weight-training. And he *is* remarkably fit. He has undergone seed-implantation radiation-therapy for his cancer, and remains optimistic about the results. "I've never had to take a pain pill, and I hope and pray that God will bless me ultimately to overcome it. At least, all accounts up to date, the P.S.A."—the blood-screening test for prostate cancer—"has been normal. And so I'm going on with my life, but warning all of us that this is such a hell of a killer of our people. And when you reach your early forties, many of us won't like somebody poking around in our rectum, but we have to encourage our young men and our middle-aged brothers, and the population as a whole, to do that for themselves, because all we have is our health."

We all know that the world isn't divided between saints and sinners. And yet the private Farrakhan's very humanness—those traits of kindness, concern, humor—makes his paranoia all the more disconcerting. He rails against the way the mainstream has demonized him, and yet he refuses to renounce the anti-Semitic conspiracy theories that have made him anathema: to him, it would be like denying the law of gravity. And so he is trapped, immobilized by his contradictory desires. His ongong calls for dialogue are seemingly heartfelt; he genuinely wants a seat at the table, craves the legitimation of power. Yet he will not engage in the compromises and concessions that true dialogue requires. He cannot afford to. This is a man whose political identity is constituted by antagonism to the self-image of America. To moderate his stance of unyielding opposition would be to destroy the edifice he has spent his life constructing. Moreover, Farrakhan knows that there are people around him whose militancy puts his to shame. Some of them are former lieutenants of his in the Nation of Islam, such as Khalid Muhammad, whom Farrakhan suspended after judging him to have been *too* intemperate in his public pronouncements. Others have established an independent base of support, such as Silas Muhammad, another Elijah loyalist who split with the organization, and whose sect is now based in Atlanta. For leaders whose appeal is based on intransigence, outrage, and wrath, there is always the danger of being outflanked by those even more intransigent, more outrageous, more wrathful. This, in part, is why Farrakhan could not truly atone even at his own day of atonement.

IN the end, however, it isn't Farrakhan but Farrakhan's following that demands explanation. We might start by admitting the moral authority that black nationalism commands even among those blacks who ostensibly disapprove of it. In the village where I grew up, there was a Holiness Church, where people spoke in tongues and fell down in religious ecstasy. It was not my church; my family and I shunned the Pentecostal fervor. And yet, on some level, we believed it to be the real thing, realer than our own, more temperate Episcopal services. It was the place to go if you really needed something—if you got desperately sick, say—because the Holy Ghost lived there. (There are Reform Jews who admit to a similar attitude toward their Hasidic brethren.) In this same vein, the assimilated black American, who lives in Scarsdale and drives a Lexus, responds to Farrakhan and Farrakhanism as a presence at once threatening and exhilarating, dismaying and cathartic. Though blackness isn't exactly a religion, it has become invested with a quasi-religious structure. Black nationalism is a tradition extending at least back to Martin R. Delany, in the nineteenth century. Cross it with the black messianic tradition—which spawned the legendary likes of Father Divine, Daddy Grace, and Prophet Jones—and you have the Nation of Islam.



Hard as it is to take stock of the organization's membership, it's harder to take stock of Farrakhan's place in the mind of black America. For his dominion is, in a sense, a dominion of metaphor, which is to say that it is at once factitious and factual. The political theorist Benedict Anderson has defined nations as "imagined communities," and the black nation is even more imaginary than most. We know that thirty-six million sepia Americans do not a collective make, but in our minds we sometimes insist upon it.

The Million Man March had all the hallmarks of a watershed event, yet a march is not a movement. I asked Farrakhan at one point what the country would look like if, by magic, he could turn his hopes into reality. The answer he gave me was long and meandering, but it centered on things like "revamping the educational system" to make it less Eurocentric—proposals of the sort debated by the New York State Board of Regents, rather than something that was radically transformative in any obvious way.

That was, in a sense, the most dismaying response I'd heard all day. Farrakhan is a man of visions. Just weeks before the march, he told congregants in a Washington, D.C., church about the "Mother Wheel"—a heavily armed spaceship the size of a city, which will rain destruction upon white America but save those who embrace the Nation of Islam. ("Ezekiel saw the wheel, way up in the middle of the air," in the words of the old spiritual.) What gave me pause was the realization that such visions coexist in Farrakhan's mind with a real poverty of—well, vision, which is to say a broader conception of the human future.

Farrakhan is a man of unhealthy fixations, but the reciprocal fixation on Farrakhan that you find in the so-called mainstream is a sign of our own impoverished political culture. Thirteen decades have passed since Emancipation, and half of our black men between twenty-four and thirty-five are without full-time employment. One black man graduates from college for every hundred who go to jail. Almost half of black children live in poverty. People say that Farrakhan is now the leading voice of black rage in America. One day, America will realize it got off easy. ♦

ANNALS OF SHOW BUSINESS

A CROSSOVER STAR

Angela Bassett has cool Yale technique and loves to play struggling women. How has her success changed the way we look at black actresses?

BY HILTON ALS

WHAT do black women want? And what does Hollywood want black women to be? To both questions, Angela Bassett is a potential answer. So far, the thirty-seven-year-old actress has portrayed Malcolm X's embattled but noble wife, Betty Shabazz, in Spike Lee's "X." She has impersonated Michael Jackson's long-suffering but noble and religious mother, Katherine, in the television series "The Jacksons: An American Dream." She has also been nominated for an Oscar, for her portrayal of Ike Turner's battered but indomitable and noble wife, Tina, in Brian Gibson's "What's Love Got to Do with It." And, in recent months, she has been seen as the embittered but noble and stylish Bernadine in the film version of the novelist Terry McMillan's "Waiting to Exhale"—a film that, despite its questionable artistic merit, was Twentieth Century Fox's most successful Christmas release, not least because of the emotional identification that black women across the country felt for "Exhale" 's four long-suffering, religious, and stylish black female characters.

"Those sisters who loved the movie gave 'Exhale' parties," says the actress Loretta Devine, who, as the overweight, religious, and pleasure-seeking Gloria Johnson, achieves what is arguably the film's finest performance. "They rented out theatres in small towns. They grab me on the street. But when I go to see casting people out in L.A. it's like they never saw the film—like they can't face the fact that the story of four black girls did well."

This is not entirely the case when casting agents and directors focus on Bassett. While she has yet to account for a film's financial success, her dignified, alert, and earnestly emotive screen presence does generate audience sympathy. And she appeals especially to that segment of the moviegoing public (black women, white housewives, lesbians, and married men) who are not just fetishizing her striking upper-body musculature but are responding to the subtext of her performances—a subtext that includes her struggle to reinvent Hollywood's view of black women as something other than wisecracking or doleful martyrs, their hair stiff with brilliantine and the funk of subjugation.

Even so, one of the reasons for the film industry's interest in Bassett—and the reason that she's the only black actress the industry supports besides Whoopi Goldberg, who doesn't count, since Whoopi Goldberg is an industry unto herself—is her blackness. It is a blackness that doesn't threaten, because Bassett's somewhat strident self-respect satisfies the industry's moral yearnings. Bassett is not loud; she does not dismiss her male co-stars with lines like "Nigger, please!"; she is not a menacing or haughty Negress who projects her disdain by rolling her eyes. She is not too idiosyncratic. She is not fat. "Onscreen, she's Anita Hill," a friend once observed. This may explain the blank, kind face that producers and agents and writers and directors reflexively put on when they're asked to discuss Bassett, who lives in Los Angeles, where the trend is political correctness in all things—as was evidenced last year by Disney's frantic search for a "real" Native American actress to be the speaking voice behind its cartoon image of Pocahontas.

AS a by now commodified spectacle, Bassett faces an interesting but thorny public question; to wit, how black is Angela Bassett? In conversation, she indulges in many forms of black American colloquial speech, in the accents of her native St. Petersburg, Florida—"Mm-hmm," "Girlfriend," "You know what I'm sayin'?"—and with a jocularity that her formidable control doesn't allow her to show onscreen, where she often portrays characters who never refer to their ethnicity in the company of white people (and hence of the camera). "Now, y'all *know* I can speak proper English," Bassett joked when I met her. "I'm *ed*-u-cated. My mama would be shocked to hear me speaking in this down-home way to a *journalist*. But I'm so *comfy*."

In her acting, Bassett does not project comfort. She received her M.F.A. in theatre from the Yale School of Drama in 1983 (after giving up on business as an undergraduate there, because, as she explained to me, she couldn't subdue statistics), and she has mannered, cool technique. This, combined with her enticing black-girl looks (dusky skin; perky nose; heart-shaped mouth with full but moderate lips; sharp, slanted eyes), accounts for her daunting screen persona. She is an anomaly in an industry that for the past hundred years has been persistent in its construction of the black girl as Something Freaky or Something Else. "You have to let those titties fly if you want the cameras to roll" is how the black actress and singer Diahnne Abbott once put it to me. Bassett has never been a vide-ho, a gangsta bitch, or a homegirl. She has enough clout to have scripts and various other projects that were originally written for white stars "reconceptualized" for her, because, as her manager, Doug Chapin, told me, "she has the ability not only to portray emotions, which a lot of good actors have, but to have the audience experience them with her."

Bassett is the first black American actress to become a generically attractive crossover star since the seventies, when Diana Ross was, as Jamaica Kincaid once wrote, "the last of the black white girls." And, as a black female star who

Angela Bassett: "I'm a princess, but a nice princess." Photograph by Max Vadukul.

acts, Bassett redefines what a black diva is. She is no longer someone who just sings or tap-dances or dopes or flips out on white people when she feels like it. ("I'm a princess, but a *nice* princess," Bassett says.) Bassett's distance makes some white actresses of her generation look foolish, overwrought, and *plain*, partly because what will always make black female performers startling onscreen is their physical difference from white women. "I'm not a big fan of the silly-white-girl 'Tee-hee, can I give you head?' school of acting," she says, with a deep laugh. "When I look at someone acting, I want to *learn* somthing."

Her co-star in "What's Love Got to Do with It," the sexually compelling Laurence Fishburne, says, "She's one of the great actresses to come along in the last twenty-five years. Race is *not* an issue." But one filmmaker I talked to had a more complex view. "Listen, Angela Bassett is *pretty*," he told me. "Movie stars aren't about acting—certainly not anymore. They're about models who speak their lines. If Angela didn't do her whole black-woman-struggle thing, she'd be another blonde winning an Oscar. But because she's pretty and an excellent actress and *black* the Hollywood guys are forced to see her differently. Her presence preys on liberal guilt."

Despite her perceived integrity within the film industry, Bassett is still a performer; she can't always control how she's used, and has not escaped being made stereotypical on occasion. In Mary J. Blige's video for the current hit song "Not Gon' Cry," from the "Waiting to Exhale" soundtrack (which has sold almost four million copies to date), images from Bassett's performance in the film are edited to make her look like a righteous black bitch. But when I first saw "Exhale" this past winter, it was her character's anger over her husband's leaving her for a white woman (and his not marching in Washington to atone for anything) that elicited the loudest cheers from the audience, made up largely of black females. They were in love with Bassett's ability to express something other than depression.

THE idea of Hollywood—and the reality of the studio system—came from Jews (Goldwyn, Mayer, the Warner brothers), for whom assimilation, which was possible in the West, became the social goal. Blacks who appeared in films during the early days of the studio system—women like Hattie McDaniel and Butterfly McQueen and Louise Beavers—bore the burden of ethnicity as taboo, not only for blacks but for the Jewish moguls, who wanted to lampoon the pain their own ethnicity had caused them. The Mammy was "My Yiddische Mama" in blackface. Dorothy Dandridge was a *goyische* dream made even more forbidden because she was black. Cicely Tyson was the embodiment of thirties leftist Jewish politics—a dignified integrationist, poor but articulate. Diahann Carroll was the idea of integration made banal. And Whoopi Goldberg's name—along with aspects of her public and private persona—represented the loopy convergence of New York Jewish humor and black sass.

But, despite film history, Bassett went to Hollywood in 1988 to start a career in the movies. She was possessed of a bright-eyed faith that attracted people in the industry (the spiritual if not actual progeny of immigrants), and her unthreatening ambition confirmed the industry's notion of itself as something worth aspiring to—an immigrant's Valhalla. Bassett says, "New York actors would say, 'I'm not going until they call.' It occurred to me they don't do that for black girls. They're gonna fly *you* from New York, house you, give you a per diem, provide you with a chauffeur? *That* could take forever. I think I've got to go there and beat on the door like the woman who beat on the door of the judge's chamber until he got sick of it and said, 'What do you want?!' And she said, 'Let me in here.' And that's what I did."

Her first big role was in John Singleton's "Boyz N the Hood," a film that impressed critics and studio executives alike, because it created a new genre—the extended hip-hop video with a narrative, featuring cranky black girls sporting elaborate Nefertiti-like hairdos. The plot, such as it was, concerned black-male inner-city angst (and guns) and black inner-city sexual tension (and guns). In "Boyz," Bassett effectively portrayed a mother who aspired to the middle class while trying to stay "real"; she was especially imperious and charming in a scene with Fishburne, where she commanded him to "sit your ass down," and then said, "Now it's my time to talk. . . . Don't think you're special. You may be cute, but you're not special." (Pause.) "Drink your café au lait; it's on me."

"Angela is a down woman and actress, but I would say she never plays stereotypes," Forest Whitaker, who directed "Exhale," says. "I always wanted her for Bernadine. Angela's a very real African-American woman." Neither Whitaker nor any of Bassett's other directors could say what, exactly, constitutes a real black performance. Terry McMillan says, "We have a different kind of vulnerability. Angela's aura is about dignity and pride." She adds, "But I do think she needs to do a comedy. To loosen up." In any case, Bassett appeared in "Malcolm X," "The Jacksons," and "What's Love Got to Do with It" in relatively rapid succession. "Back to back, Angela got all three roles that every black actress in America wanted," recalls Loretta Devine, a Michael Bennett alumna and "Dreamgirls" star. "You could hate her if you weren't working yourself."

IT is hard to conceive of "Waiting to Exhale" 's being made before Angela Bassett became Angela Bassett. "I like the underdog, women who struggle," Bassett says, and "Waiting to Exhale" essentially divided Bassett's black-lordy-lord-struggling-woman screen presence into four characters. Each was shot badly; indeed, Bassett, Whitney Houston, Devine, and Lela Rochon were all shot as if they had the same skin tone—as if the cinematographer and the director hadn't seen them as separate women at all.

But Bassett survived "Waiting to Exhale" (just as she has survived other recent artistic disasters, like Wes Craven's "A Vampire in Brooklyn," and financial disasters, like Kathryn Bigelow's "Strange Days") because of the indelible impression her performance as Tina Turner had made. In terms of audience appeal—and despite a mediocre script, bad styling, and amateurish direction—Bassett's performance can be compared to Diana Ross's in "Lady Sings the Blues," an equally bad film. Like Ross, Bassett was forced past her parameters: she transcended the rigidity of her training and appeared to express emotion without thinking. A lot of white women took a kind of masochistic delight in how Bassett-as-Turner coped with a dose of male brutality and emerged as a star rather than a feminist. (The comedian Sandra Bernhard expresses this best in Martin Scorsese's "King of Comedy," where, as a rich, hysterically cloistered Jewish girl, she literally captures the object of her affection; as he sits tied up before her, she says, "I want to be black. I wish I was Tina Turner dancing through the room—'Wooo!' ")

Nevertheless, "What's Love" was not an entirely pleasant experience for Bassett. "The film had to come out during the time of Tina's world tour, so we were rushed," Bassett recalls. "That meant I was working twenty hours a day, which I can. But you need a little stroke every once in a while. If it hadn't been for Laurence Fishburne saying 'The girl almost fell asleep on the road getting to the set—can you-all get her a driver?' and my girlfriend Pam Tyson coming to my trailer and giving me two minutes to get it all out—scream, cry—and saying 'You ain't gonna quit now, is you?' . . . Of course, we *don't* quit. Can't. So you catch your breath. Then you got to deal with the director saying, 'Tina's ass is higher than yours, could you do something about it?' "

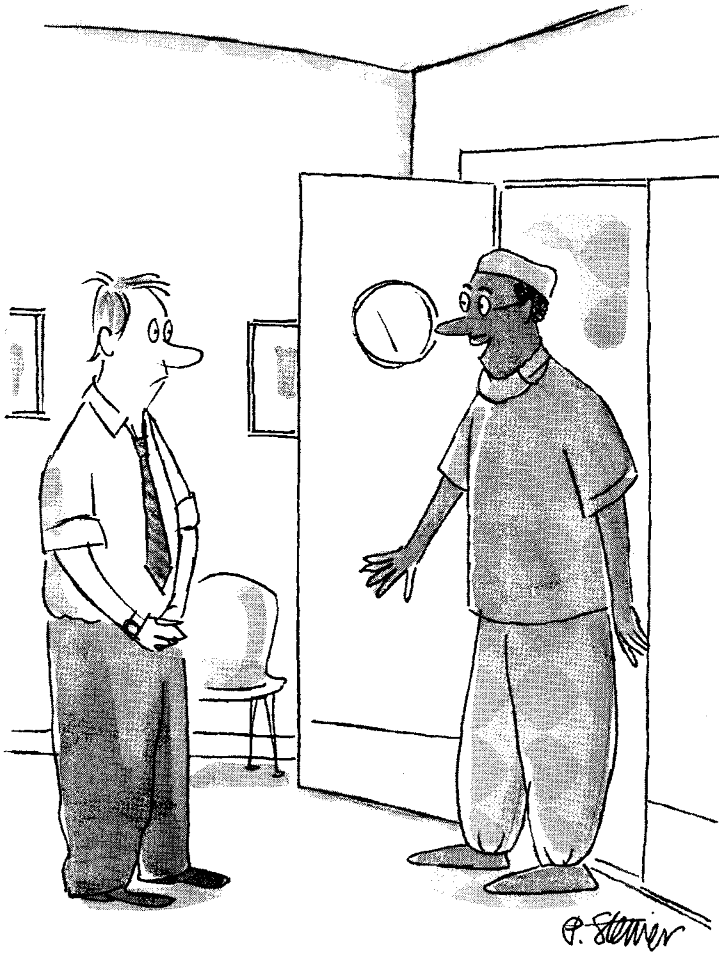
When the film was released, many of the posters didn't show Tina Turner—and by extension, Angela Bassett—as black but as a line drawing floating in white space. Apparently, Turner's race (and Angela Bassett's considerably darker skin) might have dissuaded white moviegoers from seeing the film. "Marketing people, they're some other kind of people," Bassett says, nearly smiling.

BASSETT and her older sister, D'nette, were raised by their single mother in a housing project in St. Petersburg, where everyone helped watch the girls while Mrs. Bassett was out working for the state's juvenile-welfare board. "My mother and father met in Harlem," Bassett says. "I hope he's in Heaven now. When it didn't work out between them, she went back to Florida. You know, as a young girl, I couldn't have too much fun. My mother pushed." Bassett explains that her mother didn't want her daughters duplicating any aspect of her single-mother experience. She encouraged them to succeed in areas where she'd once had ambitions of her own ("She's melodramatic," Bassett says), and instilled their drive toward excellence with comments such as "I don't have any average children."

Like most black women who grew up in matriarchal households, Bassett has her strongest alliances with other black women, especially actresses who, as her close friend the actress Pamala Tyson puts it, "don't pose a threat to one another." In the mid-eighties, Bassett and Tyson met regularly with Cheryl Rogers and Kim Staunton to have what they called Girlfriend Nights. They would cook and hang out and laugh; they were essentially having pre-"Waiting to Exhale" parties. And one thing they had in common, like the women in "Exhale," was their religious faith. "We all came from a Christian background," Tyson says. "We're not afraid to put Him first." She goes on, "It was interesting. We almost never talked about the industry or bashed the industry. It was a relief not to talk about it."

Tyson, who was in "What's Love" and has appeared in the film "Seven" and a number of theatre pieces, seems more alert to the machinations of the film industry than Bassett, who maintains an almost defensive innocence toward most things (including her romantic life, about which she is so discreet it seems a nonsubject). "Angie is shy and I'm not," Tyson says, laughing. "At the end of the day, you better have your friend to watch your back, 'cause Twentieth Century Fox and Warner Brothers don't."

IN black Hollywood, everyone who works—Bassett, Fishburne, Devine, Ving Rhames—is a sibling. And the protectiveness that the actors and directors feel toward one another has everything to do with learning how to survive the insults inherent in being asked, at some point, in that distinctly visual business, to modify their Negro features for the camera. If you are not Whitney Houston, you are, in effect, too dark, or your ass is too big. "Physical is what they think of first, all the time," Bassett says of white shortsightedness. But Bassett's



"It's a baby. Federal regulations prohibit our mentioning its race, age, or gender."

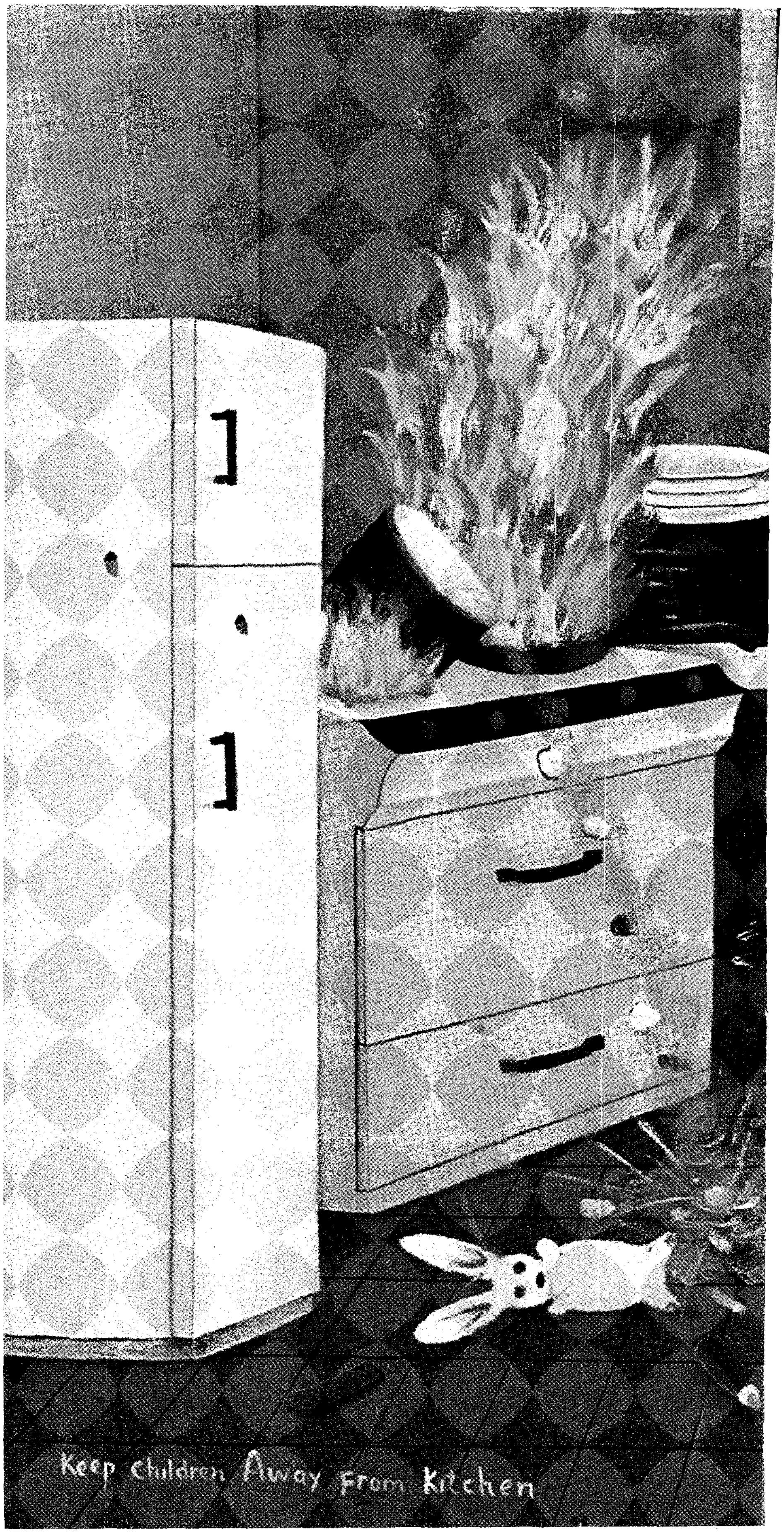
image now qualifies as a model for palatable blackness.

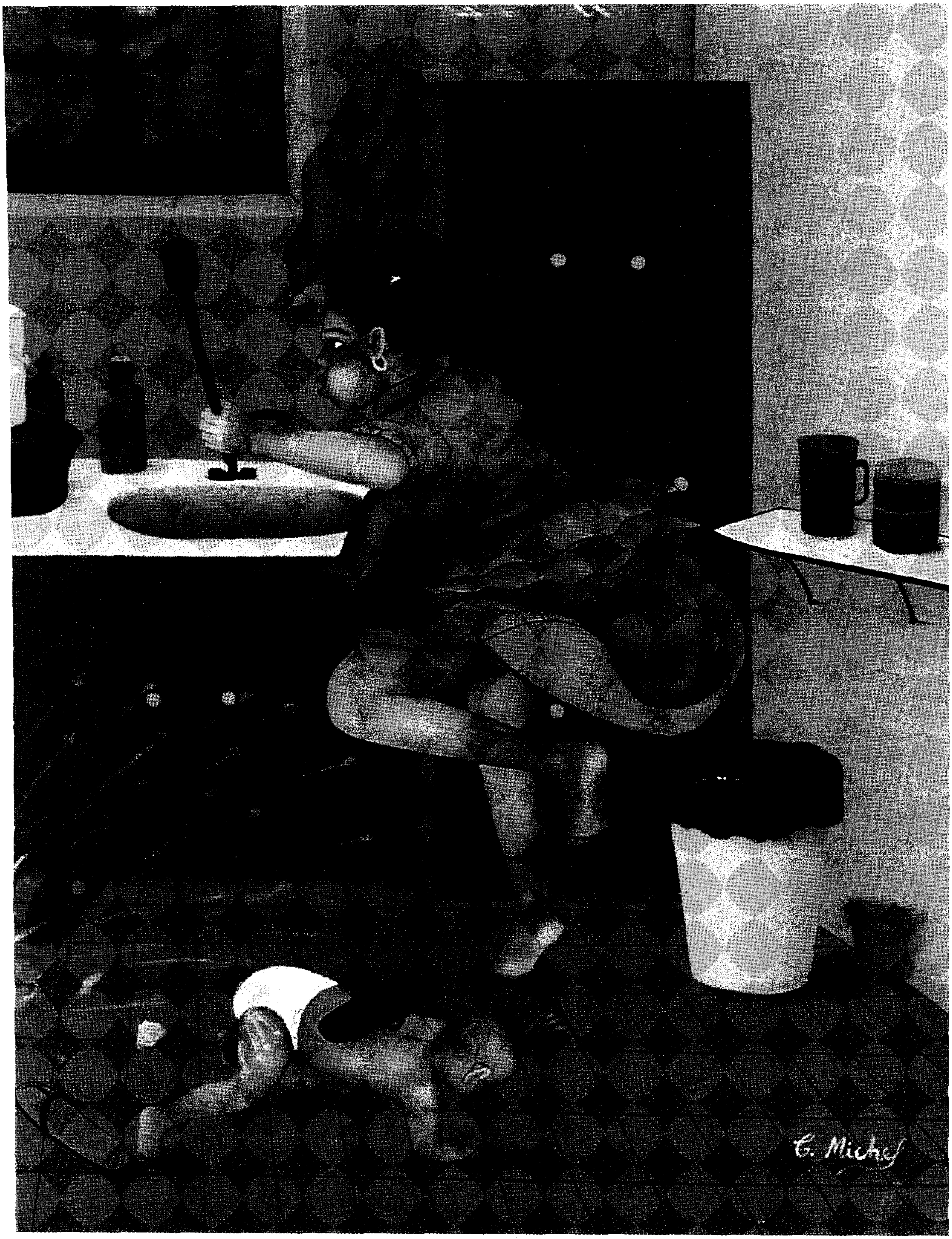
In the meantime, she is aware that "the air is mighty thin at the top of the mountain." So she prays. She prays for the black women who go to see her in the movies; she prays for better parts; she prays to maintain her close and intuitive working relationship with Laurence Fishburne, with whom she would like to do "Macbeth." Just now, she is beginning to think about producing her own projects, but she doesn't see herself as a script doctor, and, in her guilelessness, can rarely attach a director's name to a film. ("You got to give me an actor's name. Now, I *like* 'Babe'!") But Bassett's innocence has clearly been a means of survival, too. "My auntie, whom I respect a great deal, told me not to waste a Yale education on theatre," Bassett recalls. "She said, 'I watch television. There's nobody that looks like you on TV on a regular basis. And eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner is regular. Shelter is regular.' But my mother said, 'I don't care what you do! No matter what! Just learn something. It'll be all right. You just wake up and open your ears, you're going to learn something.' " ♦

HOME SAFETY

The forty-six-year-old artist Christian Michel offers a self-appraisal that is both disarming in its straightforwardness and transparently true: "My paintings are well made, beautiful, and colorful." Anyone have a problem with that? Michel, who now lives in Philadelphia, left Haiti a decade and a half ago, and, in addition to his paintings on the theme of home safety, he has based a series on events in Haitian history ("battle scenes with shooting, people fighting with machetes and getting bloody, a lot of emotion") and another on slave life. He has a personal, almost mystical relationship with the people he paints. About the picture at right, he says, "I hope that mother learns her lesson. Now she knows—children shouldn't be in the kitchen. Everyone who sees the painting will know that it's true."

Painting by Christian Michel


Keep Children Away From Kitchen


G. Michel

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

HAVING THEIR SAY

The all-black town of Boley, Oklahoma, may be in decline, but the beliefs that brought it into being are still fiercely held.

BY SCOTT L. MALCOMSON

VELMA DOLPHIN ASHLEY has lived in the all-black town of Boley, Oklahoma, most of her long life. Her father, Lewis Dolphin, had come there, from Beatrice, Alabama, in 1907 to get away from white people. Mr. Dolphin was an uncompromising man. "You were supposed to be independent," Mrs. Ashley tells me. "You weren't supposed to bow to anybody." Boley, when Mr. Dolphin moved his family there, was one of about twenty-five all-black towns in what would become Oklahoma; back then, it was still a territory. Booker T. Washington had visited Boley and had written that it represented "a wholesome desire to do something to make the race respected; something which shall demonstrate the right of the negro, not merely as an individual, but as a race, to have a worthy and permanent place in the civilization that the American people are creating." This may have been what Mr. Dolphin had in mind. Then again, Mr. Dolphin's feelings might be more accurately inferred from a newspaper article designed to attract blacks to Boley. It began with a simple question—"Have you ever experienced complete freedom?"—and went on to explain the nature of Boley as a town "of superior culture . . . where your supreme thoughts can be put into action without any fear of hesitancy." Some inhabitants of all-black towns saw them as a place for collective racial uplift, others as an opportunity for individual achievement. Most people probably wanted something of both.

Velma Ashley lives in a comfortable, well-kept house that stands across the street from Boley's public school. Come July, Mrs. Ashley will be eighty-six. Sitting on the piano bench in her living room, hands in her lap, back straight, ankles crossed, she looks as if she hasn't bowed to anybody in her life—unlike her father, who had lived in Beatrice as the property of his own father. Mr. Dolphin never did tell Mrs. Ashley her grandfather's name. "Whenever I would ask him about it," she says, in her formal, deliberate voice, "something would always come up, so that he couldn't go into it. But I also sensed that he didn't want to go into it." Born around 1855, he was freed at the age of eight or nine. Until his death, Mr. Dolphin referred to his father, when the subject came up, as "the Master" or "my Master."

His mother was married to a Mr. Stallworth, whom her son did not like. When Mr. Dolphin was thinking about a family name for himself, he happened to be travelling by train to Mobile for his employer. "He looked out, you know, across the tracks, and he saw a big sign on a boxcar. He saw the word 'dolphin.' And he took it, because he didn't want to be a Stallworth. And when he got back to Beatrice he got on his horse and went to Monroeville, which was the county seat, and established his name."

Mr. Dolphin began to raise a family in Beatrice, but by the turn of the century he was worrying about the fate of his children. The Klan was active, lynchings were common, and Mr. Dolphin had done well enough so that his sons had horses to ride just for fun. "Whites," Mrs. Ashley says, "felt 'niggers' weren't supposed to ride horses of their own for pleasure." When Mr. Dolphin heard about Boley, he came.

Mrs. Ashley has spent nearly all her life separate from the white world, and has devoted herself to uplifting her race in the way she has thought proper. Boley came closest to fulfilling her dreams—and those of Booker T. Washington—when Mrs. Ashley was still in her youth, before cotton went into its long decline as a cash crop, before urbanization drew ever more people away, before the interstate turned the towns along Highway 62 into relics. She taught for decades at the town's school—mainly English, though also history—and she was even superintendent for a while, as was her late husband. Most of Boley's children were at some point educated in Mrs. Ashley's classroom.

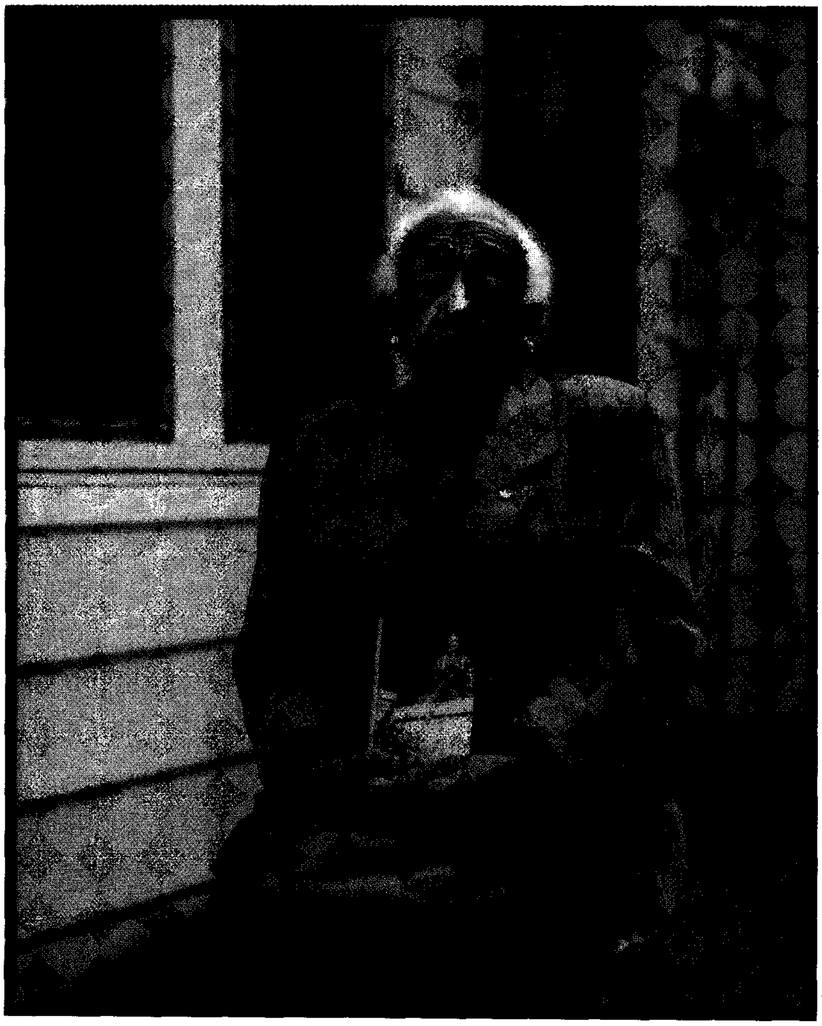
In an all-black town, "you grow up with a better appreciation of yourself," she says. "We were never told to sit in the back of the room, or to stand behind white people." Now, however, Mrs. Ashley thinks that Boley is suffering from its racial isolation, because black people don't have the same "background" that white people do—the same self-esteem and social discipline. "Somewhere along the line, we have, to use an expression of yesteryear, missed the boat." Children grow up without fathers; students don't apply themselves to studying the sorts of things Mrs. Ashley taught, like Chaucer and the Gettysburg Address. Black people, she says, used to have rules—rules her parents taught her, such as "every girl should have one good white dress and one good black one." But today "the basic things are not being taught, and I'm hoping that they still do it in the white communities."

"Maybe they do," I say. "I don't know. There are millions and millions of white people."

"I mean," she says, somewhat scoldingly, "just generally speaking."

BOLEY is distinguished by a certain laconic humor. Years ago, the town poet, Uncle Jesse, sang, "Oh, 'tis a pretty country / And the Negroes own it, too / With not a single white man here / To tell us what to do—in Boley." The humor has taken on a harder edge with time, to judge by the title of an oral-history video made by Charles (Chip) Coleman, the current president of Boley's Chamber of Commerce: "I'm Not Dead." Boley once had a population of more than five thousand. Now it's down near five hundred—if you don't count residents of the nearby prison or of the state-subsidized "boarding houses" for people who can't take care of themselves. These are about the only white folks one sees in Boley.

The prison and the boarding houses are the town's leading employers, along with Smokaroma, a small manufacturer of barbecue and hamburger cookers owned by Maurice Lee, Jr., who comes from an old Boley family. Mr. Lee, a trim, businesslike man, says that Boley is working to attract retirees and expand tourism. He is keenly aware that his town has seen better days, and that its young people tend to leave; sardonically, he quotes an old adage, "The white man's ice is colder." But, he points out, Boley is still doing better than Castle, a nearly empty white town six miles east. One should note that when young people leave Boley they go to Oklahoma City or to California, and not to Castle, where the ice is, if anything, warmer. But Boleyites tend to see economics in racial terms.



Velma Ashley on growing up in Boley: "We were never told to sit in the back of the room, or to stand behind white people."

ASHKAN SAHIHI

One afternoon, I was driven around Boley by Theodore Roosevelt McCormick, an athletic octogenarian and lifelong entrepreneur, who owns various interests including the local motel, which might be described as open on request. He put up many of Boley's postwar buildings and graded many of its roads. To enter Boley from Highway 62, you cross a stream and drive uphill onto the main street, passing, on the left, the tiny city hall/police station/firehouse. As you near the crest, on the right is a corner where the three-story Masonic lodge once stood: the pride of Boley and a site for conventions bringing together blacks from all over Oklahoma. (It burned down in the nineteen-fifties.) On the left you pass what was the first black bank in Oklahoma, the Farmers & Merchants Bank. The bank is closed, as are the two other lending institutions that financed Boley in better times.

As we inched around town in his car, Mr. McCormick pointed out parts of Boley that have been overrun by new-growth forest. It takes about twenty to thirty years for forest to reclaim emptied land, he said. Some of the former homes, which now have vines creeping over them and trees in what were once sitting rooms, had clearly been grand. "All through here was houses," Mr. McCormick would say. When we nosed back onto the main street and headed down toward the highway, Mr. McCormick told me that the street had once been full of commercial buildings, with not one empty lot. Now if you hit the main street at the right time of day you might not see a soul—just the image of a place that used to be.

Mr. McCormick is a relative of Abigail Barnett McCormick, on whose land Boley was founded, just after the turn of the century. She was a Creek freedwoman, which is to say that her people had been slaves of the Creek Indians. The Creeks acquired this territory in the nineteenth century, after they were forced from their ancestral lands in Alabama and Georgia. Blacks first came to what was then called Indian Territory as slaves of resettled Indians. In the years after Emancipation, they, like all tribe members, were allotted lands as part of the federal government's effort to eliminate collective landownership and further what it considered to be the civilizing process.

The town came to be named Boley—as Mrs. Ashley and other Boleyites tell the story—because of a disagreement between two white employees of the Fort Smith & Western railroad, a Mr. Moore and a Mr. Boley. The railroad needed towns at least every ten miles along its line to insure that it would have an adequate water supply. The land between the white towns of Paden and Castle, however, was populated by the families of former Indian slaves. Mr. Moore believed that blacks couldn't run a town responsibly, and opposed recognizing a black town, whereas Mr. Boley believed that blacks deserved a chance to prove they could govern themselves. So the town was named Boley. As Mrs. Ashley says, the railroad figured that whites "were close enough, in Paden and Castle, if things went wrong."

Blacks (and whites) began arriving in Oklahoma in large numbers during and after the Great Stampede of 1889. Black leaders organized to put blacks in each of the territory's districts, in the hope that when the time came for Oklahoma to join the Union it would be admitted as a majority-black state; that is why the territory acquired so many all-black towns so quickly. Oklahoma's whites, however, were set against this strategy, and by 1891 blacks were already being expelled from some areas. When Oklahoma achieved statehood, in 1907, just months after the Dolphins arrived from the South, the new legislature's first act was to segregate transportation and waiting rooms. Oklahoma remained segregated until 1965.

The Klan was very active in Oklahoma, particularly during the nineteen-twenties, and particularly in areas such as Tulsa, where blacks and whites lived near each other. But Boley, according to Mrs. Ashley, never had any trouble with the Klan. "We have never been bothered by Klansmen," she says. Why? "Because they *wanted* all the Negroes to get together"—and to keep to themselves.

MRS. ASHLEY tells me that her father could pass for white but always told his children not to think they were special as a result. He refused, she emphasizes, to enter whites-only places. "They wouldn't know he wasn't white, but he wouldn't do it," she says proudly. "He wouldn't go in, because I couldn't go with him." His children came in many shades. They were all teased, as children, because their father looked white, living in a town where, as Booker T. Washington wrote, "no white man has ever let the sun go down upon him."

Mrs. Ashley has a photograph of her father. She brings it out for me to see, along with one that demonstrates the range of her siblings' skin tones. I look hard at Mr. Dolphin, an elderly, upright man in overalls—he farmed all his life—standing on a porch. Even in old age, he appears physically powerful, his shoulders and chest thick. Does he look black, or white? The picture is a bit fuzzy. I lean forward over the coffee table the better to see his stern face. I look at his nose, to see if it is broader . . . but I can't do this, and sit back up and look away from Mr. Dolphin.

Booker T. Washington thought that blacks would best develop toward civilization if they were apart from whites. He also believed that most of human civilization was the creation of white people. Mrs. Ashley has shared these beliefs, but, having lived most of her life away from whites, she no longer believes that separatism is viable. And so Boley needs white people. "I think that would help more than anything I see right now," she says, for she feels that being around only blacks can be a "handicap." White children would introduce more competition into the school, she explains, and white people know about history and politics and medicine. She says that she could clear a room of her black colleagues at the school by bringing up such topics. "The only person who would stand around and talk to me about it was the history teacher." White people listen to classical music, not the "ugly music" she hears in Boley. (She particularly dislikes the music at the Baptist church she attends, which is one of seven churches in Boley. Music should be played "as it's written," but the pianist is always "jazzing it up.")

White people, however, have nothing to learn from black people, she believes. "I can understand why there are white people who don't want to be bothered with black people. I can understand that. Because I know what we have to offer, and if you're going to have to stop and teach me along the way you won't want to be bothered.

"The greatest thing we have going for us is that we are loyal. We are loyal to a fault," Mrs. Ashley goes on. She tends to speak in parables, and she tells the story of a cousin who has spent her life working for a white man down South. "I went down there with the intention of getting her to come home with me and spend some time. She said, 'Velma, I can't go

INCARNATION IN PHOENIX

Into this paradise of pain she strides
on the slim tether of a nurse's bell,
her charcoal limbs emerging from crisp whites
unlikely as an envelope issuing smoke.
I've rung because my breasts have risen,
artesian: I'm not ready for this motherhood stuff.

Her name is Raven. And she swoops
across the tiled wilderness, hair boiling
thunder over the rampart of bobby pins
spoking her immaculate cap. She dips once
for the baby just waking, fists punching
in for work "right on schedule"—
bends again to investigate what
should be natural, milk sighing into
one tiny, vociferous mouth. "Ah,"
she whispers, "ambrosia,"

shaming me instantly. But
no nectar trickles forth, no manna
descends from the vault of heaven
to feed this pearly syllable, this
package of leafy persuasion
dropped on our doorstep and ripening
before us, a miniature United Nations.
"Just like me!" Raven says, citing

the name of her mother's village
somewhere in Norway, her father
a Buffalo soldier. Now,
of course, we can place her:
an African Valkyrie
who takes my breast in her fists,
grunting, "This hurts you more
than it does me"—then my laugh
squeezed to a whimper and the milk running out.

—RITA DOVE

right now, because Doctor So-and-So is away on vacation and I have to take care of his house.' This girl is living in what might have been a house—what might have been twenty-four by twenty-four. The windows look like somebody took a saw and cut a square out of the wood and then placed leather hinges on it. Now, that was her window. In the summertime, she would take a frame that she had with a screen on it and stick it in the window. Now, that's the way she was living, in this man's back yard. Not asking why—nothing." This was the sort of life Mrs. Ashley had deliberately avoided—one in which white people would expect her to clean and cook but not, for example, to teach Shakespeare.

"I mean, getting back to this now," Mrs. Ashley continues, "I would say that one of the greatest things we have going for us is that we are loyal to people who put their trust in us. I'm sorry I can't say we are loyal to each other in the same way, because we're not."

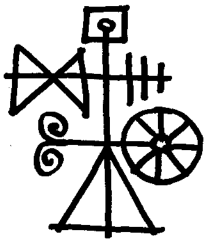
I realize that when Mrs. Ashley is speaking about "people" she means "white people." She tells me that not everybody in Boley shares her opinions, mentioning in particular a neighbor of hers, Millie Coleman, who doesn't want white people around: "She just hates them."

I LEAVE Mrs. Ashley's house and walk west, away from the public school and toward town, along a rutted road to Millie Coleman's house; the distance from door to door is not more than thirty yards. The living room is crowded with her sons' computer equipment. Mrs. Coleman receives me in a small back room. She sits in a chair next to an elevated hospital bed. Whereas Mrs. Ashley would be wearing a dress to receive a visitor, Mrs. Coleman is wearing a white T-shirt with two packs of cigarettes in the breast pocket. "She white!" Mrs. Coleman says of Mrs. Ashley, who was responsible for educating four of Mrs. Coleman's five sons. The two women have passed quite a bit of time over the years debating the assimilation issue, not least when Mrs. Ashley wouldn't allow students to have Afros. Mrs. Coleman is, in fact, surprised that Mrs. Ashley was willing to have me come down the street and visit, given the pair's long-standing differences of opinion. "My generation and her generation"—Mrs. Coleman is slightly younger—"that's the way we were reared as black folks: to imitate you, all right? We were reared that way. And it wasn't until James Brown come along and say 'I'm black and I'm proud,' had all that hair and—and I felt like I was *somebody*. Mrs. Ashley didn't ever learn. But she is somebody special. That school was like a beacon light in this community. Mrs. Ashley was superintendent. She was a tough old bird, I tell you. She ran that place like a soldier."

Mrs. Coleman maintains that the school has been on the skids recently, because white people have joined the staff: "Some of your folks in there, messing us up." Mrs. Coleman's dapper son Malcolm, who is fifty-three, enters briskly, in jacket and tie. His mother asks him why he and his brothers weren't taught much black history at Boley's school. He talks about the lack, until recently, of good research into black history, and the Eurocentrism that still dominates school curricula in America. And he adds, "If you've been taught that everything that is white is pretty and everything that is black is evil and ugly, then you start having self-hate."

"Do you really think," his mother asks, "Mrs. Ashley had that in her mind?"

"I'm trying to figure out how she could not have it." There is a silence. Then Malcolm says, "What these communities do is they offer a haven so that hopefully by the time—if you stay there long enough—by the time you have to deal with the problems, your psyche's at least strong enough to know that you have some skills. The outside world will teach black children they have nothing." By "the outside world" he means "the white world"—rather as Mrs. Ashley tends to equate "white people" with "people." Even in Boley, it seems, white people are inevitable—always there, just outside town.



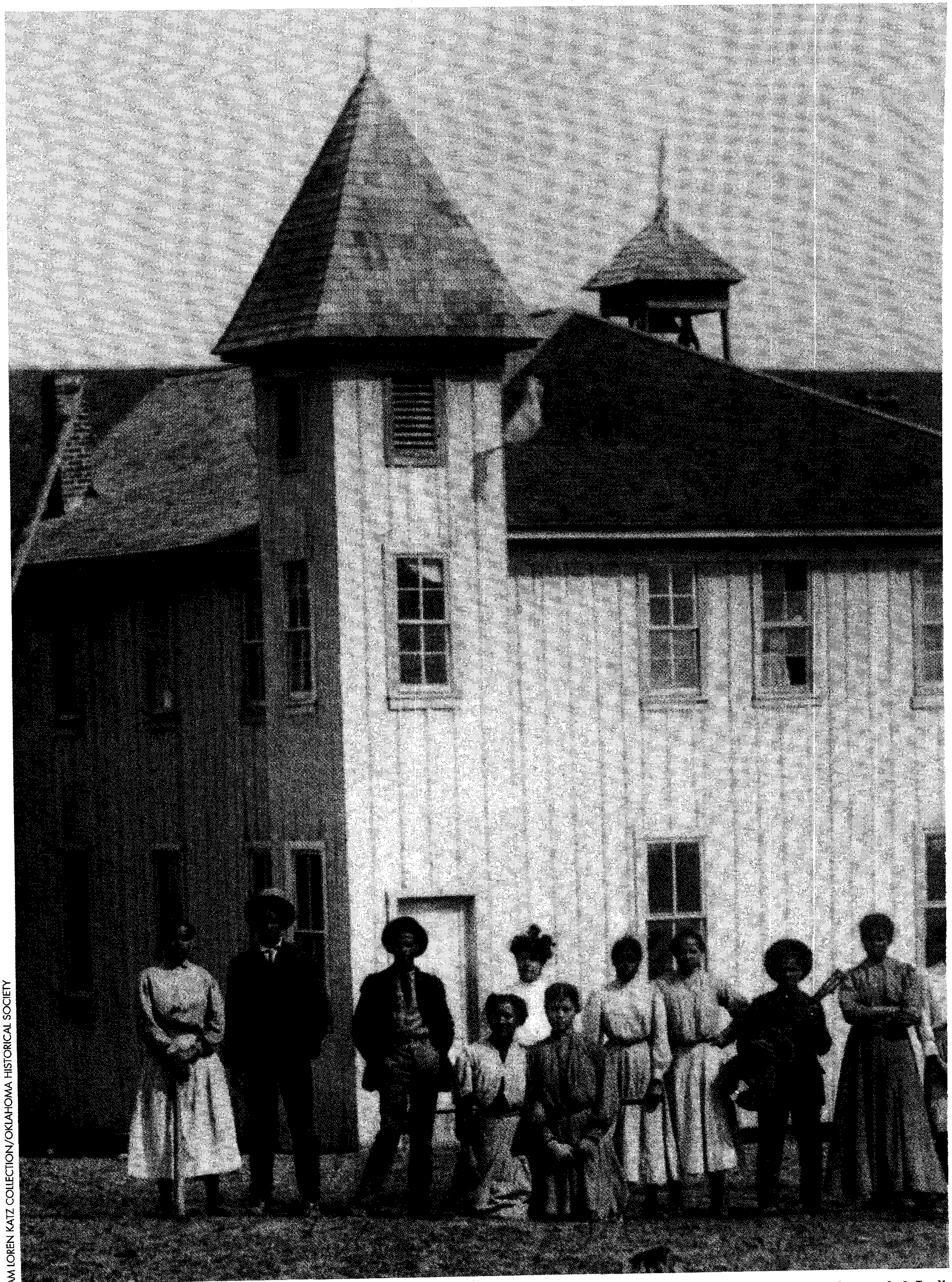
Malcolm leaves, and Mrs. Coleman talks about how "living in Boley has been a blessing for me." She raised her five sons here. "They didn't have to be exposed to what I was exposed to in Mississippi—'cause the Ku Klux Klan came to my door at night to get a little boy six years old 'cause he told a white girl she was pretty."

We continue talking about Mrs. Ashley, and I slowly get the impression that these two women, who disagree on the most fundamental questions of African-American life, are best friends. "I tell you, I respect that old lady," Mrs. Coleman says, "and when she taught my kids she was some teacher." Of Malcolm, she says, "You can't ask that boy nothing he don't know something about. And he's from Boley."

Mrs. Ashley did not emphasize black literature, and Mrs. Coleman holds that against her. This is not entirely fair, because Mrs. Ashley did teach such black writers as Langston Hughes and Claude McKay. But Mrs. Coleman likes to speak in parables, too, and she prefers to recall Mrs. Ashley's "Beowulf" lessons. "Hey, you can't hardly read 'Beowulf'! How you gonna memorize it? *They had to memorize 'Beowulf'!*" Mrs. Ashley kept Joel Coleman after school to work on it. "He had to say it at church one night. 'Cause she'd take the kids and have a program at church. And I had gone over it with him. And he got up there and forgot it and made up a 'Beowulf.' He was so creative. Didn't nobody know in the audience but me and Mrs. Ashley."

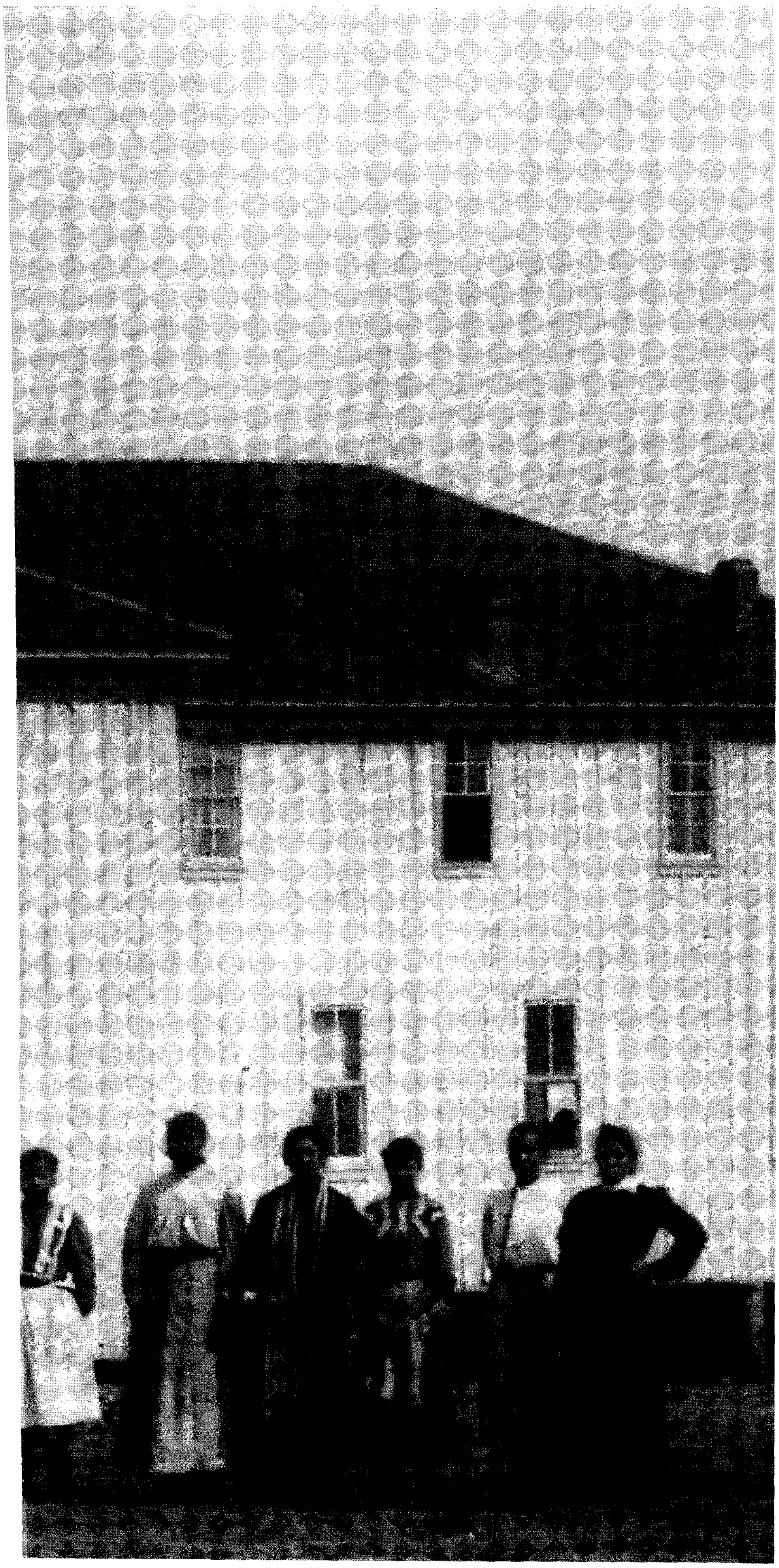
Mrs. Ashley was furious, but Mrs. Coleman told her that everybody else thought Joel was cute. "I said, 'Everybody else thought he did good. So you better just join in the club.' She said, 'I'm gonna flunk him! I'm gonna flunk him!' And I said, 'Well, he tried.' " She pauses for dramatic effect. " 'Beowulf!' "

Parable for parable, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Ashley are well matched: Boley's days as an American experiment are ongoing. The two women's disagreement is older than they are—it dates, at least, to the mid-nineteenth-century debates on racial identity—yet it bears a strong resemblance to arguments between black conservatives and black separatists today. In Boley, anyway, it may be best that this debate remain unresolved, for if you take either argument to its conclusion you may find yourself living in a place where you don't want to be. Back down the street, sitting erect on the piano stool, Mrs. Ashley has one more story to tell. "Maybe I told you about the black boy who was reared by white people down at Okemah?" Okemah is a nearby white town, now larger than Boley—a white town that, according to Mrs. Ashley, has still not hired a single black schoolteacher. In Okemah, years ago, a white couple, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, had a black ser-



WILLIAM LOREN KATZ COLLECTION/OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Creek Seminole College at Boley, in the early 1900s. Blacks first came to Oklahoma as the slaves of resettled Indi



d the town of Boley was eventually founded on the land of a Creek freedwoman.

vant. "They treated her more like a member of the family than they did as somebody working, but she knew where her place was and stayed there," Mrs. Ashley says. "This woman became suddenly ill, and died, but before she died she asked Mrs. Berry if she would take care of her son. She told her, 'Yes, he won't suffer for anything. And I'll teach him.'

"Now, remember, Mrs. Berry raised him from a little baby. If he were in this room now with you and four or five other white men, and I were in that dining room listening, I wouldn't be able to tell who was a black man. He sounded just like you. When he was eighteen, he spoke just as well as you do now. Do you see what I mean?"

To produce such a man was Mrs. Ashley's mission. "I'm not one of these persons that's black and, regardless of what's the situation, I like my situation. No, I don't. I've always wanted better for us than what we were getting. That's why I fought so hard to get the school to where children would be proud to say, 'I am from Boley.' "

UNCLE JESSE sang, "Say, have you heard the story, of a little colored town, / Way over in the Nation / On such a lovely sloping ground? / With as pretty little houses / As you ever chanced to meet, / With not a thing but colored folks / A-standing in the streets?" Now there are a few white people, too, standing in the streets of Boley, though not, in the main, the well-bred kind that Mrs. Ashley has been anticipating. But even Millie Coleman cannot entirely oppose the arrival of white people, for history has thrown her a curve recently. "The predicament I'm in now: I can't walk, and I belong to something called Americare. And they come in and get me out of the bed, bathe me, come back three times a day. *They all white, most of 'em!* And let me tell you something, brother, if I'm not getting a revelation in this world. It's just amazing what life can deal you. There're some good white folks!" Millie Coleman's tentative rethinking has brought a certain amount of glee, late in the day, to Velma Ashley. "Them white guys," Mrs. Coleman says, "can you imagine that they doin' this, help bathe a black woman? I told Mrs. Ashley, I said, 'Honey, you would not believe the life I'm living these days.' " ♦

FICTION

PUSH

BY SAPPHIRE

I WAS left back when I was twelve because I had a baby for my fahver. That was in 1982. I was out of school for a year. This gonna be my second baby. My daughter got down sinder. She's retarded. I had got left back in the second grade too, when I was seven, 'cause I couldn't read (and I still peed on myself). I should be in the eleventh grade, getting ready to go into the twelf grade so I can gone 'n graduate. But I'm not. I'm in the ninfe grade.

I got suspended from school 'cause I'm pregnant which I don't think is fair. I ain' did nothin'!

My name is Claireece Precious Jones. I don't know why I'm telling you that. Guess 'cause I don't know how far I'm gonna go with this story, or whether it's even a story or why I'm talkin'; whether I'm gonna start from the beginning or right from here or two weeks from now. Two weeks from now? Sure you can do anything when you talking or writing, it's not like living when you can only do what you doing. Some people tell a story 'n it don't make no sense or be true. But I'm gonna try to make sense and tell the truth, else what's the fucking use? Ain' enough lies and shit out there already?

The author—a performance artist and poet—has said that when she writes "lost pieces of myself return." Photograph by James Hamilton.

So, O.K., it's Thursday, September twenty five 1987 and I'm walking down the hall. I look good, smell good—fresh, clean. It's hot but I do not take off my leather jacket even though it's hot, it might get stolen or lost. Indian summer, Mr. Wicher say. I don't know why he call it that. What he mean is, it's *hot,* 90 degrees, like summer days. And there is no, none, I mean *none,* air conditioning in this mutherfucking building. The building I'm talking about is, of course, I.S. 146 on 134th Street between Lenox Avenue and Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. Blvd. I am walking down the hall from homeroom to first period maff. Why they put some shit like maff first period I do not know. Maybe to gone 'n git it over with. I actually don't mind maff as much as I had thought I would. I jus' fall in Mr. Wicher's class sit down. We don't have assigned seats in Mr. Wicher's class, we can sit anywhere we want. I sit in the same seat everyday, in the back, last row, next to the door. Even though I know that back door be locked. I don't say nuffin to him. He don't say nuffin to me, *now.* First day he say, "Class turn the book pages to page 122 please." I don't move. He say, "Miss Jones, I *said* turn the book pages to page 122." I say, "Mutherfucker I ain' deaf!" The whole class laugh. He turn red. He slam his hand down on the book and say, "Try to have some discipline." He a skinny little white man about five feets four inches. A peckerwood as my mother would say. I look at him 'n say, "I can slam too. You wanna slam?" 'N I pick up my book 'n slam it down on the desk hard. The class laugh some more. He say, "Miss Jones, I would appreciate it if you would leave the room right NOW." I say, "I ain' going nowhere mutherfucker till the bell ring. I came here to learn maff and you gon' teach me." He look like a bitch just got a train pult on her. He don't know what to do. He try to recoup, be cool, say, "Well, if you want to learn, calm down—" "I'm calm," I tell him. He say, "If you want to learn, shut up and open your book." His face is red, he is shaking. I back off. I have won. I guess.

I didn't want to hurt him or embarrass him like that you know. But I couldn't let him, anybody, know, page 122 look like page 152, 22, 3, 6, 5—all the pages look alike to me. 'N I really do want to learn. Everyday I tell myself something gonna happen, some shit like on TV. I'm gonna break through or somebody gonna break through to me—I'm gonna learn, catch up, be normal, change my seat to the front of the class. But again, it has not been that day.

But thas the first day I'm telling you about. Today is not the first day and like I said I was on my way to maff class when Mrs. Lichenstein snatch me out the hall to her office. I'm really mad 'cause actually I like maff even though I don't do nuffin, don't open my book even. I jus' sit there for fifty minutes. I don't cause trouble. In fac' some of the other natives get restless I break on 'em. I say, "Shut up mutherfuckers I'm tryin' to learn something." First they laugh like trying to pull me into fuckin' with Mr. Wicher and disrupting the class. Then I get up 'n say, "Shut up mutherfuckers I'm tryin' to learn something." The coons clowning look confuse, Mr. Wicher look confuse. But I'm big, five feet nine-ten, I weigh over two hundred pounds. Kids is scared of me. "Coon fool," I tell one kid done jumped up. "Sit down, stop ackin' silly." Mr. Wicher look at me confuse but grateful. I'm like the polices for Mr. Wicher. I keep law and order. I like him, I pretend he is my husband and we live together in Weschesser, wherever that is.

I can see by his eyes Mr. Wicher like me too. I wish I could tell him about all the pages being the same but I can't. I'm getting pretty good grades. I usually do. I just wanna gone get the fuck out of I.S. 146 and go to high school and get my diploma.

Anyway I'm in Mrs. Lichenstein's office. She's looking at me, I'm looking at her. I don't say nuffin. Finally she say, "So Claireece, I see we're expecting a little visitor." But it's not like a question, she's telling me. I still don't say nuffin. She staring at me, from behind her big wooden desk, she got her white bitch hands folded together on top her desk.

"Claireece."

Everybody call me Precious. I got three names—Claireece Precious Jones. Only mutherfuckers I hate call me Claireece.

"How old are you, Claireece?"

White cunt box got my file on her desk. I see it. I ain' that late to lunch. Bitch know how old I am.

"Sixteen is ahh rather ahh"—she clear her throat—"old to still be in junior high school."

I still don't say nuffin. She know so much let her ass do the talking.

"Come now, you are pregnant, aren't you, Claireece?"

She asking now, a few seconds ago the hoe just *knew* what I was.

"Claireece?"

She tryin' to talk all gentle now and shit.

"Claireece, I'm talking to you."

I still don't say nuffin. This hoe is keeping me from maff class. I like maff class. Mr. Wicher like me in there, need me to keep those rowdy niggers in line. He nice, wear a dope suit *every* day. He do not come to school looking like some of these other nasty ass teachers.

"I don't want to miss no more of maff class," I tell stupid ass Mrs. Lichenstein.

She look at me like I said I wanna suck a dog's dick or some shit. What's with this cunt bucket? (That's what my muver call women she don't like, cunt buckets. I kinda get it and I kinda don't get it, but I like the way it sounds so I say it too.)

I get up to go, Mrs. Lichenstein ax me to please sit down, she not through with me yet. But I'm through with her, thas what she don't get.

"This is your *second* baby?" she says. I wonder what else it say in that file with my name on it. I hate her.

"I think we should have a parent-teacher conference, Claireece—me, you, and your mom."

"For what?" I say. "I ain' done nuffin. I doose my work. I ain' in no trouble. My grades is good."

Mrs. Lichenstein look at me like I got three arms or a bad odor out my pussy or something.

What my muver gon' do I want to say. What is she gonna do? But I don't say that. I jus' say, "My muver is busy."

"Well, maybe I could arrange to come to your house—" The look on my face musta hit her, which is what I was gonna do if she said one more word. Come to my house! Nosey ass white bitch! I don't think so! We don't be coming to your house in Weschesser or wherever the fuck you freaks live. Well I be damned, I done heard everything, white bitch wanna visit.

"Well then, Claireece, I'm afraid I'm going to have to suspend you—"

"For what!"

"You're pregnant and—"

"You can't suspend me for being pregnant, I got rights!"

"Your attitude, Claireece, is one of total uncooperation—"

I reached over the desk. I was gonna yank her fat ass out that chair. She fell backwards trying to get away from me 'n started screaming, "SECURITY! SECURITY!"

I was out the door and on the street and I could still hear her stupid ass screaming, "SECURITY! SECURITY!"

"PRECIOUS!" That's my mother calling me.

I don't say nothin'. She been staring at my stomach. I know what's coming. I keep washing dishes. We had fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, and Wonder bread for dinner. I don't know how many months pregnant I am. I don't wanna stand here 'n hear Mama call me slut. Holler 'n shout on me all day like she did the last time. Slut! Nasty ass tramp! What you been doin'! Who! Who! WHOoooo like owl in Walt Disney movie I seen one time. Whooo? Ya wanna know who—

"Claireece Precious Jones I'm talkin' to you!"

I still don't answer her. I was standing at this sink the last time I was pregnant when them pains hit, *wump!* Ahh wump! I never felt no shit like that before. Sweat was breaking out on my forehead, pain like fire was eating me up. I jus' standing there 'n pain hit me, then pain go sit down, then pain git up 'n hit me harder! 'N she standing there *screaming* at me, "Slut! Goddam slut! You fuckin' cow! I don't believe this, right under my nose. You been hightailing it round here." Pain hit me again, then *she* hit me. I'm on the floor groaning, "Mommy please, Mommy please, please Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! MOMMY!" Then she KICK me side of my face! "Whore! Whore!" she screamin'. Then Miz West live down the hall pounding on the door, hollering, "Mary! Mary! What you doin'! You gonna kill that chile! She need help not no beating, is you crazy!"

Mama say, "She shoulda tole me she was pregnant!"

"Jezus Mary, you didn't know. *I* knew, the whole building knew. Are you crazy—"

"Don't tell me nothin' about my own chile—"

"911! 911! 911!" Miz West screamin' now. She call Mama a fool.

Pain walking on me now. Jus' stomping on me. I can't see hear, I jus' screamin', "Mommy! Mommy!"

Some mens, these ambulance mens, I don't see 'em or hear 'em come in. But I look up from the pain and he dere. This Spanish guy in E.M.S. uniform. He push me back on a cushion. I'm like in a ball from the pain. He say, "RELAX!" The pain stabbing me wif a knife and this spic talking 'bout relax.

He touch my forehead put his other hand on the side of my belly. "What's your name?" he say. "Huh?" I say. "Your name?" "Precious," I say. He say, "Precious, it's almost here. I want you to push, you hear me momi, when that shit

hit you again, go with it and push, Preshecita. *Push.*"

And I did.

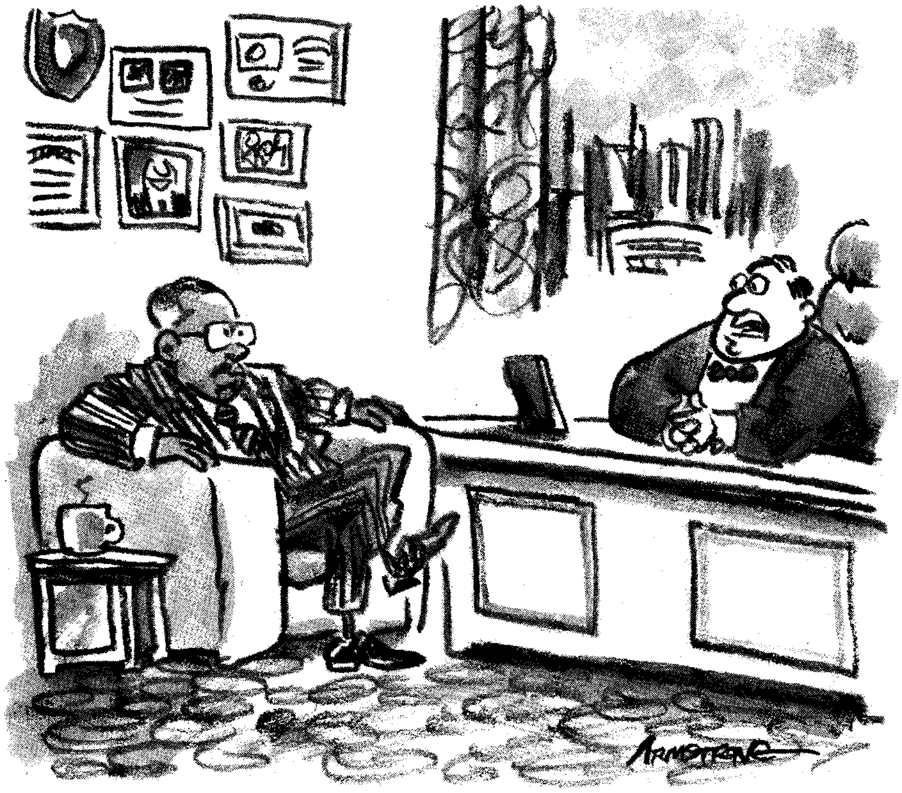
AND always after that I look for someone with his face and eyes in Spanish people. He coffee-cream color, good hair. I remember that. God. I think he was god. No man was never nice like that to me before. I ask at the hospital behind him, "Where that guy help me?" They say, "Hush girl you jus' had a baby."

But I can't hush 'cause they keep asking me questions. My name? Precious Jones. Claireece Precious Jones to be exact. Birth date? November 4, 1970. Where? "*Here*," I say, "right c'here in Harlem Hospital." "*1970*?" the nurse say confuse quiet. Then she say, "How old are you?" I say "Twelve." I was heavy at twelve too, nobody get I'm twelve less I tell them. I'm tall. I jus' know I'm over two hundred 'cause the needle on the scale in the bathroom stop there it don't can go no further. Last time they want to weigh me at school I say no. Why for, I know I'm fat. So what. Next topic for the day.

But this not school nurse now, this Harlem Hospital where I was borned, where me and my baby got tooked after it was borned on the kitchen floor at 444 Lenox Avenue. This nurse slim butter-color woman. She lighter than some Spanish womens but I know she black. I can tell. It's something about being a nigger ain't color. This nurse same as me. A lot of black people with nurse cap or big car or light skin same as me but don't know it. I'm so tired I jus' want to disappear. I wish Miss Butter would leave me alone but she jus' staring at me, her eyes getting bigger and bigger. She say she need to get some more information for the birth certificate.

It still tripping me out that I had a baby. I mean I knew I was pregnant, knew how I got pregnant. I been knowing a man put his dick in you, gush white stuff in your booty you could get pregnant. I'm twelve now, I been knowing about that since I was five or six, maybe I always known about pussy and dick. I can't remember not knowing. No, I can't remember a time I did not know. But thas all I knowed. I didn't know how long it take, what's happening inside, nothing, I didn't know nothing.

The nurse is saying something I don't hear. I hear kids at school. Boy say I'm laffing ugly. He say, "Claireece is so ugly she laffing ugly." His fren' say, "No, that fat bitch is crying ugly." Laff laff. Why I'm thinking about those stupid boys now I don't know.



"Gosh, it kills me to do this to you, Worthington, but you're not turning out to be as black as we had hoped."

"Mother," she say. "What's your mother's name?" I say, "Mary L. Johnston" (L for Lee but my mother don't like Lee, soun' too country). "Where your mother born?" she say. I say, "Greenwood, Mississippi." Nurse say, "You ever been there?" I say, "Naw, I never been nowhere." She say, "Reason I ask is I'm from Greenwood, Mississippi, myself." I say, "Oh," 'cause I know I'm spozed to say something.

"Father," she say. "What's your daddy's name?"

"Carl Kenwood Jones, born in the Bronx."

She say, "What's the baby's father's name?"

I say, "Carl Kenwood Jones, born in the same Bronx."

She quiet quiet. Say, "Shame, thas a shame. Twelve years old, twelve years old," she say over 'n over like she crazy (or in some shock or something). She look at me, butter skin, light eyes—I know boyz love her. She say, "Was you ever, I mean did you ever get to be a chile?" Thas a stupid question, did I ever get to be a chile? I *am* a chile.

I'm confuse, tired. I tell her I want to sleep. She put the bed down, I do go to sleep.

Somebody else there when I wake up. It's like the police or something. Wanna ax me some questions. I axes, "Where's my baby? I know I had one. I know that." New somebody in nurse cap sweet-smile me and say, "Yes, you did, Miss Jones, you surely did." She moves the men in uniform suits back from my bed. Say my baby is in special intense care and I will get to see her soon and won't I please answer the nice men's questions. But they ain' nice men. They pigs. I ain' crazy. I don't tell them nothin'.

ALL this from 1982 going through my head and my muver hollering at me, "Precious! Precious!" But my head not here, it in five years ago—first baby. I was standing at this sink when the pain hit me, and she hit me.

My hand slip down in the dishwater, grab the butcher knife. She bedda not hit me, I ain' lyin'! If she hit me I will stab her ass to def, you hear me!

"Precious! You done lost your mind? Just standing up there staring into spaces. I'm talkin' to you!"

Like thas something.

"I was thinkin'," I say.

THE BOUNTY IV

Alphaeus Prince. What a name! He was one of the Princes.
He died, a boy, as so many princes did in literature,
in English history, of a fierce obscure disease,
a regal and privileged fever; we envied him the Tower,
the ermine and mink and the orb, he so simply entered
legend which death was to us children suffering
that radiated glory that withheld its own crown
until Alphaeus Prince one day would be Alphaeus King
which was not ordained by fate so that the promise and prize
of his name would always float over each bowed head
as we imagined his smooth brown skin, his large black eyes
closed in the superior knowledge of being dead.
Brighter than me, but darker (that mattered then
and still does, not here so much, but the world beyond).
What was his future in a world that was ruled by men
Milton and Cromwell's color? Princes and angels were blond.
Fifty years later, why should the name spring
into mind, or aim like a shaft of light in the mind
further back than the friends I know who have been dying
as if from some medieval plague. This morning the sea wind
is fresh, the island shines in light, and I think of a boy
I loved for his beauty, his wit, his eyes, that to me carried
a glint of their brevity, whose name still carries joy
in it, and who made death a gift that we quietly envied.

—DEREK WALCOTT

"You thinkin' while I'm talkin' to you?"

She say this like I'm burnin' hunnert dollar bills.

The buzzer ring. I wonder who it could be. Don't nobody ring our bell 'less it's crack addicts trying to get in the building. I hate crack addicts. They give the race a bad name.

"Go tell them assholes to stop ringing the bell," she say. She closer to the door than me but I mean my muver don't move 'less she has to. I mean that. When I go to answer the buzzer I realize I'm still grabbing the knife. I hate my muver sometimes. She is ugly I think sometime.

I press TALK on the intercom and holler, "Stop ringing the goddam buzzer mutherfucker!" and go back to the kitchen to finish the dishes.

The buzzer ring again. I go back, "Stop ringing the goddam buzzer," I say again. The mutherfucker ring again. "Stop it!" It ring *again.* "STOP IT!" I shout again. It ring again. My muver jump in and say, "Press LISTEN, stupid!" I wanna say I ain' stupid but I know I am so I don't say nothin', 'cause also I don't want her to go hit me, 'cause I know from my hand in the dishwater holding the butcher knife, I am through being hit. I am gonna stab her she ever hit Precious Jones again. I press LISTEN, "It's Sondra Lichenstein for Claireece Jones and Ms. Mary Johnston." *Mrs. Lichenstein!* What that hoe want? She want me to hit her for real this time.

"Who that, Precious?" my muver say. I say, "White bitch from school." "What she want?" my muver say. "I don't know." "Ask her," my muver say. I press TALK 'n say, "What you want?" Then I press LISTEN and Mrs. Lichenstein say, "I want to talk to you about your education." This bitch crazy. I was going to school everyday till her honky ass snatch me out the hall, fuck with my mind, make me go off on her, suspend me from school jus' because I'm pregnant—you know, *end up* my education. Now her white ass out on Lenox Avenue talkin' 'bout she wanna talk to me 'bout my education. Lord, where is crack addicts when you need 'em? "What all this about, Precious?" my muver ax. My muver don't want no white shit like Mrs. Lichenstein social worker teacher ass nosing around here. My muver don't want to get cut off, welfare that is. And that's what white shit like Mrs. Lichenstein comin' to visit result in. If I wasn't pregnant and having trouble with the stairs, I run down and kick her ass. My muver say, "Eighty-six that bitch." I says into the intercom, "Hasta la vista, baby." That's Spanish for goodbye but when niggers say it, it's like, kiss my ass. Ring go buzzer again. I don't believe this retarded hoe. I press TALK 'n say, "Git outta here, Mrs. Lichenstein, 'fore I kick your ass." The bell go ring. I press LISTEN. "Claireece, I am so sorry about Thursday. I had only wanted to help you. I . . . Mr. Wicher says you're one of his best math students." She pause like she thinking what to say next, then she say, "I've called a Ms. McKnight at HIGHER EDUCATION ALTERNATIVE/EACH ONE TEACH ONE. It's an alternative school." She pause again, say, "Claireece, are you listening?" I press TALK. "Yeah," I say. "O.K., as I was saying I've called Ms. McKnight at EACH ONE TEACH ONE. It's located on the 19th floor of the Hotel Theresa on 125th St. That's not too far from here." I press TALK. "I know where the Hotel Theresa is," I say to her. Bitch, I say to myself. I press LISTEN again, these crackers think you don't know nothin'. She say, "The phone number is 555-0831. I told them about you." Mrs. Lichenstein stop. "Call or just drop in, the 19th floor—" I press TALK tell her I heard her the first time. My heart is all warm—half of it at least—thinking about Mr. Wicher say I'm a good student. The other half could jus' jump out my chest and kick Mrs. Lichenstein's ass. No more rings—so I guess that mean she got the message.

I go to sleep thinking 19th floor Hotel Theresa, an alternative. I don't know what an alternative is but I feel I want to know. 19th floor, that's the last words I think before I go to sleep. I dream I'm in an elevator that's going up up up so far I think I'm dying. The elevator open and it's the coffee-cream colored man from Spanish talk land. I recognize him from when I was having my baby bleeding on the kitchen floor. He put his hand on my forehead again and whisper, "Push, Precious, you gonna hafta *push.*" ♦

DOMESTIC LIFE

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

The families Jesse and Jackie Jackson grew up in were poor and broken, but the family they created for their five children was another story. Though they never gained the White House, they may have founded a dynasty.

BY MARSHALL FRADY

SINCE serving as an eager young acolyte to Martin Luther King, Jr., Jesse Jackson has been fitfully coursing about in our national life for almost three decades now. His public career, however, has been paralleled by a running sub-drama, seldom evident to the general eye: an obsessive collaboration with his wife, Jackie, simply to secure a home against all the grim undertows of both their pasts. As is true of most African-Americans, Jackson has a family lineage that can be traced for three generations or so and then vanishes into the anonymity of his people's long bondage in this country. Yet the fraction of his genealogy that is known suggests that Jackson presents a kind of essential American history. One of his grandfathers was half Cherokee; one of his great-grandmothers, who had been a slave, was also part Cherokee; a great-grandfather had been an Irish plantation owner who was also sheriff of Greenville County, South Carolina, before the Civil War. "We are made up of America's many waters," Jackson has pronounced, "which makes us a new people, a true American people."

Jackson has travelled a huge distance from his abject origins, in the small South Carolina town of Greenville, where, in 1941, he was born not only black but illegitimate and in the most bleakly poor quarter of the town. But he soon became aware of himself as a youth of oversized gifts, and out of that awareness came his oversized obsession to belong to that wider society where he found himself an outcast, by making himself into some form of moral hero in its life. In that histrionic exertion, few have managed to rise quite so high from so far outside.

His mother, too, was born illegitimate, and when she was sixteen she found herself pregnant after a feverish liaison with a married man in his mid-thirties who lived next door, with his wife and three stepchildren. His name was Noah Robinson, and he was an imposing figure with a tall, autocratic bearing, who held the relatively prosperous position of cotton grader for a white-owned firm in the town.

Before long, the Robinson family moved to another black section of Greenville, and Jesse did not learn until he was about eight that Noah Robinson was his natural father. By then, Jesse's mother had married a quiet, stolid, deliberate man named Charles Jackson, who had returned from the Army to scrap out a living as a janitor and general handyman. But the marriage hardly ended chants of derision that flurried after Jesse from playgrounds and sidewalks: "Your daddy ain't none of your daddy, you ain't nothin' but a nobody." When he reached college, he disclosed to one friend how he had grown up, and the friend recalls, "I was amazed at the vehemence—the depth of feeling—that came out of him. When Jesse's angry or upset, his whole visage changes—his face gets tight and hard—and his eyes get smaller. . . . He told me his story with a kind of anguish, and a braggadocio that said, in effect, 'Yes, this was my background. Yes, I was put down because of it. People made fun of me, but I'm going to show those people.' And he cried."

Jackson has indeed been occupied ever since with proving his worth, but he has also managed, more inconspicuously, to create, with Jackie, a remarkably sturdy home and family for himself. He proudly recites, "Over thirty years. One wife, five children. Broke the cycle. Stability, security." This accomplishment constitutes at least a singular parable of the making of one family in black America. And in that story Jackie Jackson's own pilgrimage from her beginnings has been as extraordinary as her husband's.

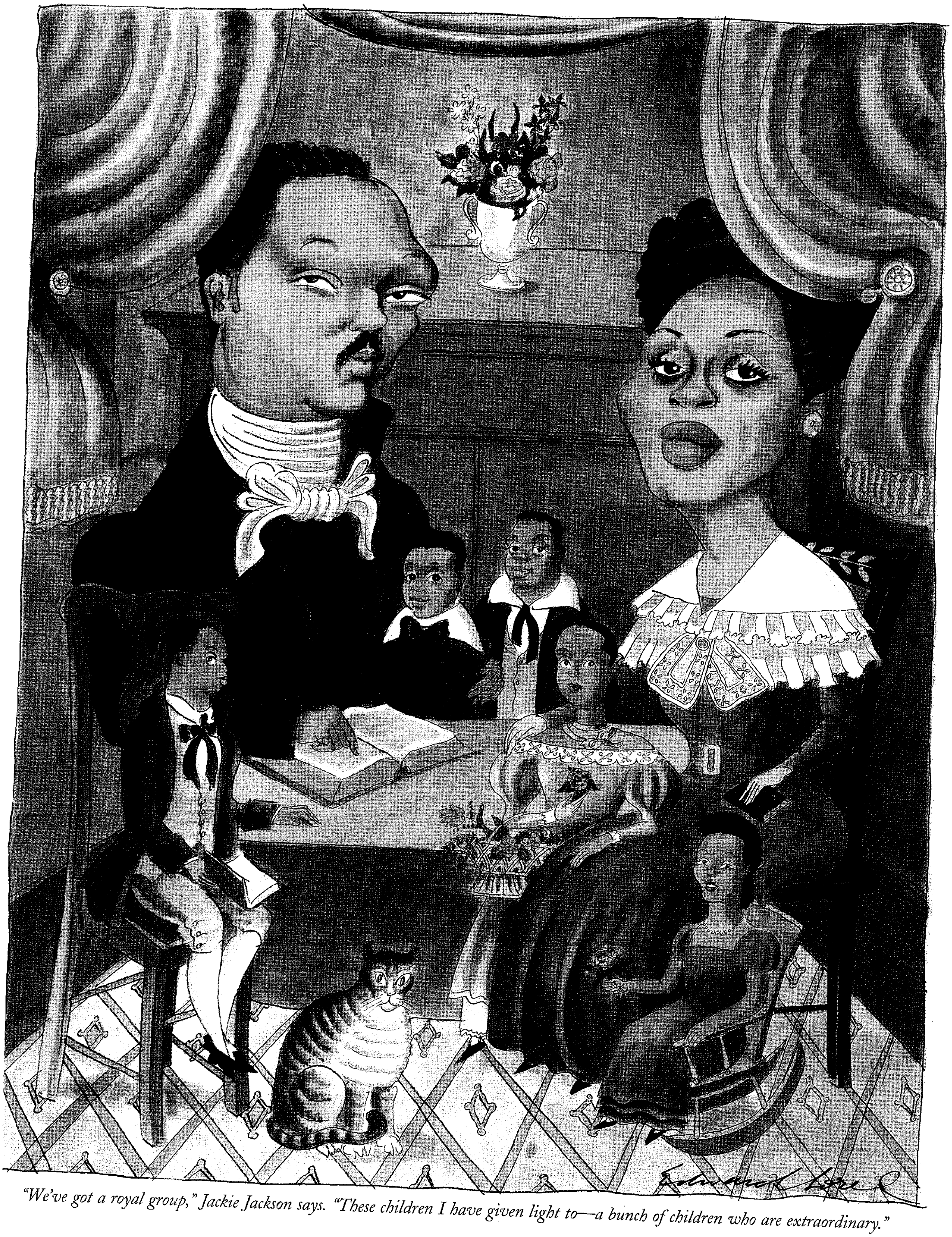
JACQUELINE BROWN was born in 1944 to a sixteen-year-old migrant farmworker in Fort Pierce, Florida, in a migrant settlement of haphazard shanties under high, thin pines hung with moss. She came to know her father only vaguely. Of her mother's mother she says, "She was what you would call a lady of the evening."

Jackie, a small but plushly figured woman of lavish enthusiasms, with a wide grin and a belting voice, recalled her progression from those beginnings one afternoon not long ago, while she was in the parlor of the Jacksons' home, in Washington, D.C. She said that she and her mother, Gertrude, had been taken in by a young woman next door, named Juanita. Juanita thereupon became for Jackie "my aunt," and, Jackie said, "soon decided that she wanted me to live with her for the rest of my life." When Jackie was about six, her mother married a serviceman in Virginia and left to live with him in Newport News, but "my aunt determined she was going to keep me for herself," Jackie said. "My mother had a little fight with her, but my aunt was the moving force." She effectively reared Jackie until her death, when Jackie was twelve.

Juanita was a short woman, "dark-complected," Jackie recalls, "with very Negroid features." She weighed a solid three hundred pounds and was fearsome with her fists: "I mean, she used to fight *physically*. She was a tough woman. Had enormous respect in the community. And she was very good to me." It was from this guardian, ferocious in caring for the one object of affection granted to her, that Jackie discovered what she calls "a true love for womanhood." She added, "It was through her that I wanted to become a great woman."

Juanita also happened to be the area's bootlegger. She kept half-pint bottles of moonshine buried in the dirt floor of a chicken coop in the back yard. Whenever someone dropped by in the middle of the night to make a purchase, Jackie, from the age of six or so, would be woken up and sent out, barefoot, into the moldy reek and alarmed fluster of the chicken

EDWARD SOREL



"We've got a royal group," Jackie Jackson says. "These children I have given light to—a bunch of children who are extraordinary."

coop to unearth a bottle: "I'd rinse it off in the yard, and then I'd bring it back."

When she was a little older, she began serving as a lookout, perched in a mango tree, to enable neighborhood teen-agers to slip into a tin-sheeted garage below for quick scuffles of copulation. If anyone approached, she would drop a mango on the roof. In the course of this sentry work, she herself became smitten, at around the age of ten, with one of the boys frequenting the garage. "His name was Charles Dewberry and he was my hero," she told me. "I *loved* Charles Dewberry." She went on, "As a woman, I have been taught to see men as powerful, believable—supposed to be able to think and do things. And so with Charles Dewberry." She finally demanded that he take her into the garage, too. She had no real idea what the young people were actually doing in there, but "I knew they liked each other, and I wanted Charles Dewberry to show me that he liked me, too. I told Charles Dewberry I wasn't gonna look out for him anymore until he did the same thing to me. You should have seen his face. But he took me into the garage." After telling her to lie down, "he got on top of me. He got me to say 'ooh, ouch,' like the other girls did." It was just pantomime—nothing really happened. "But that *was* sex, I thought." This assumption lasted, she declared, up to her encounter with Jesse, at North Carolina Agricultural & Technical State College, a black institution in Greensboro.

After Juanita's death, Jackie moved to Newport News to live with her mother, and there she found herself receiving a rigorous drilling in decorum. "I had to walk around the house with books on my head. Sitting, you cross your ankles, fold your hands, place them to the side, keep your back erect, don't bow your head, look straight in the eyes of the people you're speaking with. I'd get so many whippings for forgetting all these niceties."

Before leaving for college, she made a wardrobe for herself, and she landed on A. & T.'s campus in "the most provocative clothing," she cheerfully recounted. "I had the greatest body in the world—36-22-36. The outfits were all very tight. I mean, they *fit*." The ensembles ran toward parrot-bright colors, and she streaked her black hair, which was long and glossy, with a single orange blaze. Yet she remained, in a way, still whimsically innocent. For all her siren's wardrobe, what she wanted was to be a nun. "It was the only way I could say I had values," she explained. "So I was very serious about wanting to go into the convent."

Late one afternoon, she took a stroll to the canteen, where the football players, after practice, would line up on both sides of the walkway just outside—"so you had to walk through them," she said. "They'd shout, 'Hey, whatcha doin' this evenin'?' " and here she went into dialect: " 'Ah shuah like the way you wawk! Mmm-hmm. Looka dat. St. Peter must be dead, because an *angel* just fell out of Heaven!' " Then she heard a voice bay, "Hey, girl! I'm gonna *marry* you."

"Those were the first words I ever heard from Jesse Jackson," she told me. "I just kept on walking." Her immediate impression was that "he was trying to outdo the other guys, because I was a very popular girl. I had an attitude, because I didn't care about them," and she believes that not only Jesse might have found that bewitching—"they *all* found it bewitching. I had many callers and pursuers. . . . But his comment stood out."

One old friend of Jackson's recalls that he already had a "sense of his own destiny far in excess of the rest of us." But when Jesse and Jackie began keeping company he was appalled by her political ardor, which was far more effusively radical than anything he, the campus gallant, had ever thought of entertaining. The year was 1961, and Jackie recalls, "Every time I saw Jesse, I'd say, 'Hey, man, look what's happening!' Fidel Castro—I thought he was just incredible, it was the new world order. But Jesse was very cautious, reserved. 'Fidel Castro? Communist? I mean, *really*—you shouldn't go around talking about this, you may get in trouble.' I was going to get in trouble and get thrown out of school—that was his concern."

Jesse initially struck her as close to insufferably reverential toward the prevailing proprieties. And she felt that his manner toward her was becoming progressively proprietary—a presumption she found irksome. "He went to work in the office at the school, and he would come back to *share* my grades with me, to tell me I had to do better." What finally committed her to Jackson, she confessed, "was his patience with me—and, as I said, I *liked* him." Soon they formed a kind of compact: "I was one of the people around the chicken coop. 'But one day . . . you *will* make it out of the chicken coop, because you're special.' And I saw that he, too, had grown up under the same circumstances, in Greenville." Jackie told me, "We had this tree where we'd meet and talk all the time. . . . About how he wanted to work in the movement, about how one day we would go to Africa, one day see the Great Wall of China. We were talking about the exciting things we were going to experience together." Each of them, in fact, sensed a large and restless excitement in the nature of the other. Then, under that tree one evening, Jackie recalled, "He suddenly told me, 'I'm a bastard.' And I said, 'I'm one, too. Isn't everyone?' See, I thought most people were." He wanted her to know this about himself "because there was still some tension, some pain in him about it," Jackie came to realize. "But I made that pain insignificant," she recalled. "I let him know that who his father was made no difference to me."

At one point, Jackson apprised her that "he was gonna introduce me to sex," Jackie went on. She was not exactly beguiled by the idea, but she at last concluded, "I had to take the test, had to get this initiation over with." The unsuspected complication was that she "thought it'd be Charles Dewberry again." The event took place "not at a motel," from which, as she pointed out, blacks were then still excluded, but in "a black brothel"—a weathered frame building on the frowsy edge of town. When they entered, "it was very dim inside," she recalled. "There was a lady sitting there in a little room, and you gave her five dollars. The house had many rooms, and it was scary to me. It was without champagne glasses, and all that." But, she declared, it had not occurred to her to expect any glamorous aura to attend the occasion: "Because I wasn't living then in *today,* I was still living from the chicken coop, remember? I transferred Charles Dewberry in the garage to Jesse Jackson." Accordingly, she said, "I acted as if I had done this before. Until we finished. And I said, 'Why did we do that?' I told him, 'I got nothing from that. I think it's a waste of time.' He looked at me as if—" She broke off, and produced a mock stare of stricken astonishment.

AFTER their marriage, in Greenville, on New Year's Eve of 1962, they settled into an apartment in Greensboro, and six months later their first child was born—a daughter, whom they named Santita. In the meantime, Jackson had been emerging as a flamboyant leader of student demonstrations to integrate public facilities in the city. As the confrontations grew stormier, Jackie couldn't resist moments of alarm. "We were still children," she recalled, "and he was dealing with adults—*angry*, *white* adults." Jackson finally told her, "It's getting very hostile downtown. I think I'm going to be arrested." When he was arrested, Jackie was very frightened, she told me. "I didn't yet really have the whole picture of things. We had to grow up fast in Greensboro. We've been adults now for a very long time."

By the time of Jackson's graduation, in 1964, he had determined to study for the ministry, and he moved his family to the Chicago Theological Seminary, on the city's South Side. Jackie was again pregnant, and over the next eleven years three sons were born, and were named Jesse, Jr., Jonathan, and Yusef, and then came a second daughter, who was named for Jackie. "We wanted our family quickly," Jackie said. After Jackson was taken on by Martin Luther King, she recounted, "King came over to our place once, and he saw I was pregnant again, and he said, 'Jesse, boy, I'm going to have to give you a raise, so you can buy you a television set—so you can find something *else* to do."

Shortly after the Jacksons arrived in Chicago, Jesse pitched into civil-rights activism there. But, for all his dash and brio, his meagre personal circumstances became evident when he showed up in his church's Christmas food line to collect free groceries for his family. A friend recalls that they were lodged then in a barren apartment that was "way up in this attic kind of place" and was furnished with little more than a picnic table set on a tattered linoleum floor, so "you could hardly sit down anywhere." The friend also recalls, "The children had colds. He didn't have any family insurance for them." Eventually, Jackson's social evangelism began to attract a distinguished company of black patrons, such as George Johnson, the head of the Johnson Products Company, and they provided supplemental funds.

After Jackson entered into his discipleship to Martin Luther King, in the mid-sixties, he came to revere King as his own spirit's true, heroic father. The discipleship lasted only a little over two years, however. On the evening of April 4, 1968, Jackie got a call from Jesse in Memphis. She relates, in a slow, hushed voice, "He said, 'Jackie, I wanted to tell you before you get the news on television. Dr. King has been shot. He is dead.' " A few seconds later, he said again, "Jackie, Dr. King is dead." Jackie says, "He maybe thought he was repeating it to make me understand it, but I think he kept saying it to make himself understand it."

In brushes with reporters immediately afterward, Jackson gave self-dramatizing accounts of his behavior that evening—he once indicated, as if presenting a kind of Pietà, that he had actually held King for a moment as he was dying—and they have haunted and harried him ever since. But Andrew Young, one of King's closest confidants, who was there, says that, after King's body was taken from the balcony where he had been shot, "I can still see Jesse going over, leaning down, placing his palms flat in that pool of blood, and then"—here Young slowly passes both his hands down his chest—"wiping it down the front of his shirt." He adds, "We Baptists, you know, we believe there's power in the blood."

Jackie recalls that when she met Jesse at the airport on his return to Chicago, much later that night, "he was wearing this shirt that was bloodstained. I didn't ask him about it then. And when we got home he got into the bed with his shoes on and the shirt on, staring at the ceiling."

Jackie told me of her own feelings then: "A portion of my husband's life, and that of the lives of many of us, was left there on that balcony in Memphis. Our time stopped in Memphis, but it also began in Memphis. All of a sudden, the movement was our responsibility."

AMID widening speculation that he had become King's young heir, Jackson created an organization of his own, and he ambitiously named it People United to Save Humanity, or PUSH. He found himself serving as a "father to a whole community," as he once put it. His PUSH congregation virtually lived with him and Jackie on the South Side, in a capacious white stucco dwelling with Tudor trim, which Jackson's benefactors had provided in 1970. Its commodious rooms were filled with a chaotic clutter, and became further clogged over time, thanks to Jackie's passion for accumulating antiques—mostly heavy, dark Victorian furniture. In the general disorder, there was a constant noisy churning of

Recorded Books™

NEW Dead Man Walking
by Sister Helen Prejean

Narrated by Barbara Caruso
Unabridged on cassette

Call for a free brochure:
1-(800)-638-1304

Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.

Recorded Books, Inc.
270 Skipjack Road
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

The manual knife sharpener that *really* works!
ChefsChoice®
Manual Diamond Hone
Model 450

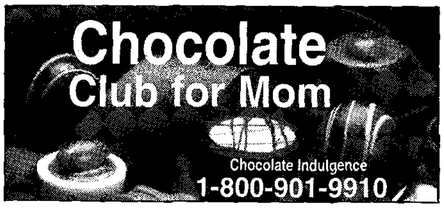
- 2 stages
- 100% diamond abrasives
- Precision guides
- Razor-sharp edges every time!

For stores near you, call:
(800) 342-3255
©EdgeCraft Corp.1994 (610) 268-0500

World's Greatest Vacation
Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

All 17,576 Combinations!
Your Initials hand made in G.E.*
$44.00
*G.E. Gold Electro Plate
1 1/2"
In Sterling Silver
$56.00
Monograms by GENE Inc.©
Visit our NY Showroom
31 W. 47th St., Suite 707, NYC. 10036
FREE CATALOG
1 800-884-5478 Fax: 212-302-2748

Camden, Maine
In a seacoast village *where the mountains meet the sea*, an authentic summer hotel has been preserving the traditions of Maine hospitality since 1901.
50 rooms, fine dining, wine & spirits
Whitehall Inn
Box 558, Camden, ME 04843 (800) 789-6565



Chocolate Club for Mom
Chocolate Indulgence
1-800-901-9910

people in what amounted to an unending open reception. Jackie told me, "I had guests in the living room, in the dining room, in the breakfast room. There were some people kneeling in the kitchen." Among the guests were Bill Cosby, Bill Russell, Diana Ross, Isaac Hayes, Quincy Jones; once, Nicaragua's Sandinista leader, Daniel Ortega, came by for dinner, and wound up holding a palaver in the back yard with California's brassily conservative Republican Representative Robert K. Dornan, who also happened to be there. All the while, Jackson would have music whooping through the house—Cannonball Adderley and Marvin Gaye, for instance. In the midst of this, "my children were never told they had to go to bed at a certain hour," Jackie recalled. "They just mingled. And sat under the table and bit people on the foot and leg. My mother called them products of the movement. She said, 'These children—they don't go to bed, they just pass *out*.' " At some point, Jackson would announce, "Well, I'm asleep," and amble upstairs to bed. But even there, reposing in navy-blue silk pajamas, he would continue to receive visitors and conduct meetings while Jackie, lying beside him, "would take a pillow and cover up her head," according to a former assistant.

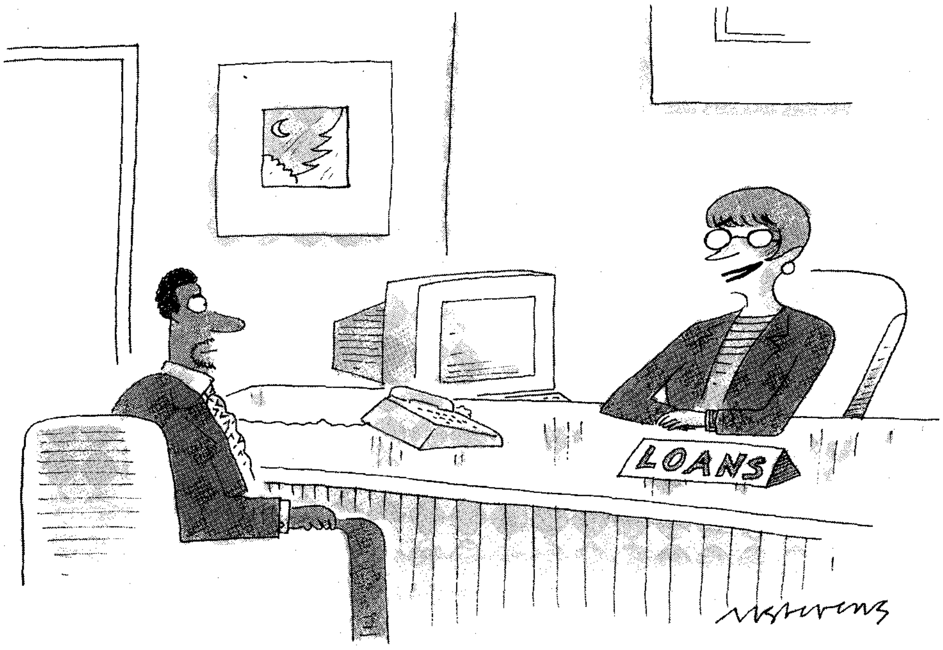
Of how his children have managed to navigate their way through the gales of his fame, Jackson says, "They've stayed pretty steady. I've drilled them on the power of good manners. . . . I know that every bit of arrogance they betray is another hole that enemies will want to bury them in when I'm not around, when I'm dead and gone." Jackson was often travelling, of course, but at times when something particularly troublesome developed with one of the children the child would awaken in the middle of the night to discover that Jackson had abruptly materialized from whatever far places he'd been in and was standing over the bed, quietly saying, "Wanna talk about this thing?"

THEN, one morning, according to Jackie, "he was pulling on his socks and said, 'Jackie? I'm going to run for President of these United States of America.' " She was instantly elated. "I said, 'Hot dog! Way to go, Jesse!' We had a little pep rally right there. 'Yes! I *am* somebody! Never surrender! Keep hope alive!' We do that sort of thing around the house, you know."

At the 1988 Democratic National Convention, in Atlanta, after Jackson had gained nearly a third of the primary vote, the country at large discovered the family he and Jackie had reared when all five children appeared together on the rostrum one evening to deliver testimonials to their father. Aged then from twelve years to twenty-five, they had an assured and articulate earnestness, and a brightness of nature, that produced a virtual national carillon of acclaim. A journalist for *Esquire* was moved to write, "In a little under ten minutes of prime time the Jackson children replaced the Cosbys as America's first black family." They sent an ever deeper pride swelling through the nation's black community: one minister, in Flint, Michigan, rejoiced with his congregation, saying, "What a marvellous message to America about the black family that was!"

To shelter them from being "burned by too much public light," Jackson maintains, he and Jackie educated their children largely in private schools. The eldest child, Santita, after studying at Howard University, moved to New York and sang for a time in the backup group for Roberta Flack, and she is still pursuing a singing career there. Little Jackie has gone on to college at her parents' school, in Greensboro. Calvin Morris, a former associate of Jackson's, says that as the children grew older "I saw Jesse carrying them, especially the boys, into his campaigns, because he had recognized that he was absent during much of their earlier life, and it had taken its toll—and when they got to be of an age when they could tell him that, they told him so, and it helped sort of *jar* him."

The eldest son, Jesse, Jr., born in 1965, while his father was in Selma during King's campaign there, has a small but hefty frame, and a puckish sprightliness of expression; he graduated from A. & T. and acquired a master's in theology from the Chicago Theological Seminary and a doctorate in law from the University of Illinois. The two younger brothers have the bulking brawn of piano movers. Jonathan, born in 1966, is an agreeably outgoing and droll-humored young man, who, after earning an M.B.A. from the Kellogg Graduate School of Management, at Northwestern, is now a commodities investor; Yusef, born in 1970, attended the University of Virginia with a football scholarship, and is about to finish law school there. All three sons served in Jackson's Presidential campaigns, and are always careful to refer to their father in public as "the Reverend." Great gusts of affection still billow back and forth between them: with an unself-conscious openness that is seldom seen between a father and his grown sons, they regularly wrap each other in immense hugs when meeting or parting in airport lobbies or at curbside taxis, giving each other walloping kisses and



"Let's just forget for a moment that you're black."

ADVERTISEMENT

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

The Reader Service Value Program features* New Yorker *advertisers who want to offer additional information. You are invited to respond directly by telephone (just look for the ✆ symbol) or by checking the corresponding number(s) and mailing the attached postage-paid card.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GEORG JENSEN FLAGSHIP STORE RE-OPENS Newly renovated at 683 Madison Avenue, NYC. Shop for exceptional jewelry, holloware, flatware, watches and giftware plus Royal Copenhagen hand-painted porcelains. Call 1-212-759-6457.

AUTOMOTIVE

1. **Saab Cars U.S.A.** How can you find your own road if you don't know who to call for details? Just call 1-800-582-SAAB, ext. 319 for your Saab Excursion Kit.

EDUCATION

2. **The American College** of Surgeons offers a free brochure on retaining your right of Patient Choice as well as important information on surgical care.

3. **The New School.** More than 500 Summer adult education courses. Call 1-800-319-4321, ext. B21, fax 1-800-611-7270, or visit http://www.newschool.edu

4. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

✆ **Beverly Bremer Silver Shop.** Sterling silver specialist. Flatware, hollowware, antiques, American/Continental. Call 1-404-449-7844.

5. **Gibson Guitar.** You've always wanted to play guitar—Gibson will help with picking your guitar investment. Send for "How to Buy an Electric Guitar."

6. **Paloma Picasso's** premier collection of Italian Biscotti Patent Nappa Leather accessories gives a fresh look to her classics for Spring. Send for free information.

✆ **Replacements, Ltd.** Largest inventory of discontinued and active china, crystal, and flatware. Over 62,000 patterns. Call 1-800-REPLACE.

✆ **The Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress and Neck Pillow.** Recommended by 15,000 medical professionals. Improve sleep quality and end back pain. 1-800-886-6466.

7. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

GOURMET

✆ **Blenheim Bottlers.** Blenheim Ginger Ale: the hottest drink in town! Good for what "ales" you. Call 1-800-270-9344. Write Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547.

8. **Omaha Steaks International.** Taste our famous corn-fed Midwestern beef. Naturally aged, hand-trimmed steaks delivered to your door. Call 1-800-228-9055.

HEALTH CARE

✆ **Caverject.** Impotence can be successfully treated in almost all cases. Send for a confidential free information kit from Pharmacia & Upjohn, Inc. Call 1-800-215-9346.

✆ **Duke University Diet & Fitness Center.** Supervised by Duke Medical Center physicians and health care professionals. In Durham, NC. Call 1-800-362-8446.

9. **Hilton Head Island, SC.** Ranked in the top 10 health resorts in the world. Offering long-term solutions for creating healthier lifestyles.

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

10. **Children, Inc.** Through Children, Inc. you can sponsor a needy child and help provide food, clothing, and school-related items. Call 1-800-538-5381.

ON-LINE SERVICES

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web. http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker

Endless Pools™. Swim at home in a small 8'x15' pool against an adjustable current. Install indoors, outside. Visit http://www.endlesspools.com/~swim

REAL ESTATE

11. **Las Campanas, Santa Fe,** a community of striking homesites nestled among rolling hills with panoramic views. Call 1-800-237-0088, dept. NY.

TRAVEL

AIRLINES

12. **LOT Polish Airlines.** Fly LOT Polish Airlines to the cobbled streets and vistas of Old Town, Warsaw. For more information call 1-800-223-0593.

CRUISE LINES

13. **Cunard Line.** A transatlantic crossing aboard Cunard's *Queen Elizabeth 2* is a voyage in unabashed indulgences. Call 1-800-7-CUNARD, ext. 69T for brochure.

14. **Royal Caribbean Cruise Line.** A call to Royal Caribbean can be the start of the perfect vacation. Cruise Royal Caribbean style. Call 1-800-659-RCCL, ext. 608.

15. **Sun Line Cruises.** See the Greek Islands, Egypt, Israel, and Turkey, not as a tourist but as a guest. For a 44-page tour brochure, call 1-800-872-6400.

16. **Windjammer Barefoot Cruises.** Sail the exotic Caribbean. Satisfy your pirate soul while enjoying our modern accommodations. Call 1-800-327-2601, dept. 38.

17. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

HOTELS & ACCOMMODATIONS

18. **Air Mauritius.** Mauritius—Discover this exotic Indian Ocean island; a blend of 4 fascinating cultures. Fabulous fishing. Beautiful beaches. Call 1-800-537-1182.

19. **Breezes® Bahamas and Montego Bay.** Super-Inclusive—meals, drinks, sports, and entertainment. A new Breezes is blowing your way!

20. **The Brown Palace Hotel** has for over a century provided luxurious accommodations and exceptional guest service. Call 1-800-321-2599 or 1-303-297-3111.

21. **Couples.** Indescribably romantic. Totally inclusive. Only for the two of you. Jamaica's legendary destination for lovers of all ages. 1-800-COUPLES.

22. **The Fisher Island Club.** Located minutes from Miami, provides luxurious accommodations in an exclusive tropical setting. Call 1-800-537-3708 or 1-305-535-6020.

23. **Helmsley Hotels.** 5 fine hotels located right where you want them to be in New York. Call 1-800-221-4982; 1-212-697-8300 in New York.

24. **Indian River Plantation, Hutchinson Island, Florida** is a 200-acre oceanfront island resort. Private beach, oceanfront villas, golf, and tennis. 1-407-225-3700.

✆ **Kiawah Island by Pam Harrington Exclusives.** Select 1- to 5-bedroom villas and homes. Golf, tennis, biking, leisure trails, shopping, and dining. 1-800-845-6966.

25. **Lana'i, Hawaii** offers 2 lavish resorts—the Lodge at Koele nestled in the upcountry, and the Manele Bay Hotel overlooking Hulopo'e Bay. Call 1-800-321-4666.

26. **Napili Kai Beach Club.** Maui's most Hawaiian resort. Swimming and snorkeling, low-rise oceanview units with kitchens and private lanais. 1-800-367-5030.

✆ **Ravenel Associates.** Kiawah, Seabrook, Wild Dunes. Guide includes maps, golf packages, bike trails, and tours of historic Charleston. 1-800-247-5050, code #191.

27. **Sandals Resorts.** The Caribbean's #1 all-inclusive luxury resorts for couples only has resorts in Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua, and the Bahamas. 1-800-SANDALS.

28. **Scottsdale Princess.** The soul of Arizona. The heart of your vacation. Award-winning cuisine, spacious accommodations, and more. 1-800-223-1818.

29. **Sonesta Beach Resort, Anguilla, BWI.** 100 elegant guest rooms and suites, tennis, health spa, swimming pool, magnificent views, and more. 1-800-SONESTA.

30. **Southampton Princess.** The soul of Bermuda. The heart of your vacation. The island's premier luxury resort with magnificent views. Call 1-800-223-1818.

31. **Surrey Hotel.** Exceptional value for sophisticated travelers on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Spacious suites, fitness center, and restaurant *Daniel*. 1-800-9-SURREY.

32. **Tamarind Reef Hotel, St. Croix.** Pamper yourself in an elegant hotel with personalized service. Oceanfront with adjoining marina. Call 1-800-619-0014, ext. 50.

33. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

TOURISM BOARDS

34. **The Bahamas Ministry of Tourism.** Discover sugar-white beaches, world-class golf, tennis, watersports, fine dining, and casinos. 1-800-822-4262.

35. **Bermuda Department of Tourism.** For the most exciting ways to "let yourself go" this summer, call for a free vacation planning kit. 1-800-BERMUDA.

36. **British by Design.** In Britain the accent is on style. Start planning your British escape. For more information call BTA at 1-800-474-BRIT.

37. **Caribbean Coalition for Tourism.** The 300-page Vacation Planner to 30 sun-filled, soul-soothing, spirit-lifting Caribbean destinations. 1-800-356-9999, ext. 312.

✆ **Cayman Islands.** An elegant British Caribbean Island trio with crystal-clear waters, relaxing beaches, safe, world-famous diving, and fishing. Call 1-800-346-3313.

38. **Greater Miami Convention and Visitors Bureau.** From beautiful beaches to bistros and boutiques, we've got all the reasons you need to come visit. 1-800-283-2707.

39. **Jamaica Tourist Board.** For information, send for a free Jamaica Vacation Kit, or call 1-800-JAMAICA.

40. **New Orleans Tourism.** Temptations abound in one of the world's most exciting cities . . . New Orleans. From spicy food to red-hot jazz, it's all here for you.

41. **Portugal.** A modern country with all the comforts that Americans require, with a proud foundation in its glorious past. 1-800-PORTUGAL; 1-212-354-4403 in New York.

42. **Puerto Rico Tourism.** Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. 1-800-866-7827.

43. **Scotland.** A holiday in Scotland is a special event. For an 88-page vacation planner call 1-800-258-2023.

44. **U.S. Virgin Islands, Department of Tourism.** St. Croix, St. John, St. Thomas. Old-world charm, beautiful beaches, and great shopping. Call 1-800-372-USVI.

45. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

TOURS

✆ **Alpine Trails, Ltd.** Hike the Swiss and Italian Alps with small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts. For more information call 1-800-666-5161 or 1-914-238-5151.

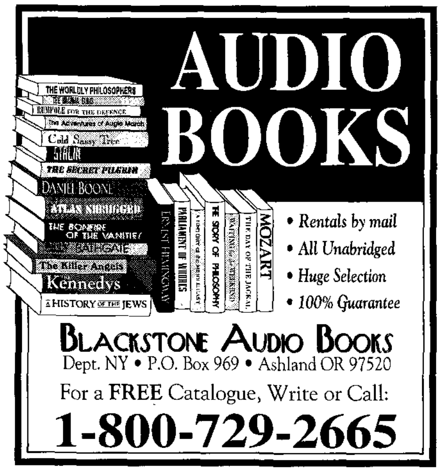
46. **Cox & Kings.** India and Middle East—escorted journeys with the world's oldest travel company. British tour managers. Call 1-800-999-1758 for brochure.

✆ **Holiday River & Bike Expeditions.** White-water rafting and mountain bike trips through the Grand Canyon, Canyonlands, and the Salmon River. 1-800-554-RAFT.

© 1996 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

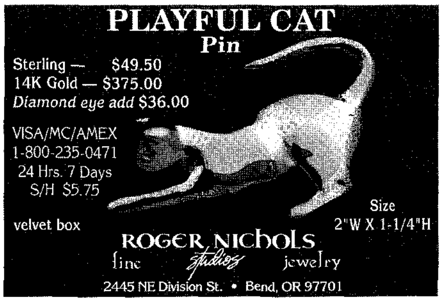
IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.
IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER**, P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL JULY 22, 1996.

960429



AUDIO BOOKS
• Rentals by mail
• All Unabridged
• Huge Selection
• 100% Guarantee
BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NY • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

Cape Cod
A Great Vacation Destination - filled with History & Natural Beauty.
Enjoy white, sandy beaches, historic sites, cultural activities, and golf on more than 30 courses.
Write for our free Resort Directory, or call (508) 362-3225.
CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
P.O. Box 16, Hyannis 9, MA 02601
hhtp://www.capecod.com
We'd love to show you around.
MASSACHUSETTS



PLAYFUL CAT
Pin
Sterling — $49.50
14K Gold — $375.00
Diamond eye add $36.00
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $5.75
velvet box
Size
2"W X 1-1/4"H
ROGER NICHOLS fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

ANTIQUE QUILTS
Unique selection of antique quilts from Pennsylvania in excellent condition. Send $7 for current color photos & catalog.
THE ANTIQUE QUILT SOURCE
385 Springview Rd., Dept. NY
Carlisle, PA 17013 (717) 245-2054

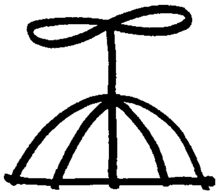
HIEROGLYPHS
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs
SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150
Free Color Brochure includes Alphabet
Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings
1-800-237-3358
Call Toll Free or Write:
Discoveries
(est. 1980)
526 N. Fayette St.,
Alexandria,
Virginia 22314
Cartouche spells 'Joan'
HANDMADE IN EGYPT ©

SILK ROAD
Dunhuang Grotto will close soon! Travel to the world's first trade route. See wondrous artworks and archaeological remains, and beautiful Hunza in the Karakoram.
TILLER INTERNATIONAL TOURS
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco CA 94108
(415) 397-1966 Fax (415) 397-1967

shouting, "*Love* yuh!" and "Love *you!*"

The boys came to engage him regularly in spirited philosophical banter. On one flight during the last days of the 1988 Presidential campaign, Jackson and Jesse, Jr., spent twenty minutes closely tilted toward each other across the plane's aisle in what appeared to be some urgent political conferring but, when it was overheard in passing, turned out to be a discussion of what was entailed in the concept of the philosopher-king. "He's got to have that combination of power *and* wisdom *and* compassion that comes from understanding things whole," Jackson was saying. "But the wisdom part, the compassion part, always got more authority than just the power, king part."

On almost all his jaunts abroad, Jackson has brought at least one of his sons with him, and has made a point of taking them along to his meetings with Presidents and Premiers—figures ranging from Mitterrand to Sadat—and also with the Pope. By their twenties, the sons had probably exchanged amenities with more world eminences than most Secretaries of State have done in their careers, and the sons became the father's close advisers. During a week in late August of 1990, right after Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait and subsequent detention of foreign nationals as "guests," Jackson was scrambling futilely to muster funds for a mission to Iraq as a journalist-intercessor. Jonathan was opposed to the trip, but after a final call seemed to leave the prospect in terminal collapse "I saw the look on my father's face," he says. "How crushed he was." Jonathan immediately phoned contacts of his own at King World Productions, and within minutes put together financing for the journey—with the ultimate result that Jackson succeeded in negotiating the release of hundreds of hostages.



For all his efforts over the years to maintain a household secure from the dislocations in which he grew up, Jackson has not been able to exempt his children completely from one particular duress: the continued harryings of racism. Once, when Yusef and Jonathan flew to Miami to meet him on one of his Presidential-campaign tours, Jackie got a call from Yusef at the Miami airport. "Mama, I don't know what to do," he said. "They have Jonathan pinned up against the wall." A white woman had complained to the airport police that her purse was missing, and the police had quickly fallen on Jonathan as he passed by and now had him spread-eagled against a wall, frisking him while they barked questions at him. He was released only when they were satisfied that he was Jackson's son and had just arrived to join his father.

Jonathan, in making his move into the dominion of high finance in Chicago, met with more oblique affronts. Once, on arriving for lunch with a banking executive, he was kept waiting in the bank building's lobby by a security officer until the executive himself instructed that Jonathan be escorted up so that his identity could be validated for the guard.

Both Jesse and Jackie took it as a more monstrous instance of abuse, involving higher political machinations, when, in 1993, Jonathan was named in the indictment in Chicago of a family acquaintance for trading in drugs—a citation occasioned by phone conversations in which it was supposed that the two men were talking in code, because Jonathan, in one taped call, remarked, "I'll get the Killa on that." The Killa turned out to be the nickname of a barber long patronized by Jackson and his sons. "Jonathan is decent," Jackie says, "but he knows shit when he sees it." The matter soon evaporated officially, but Jonathan observed one evening about a year later, "What's so insidious about it, the imputation can just hang out there without their ever having to retract it."

Jackie herself had been enraged. "They are now seen as Jesse Jackson's sons, and people are constantly trying to slay them," she told me. "But doing that was the cruellest thing. I've always felt the family was off limits, yet my children are subjected to that kind of meanness."

Nevertheless, it would not be the most negligible achievement of their upbringing that they remain buoyantly unembittered of spirit. Jackie proclaims, "Oh, that they've made it anyway! That they have *survived!*" Sitting in her parlor in Washington, where the Jacksons had settled in 1989, she reflected, "My children decided, just like me with the chicken coop, to take the negatives and build on them a beautiful road. Many of us who worked through the civil-rights movement have no continuity with our family. I have. I can die today and I know that I have some people here."

SINCE her marriage, Jackie has persevered for the most part as an uncontainably free spirit. She is inclined to an instant, clamorously open conviviality. "I love to need people," she says. "I feel that I only have a few minutes on this earth, and I want you to be blessed—quickly! *Quickly!*" She has retained her predilection for dressing with a snazzy swankiness, and wears billowy pants suits in bright fabrics, large hoop earrings, many bangles, and stiletto heels, but these, as often as possible, she plucks off to pad about barefoot. "I am progressively old-fashioned," she says. Utterly unlike Jackson, in his studious abstentions from tobacco and alcohol, she smoked more or less incessantly for many years and is hardly averse to spirits, from cognac to vodka-and-tonics, which she partakes of with an Elizabethan readiness; when she's travelling, she sometimes keeps a small "medicine bottle" nestled in the bottom of her purse. "They like to say I'm an alcoholic, because I have a drink now and then," she has said. "Or they say I'm a lesbian, because I'll hold hands in public with a woman friend. I don't care. I just live my life the way I want."

She has remained just as unsubdued in her political zest, maintaining that "to be taken seriously" is still the greatest challenge confronting women. She has done a fearsome amount of travelling on her own as a partisan for concerns—disarmament, peace movements, the destitute of the Third World—that have generally paralleled Jackson's. And in more than a few instances, repeating the pattern of their political exchanges at A. & T., she has prodded him beyond his more cautious instincts. She journeyed ahead of him to the Middle East, in 1979; to Cuba, in 1984; and to the Nicaragua of the Sandinistas. "I can go places that he cannot go"—or, more exactly, will not go first. In the late seventies, she called on Yasir Arafat in Beirut, and, she recalls, "When I got back, I went to a board meeting of PUSH, and I was so serious and emphatic that we should become involved in the issue over there that one member got up and placed a motion on the floor never to permit me to go out of the country again." In fact, she has fairly regularly prompted Jackson to undertake those ventures which have landed him in the most trouble.

"At the least, I'm not a robot," she says. But over her years with Jackson she has also evolved a gentle way of unobtrusively looking out for him. "God didn't give him *everything*," she says. "What I do, I try to help make people like him. Because sometimes he can be so . . . well, rough. So I try to keep him in touch with the little considerations that matter to people. He already has the gift, but you have to dust it off now and then."

To be sure, their marriage has not proceeded as a wholly serene affair. On occasion, they have not been hesitant to flare up at each other before onlookers. Jackie recalls a visit they paid to South Africa shortly before the release of Nelson Mandela from prison. They arrived for an appointment with President F. W. de Klerk, and as they were passing through an antechamber to his office, and were by themselves for a moment, Jackson suddenly "grabbed my arm and pushed me up against the wall." She continues, "He's never done anything physical like that to me. *Ever.* And he said, 'You keep your mouth *shut* in there.' " But she adds that under particularly tense circumstances "my husband gets very nervous, you know." When they were settled before de Klerk, the President asked Jackie if she would like tea, coffee, or soda, and she replied, "Well, my husband told me I wasn't supposed to open my mouth in here, so I don't guess I can tell you, Mr. President."

Far more difficult has been the accommodation she's had to develop over the years with the wide swim of rumors about Jackson's womanizing. One of the PUSH regulars in Chicago acknowledges, "Nobody else could have stayed with Jesse. And she's struggled. But these are the words that she said: she married with the intention to stay married to Jesse, and she never intended for her children to be raised without their father." During one of Jackson's Presidential campaigns, she was constantly embattled by questions from reporters. She told Jackson's biographer Barbara Reynolds, "I understand other women wanting to be around Jesse. I can understand them even being attracted to him. . . . I am not a slavemaster

• 100 ELEGANT GUESTROOMS • THREE MILES OF WHITE SANDY BEACH • TWO RESTAURANTS • FITNESS CENTER • BRITISH WEST INDIES • TENNIS • SNORKELING • KAYAKING • WINDSURFING • GORGEOUS POOL • NEAT SUITES

Rediscover
your lover.

Sonesta Beach Resort
Anguilla
(formerly Casablanca)

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
1-800-SONESTA
FOR SPECIAL VALUE RATES

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK!
Our FREE step-by-step Self-Publishing Guide gives you all features and prices up-front so you're never in the dark! Prices include typesetting, art service, printing, binding, and more! Call or write for our FREE guide.
800-650-7888, ext. TNY4
Morris Publishing 3212 E. Highway 30 • Kearney, NE 68847

Raft America's premier wilderness river.
Famous whitewater. World-class fly-fishing. Comfortable camping. Small groups. Top-notch gear. Sumptuous meals. More stars than you've ever seen. Six-day trips on Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon. Free brochure.
OUTDOOR ADVENTURES
1-800-323-4234

Bennington Writing Workshops
Two and Four-Week Sessions in July
Writing Programs, Bennington College, Box NY,
Bennington, VT 05201 • 802-442-5401, ext. 160

Remember when. . .
you were going to travel the world
after you got out of school
and before you took that big job?
Well, you've been out of school
for quite some time. . .

First-class escorted touring to South and Central America, South Pacific, the Orient.
For a brochure call 800-338-7092
GLOBUS.
WORLD-CLASS TOURING WORLDWIDE
NYR

LE CORBUSIER • MIES VAN DER ROHE • STAM
Italian leather and chrome Delta chair.
1st time order special. $59
Wassily chair. $199
MODERN CLASSICS
Complete Catalog $3
EUROPEAN FURNITURE IMPORTERS
2145 W. Grand Ave. • Chicago, IL 60612 • 312.243.1955
1-800-283-1955

Back Pain Relief In Hours
ACU•BELT is a patented elastic belt which applies gentle pressure to 8 points based on Oriental medical principles. Lightweight and comfortable the ACU•BELT is an effective non-surgical method to relieve back pain and sciaticia.
Full 30 day money back guarantee
ACU•BELT
ONLY
$79.95
plus $4.95 S&H
For more information or to place an order call:
1-800-894-7836
visit us at http://www.4impact.com/choy/acubelt.html

Teak Garden Furnishings
Interior & Exterior Use
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual
17317 Germantown Rd. Ste. 2146
Germantown, MD 20874 - 2999
72 page colour catalogue $3.00 1-301-540-0040

The intelligent reader's guide to living with HEART DISEASE
CORONARY CLUB
Heartline
P.O. Box 901410
Cleveland, OH
44190-1410
800/478-4255
$39 a year for 12 issues
Up-to-date, authoritative information from Cleveland Clinic cardiac experts

over his body or his commitment, and neither is he over mine. . . . I give him no ultimatum on when to return. He returns because he wants to. And when he does, I am happy to have him back." Recently, she told me, "My husband is a grownup man. We're both grown people. Of course, I know what happens out there, I'm no *dummy*."

Even so, Jackie privately complained to one confidante, "I've covered his ass on that, but do you think he was grateful? Shown any gratitude? No. Not a word of thanks from that son of a bitch." But she has warned reporters not to be "bringing it through my door, up my stairs, into our bedroom. Unh-*unh*." She told a reporter for *Life*, "I don't believe in examining the sheets. That's a violation of privacy. If my husband has committed adultery, he better not tell me. And you better not go digging into it. I'm trying to raise a family and won't let you be the one to destroy my family."

In the end, every genuine marriage is probably a universe unto itself, its own peculiar truth, and can't be evaluated by the standards of any other marriage. At least, that of Jesse and Jackie seems to have endured with its own sort of authenticity—a profound symbiosis described by a friend from the couple's Chicago days as a "yin-and-yang dynamic." They have, despite everything, maintained a snug relish for each other. She will tuck herself under his arm and cuddle against him when they are together. When she reached him from Washington by car phone one afternoon while he was riding around Los Angeles, Jackson momentarily handed the phone to a reporter in the back seat for him to say hello, and she chirped, "Now, you tell him to hurry on back home, baby needs its milk." Jackson himself says, "She's grafted onto me."

Jackie, for her part, readily declares, "I happen to like him more than I love him. Love is so temporary and emotional." And, despite all the tribulations he's afforded her, she says, "I like him all the time. He keeps my adrenaline up. I like who he really is." These many years after they entered into that compact back in Greensboro, she finds herself still touched by the old unsureness from his boyhood, which he has continued to carry deep in his center. It has left him with a vulnerability of which she says, "He's in a lot of pain about a lot of things. . . . You don't understand the *pain*, because the system—" Her eyes briefly fill with tears. "And I can't do anything about that. That pain." She also still sees in him a sometimes poignantly hopeful naïveté. "He's a person who can like you when he knows you're not good, and will spend the time trying to reshape you. . . . He believes he can take little people and pull them into big ones. He thinks you can take evil people and pull them into good ones. Now, I don't totally agree, but, God, he does try. That's where I'm around the curve—to cover his back."

She goes on to say, "But he lifts you up to what is good in you," and then declares, with a deep, husky crow of a laugh, "I, too, am a victim. He saved me, as he often says, from myself. Yeah, he's made me better—though I would never tell him that."

JACKSON is about the only figure remaining from the classic days of the civil-rights movement who is still actively working at it, and, in somewhat the same way, he has become one of the few remaining voices of any force who are still unabashedly campaigning, like the Last Believer, for the old liberal conscience in American politics—to the point where he has come to be regarded by many as a kind of orotund anachronism. In 1990, Jackson tried a mutation into a television personality, as host of his own discussion program, and both Jonathan and Jesse, Jr., repeatedly implored him to be less heavy and preacherly of tone. "But he won't *listen*," Jesse, Jr., said during a taping. Describing his efforts to assist his father's fortunes over the years, he went on, "I've given it most of my life. Now I'm gonna go off and prepare for my own life. I *got* to. Then I can come back to him from a foundation of my own, and maybe then he'll listen to me." The following year, when Jackson was considering yet another Presidential bid, Jonathan remarked, "Look, the man's fifty years old now. He's been out there straining away all his life. He's done *enough!* He ought to get at least a little rest here."

But a day or two after the 1994 congressional elections lifted Newt Gingrich and his cyber-conservative order into dominion in Washington, Jackson proposed in a late-night phone call, "It's movement time again." That hearty profession notwithstanding, it has been a time in which—also thanks in part to Louis Farrakhan's Washington march, last October, and the national excitement about Colin Powell—Jackson has appeared to be receding further and further into marginal relevance. In response, he has seemed compelled into a frenetic scatter of assertions—against racial discrimination in baseball, for one, and in the media's operations, for another. Most recently, he mounted a protest during the Academy Awards against the exclusion of blacks from the list of nominees. His risk of devolving into triviality by this scampering of attentions has dismayed many of his oldest and fondest supporters.

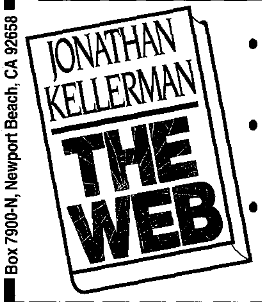
Momentarily wistful, Jackie says, "Jesse is going to continue to try. And I will assist him. But I know we won't make it." In fact, over the years Jackie has come to a racial understanding of her own which is considerably more mordant and complexly shadowed than Jackson's. Now and then, she will lapse into fierce, unappeasable fulminations: "They'll never accept him. *Never.* I just don't have the spirit to go through all that ugliness again. . . . I can't even sing 'We Shall Overcome' anymore, it fills my heart with such pain." After a pause, she adds, "We've been taken on the Presidential campaigns to every nigger section in America. . . . You must listen to my language and understand what I'm saying: There are no nigger sections in the black community. It's only nigger sections out there when I leave the privacy of my community. I watched us go through the Democratic campaigns on the nigger side. The press treated us like niggers, and yet before the world I behaved and my husband behaved as if he were a legitimate candidate. Black people understand that, whites will *never.*"

Indeed, during such terminal broodings, Jackie even discounts Martin Luther King's ethic of redemptive endurance. "That was before black people integrated and understood you," she says, addressing whites. "You like violence. You *like* meanness, you do that for pleasure. Well, guess what. You can beat me, and I die and I die, but I'm not forgiving you anymore. I'm with a new generation, who went through the integration shit and are saying, 'Hey, I don't think you're so special that I'm going to get my ass whipped forever until you grow up.' "

Yet when in 1995 Jackson began pondering the possibility of running as an independent, which would at least be a kind of eloquently pure expression of his fundamental and abiding condition as the solitary outsider, Jackie gamely averred, "You have not seen the last of him. Some more *excitement* comin'. . . . There're some questions that he has raised about this country's course, and they *will* be answered."

Finally, though, she announces, "Fidel said, 'History will absolve me.' Well, I've got something coming along for you . . . these children I have given light to, a bunch of children who are extraordinary. We got a *royal group*. We have done something that you don't even know about: the establishment—the cementing—of the heart, to believe in God and in goodness, and, if it is not good, let them slay you, but you stand, because you know what is right." A need she has always sensed in her children and struggled to answer, she says, is "their wanting 'Keep me honest, keep me pure.' Well, I've *kept* them pure. Because the history is that you whites won't do it. No, *I* do it." She concludes, "And so I am sending you some *fine human men* that white men will learn to respect, I am sending you some children that will be fantastic for the world. Do you hear me? I've sent a force into the world!"

Last December, one of those children, Jesse, Jr., achieved something his father never has—election to public office. He is now the representative from the South Side of Chicago in the Congress of the United States. While this hardly meant—as some suggested, perhaps wishfully—that Jesse, Sr., would now be relinquishing his own lifelong striving in deference to his son, Jackson was nevertheless virtually giddy with exultation for weeks. In another late-night phone call, he said, "Long way from that old neighborhood down there in Greenville, ain't it? Even if it took a generation. But they talk about the Kennedy family. Hell, man! What we got comin' along here is gonna be the Kennedy family of *black* America. Still two more boys, you know, two daughters, and me, Jackie, Mama, Gran'mama. And all those others back there behind us. The Jacksons!" ♦



BOOKS ON TAPE® #1

World's Largest Selection

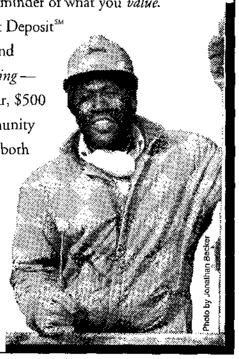
JONATHAN KELLERMAN
THE WEB

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

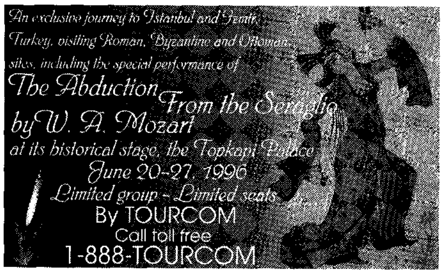


Where you bank really *can* make a difference.

Your bank is a day-to-day reminder of what you *value.*
A South Shore Development Deposit℠
links you with the pioneer and
leader in *social-purpose banking*—
the same bank whose 23-year, $500
million investment in community
development now embraces both
urban and rural America.
Call John Houghton
to learn more at
800-905-7725, ext. 5636.

South Shore Bank
Chicago • Member FDIC

Photo by Jonathan Becker



An exclusive journey to Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey, visiting Roman, Byzantine and Ottoman sites, including the special performance of
The Abduction From the Seraglio
by W. A. Mozart
at its historical stage, the Topkapi Palace
June 20-27, 1996
Limited group - Limited seats
By TOURCOM
Call toll free
1-888-TOURCOM

MANAGE YOUR WEIGHT

The Thinking Woman's Weight Loss Program
Eating, Exercise & Behavioral Management Programs
800-448-8106
GREEN MOUNTAIN AT·FOX·RUN
Since 1973
In Beautiful Vermont
AH Wayler, PhD, Dir.

MAN IN THE MOON

James Breakell's moon pin casts a celestial glow. Sterling silver $35, 14k gold $430. Add $4 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog available. (800) 767-6411.

1-½"

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYMM, Newport, RI 02840

A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE DUKE'S BLUES

Ellingtonia is the richest of America's musical landscapes.

BY STANLEY CROUCH

You wouldn't think he had the time to do all that he did. He was so busy being gracious. So many autographs to sign. The women, they were lining up to lie down. Hmm. His musicians were such a bunch of royal-blue pains, weren't they? Didn't ruffle him. He was smiling wide and big. He was having himself a very good time. Had to fly first class. Said his musicians wouldn't work for a man who didn't. Ate steak every day. Look at that wardrobe. Definitely spent a lot of time with his tailor. That processed hair stayed in place. Must have had his own barber. Now, you got the unmitigated audacity to say he was an artist, too? A great, great artist, you say? Duke Ellington? Sell that ice to some Eskimos.

•

DUKE ELLINGTON considered himself "the world's greatest listener." In music, hearing is all. Given the two or three thousand pieces of music Ellington wrote, he could probably hear a flea scratching itself and put that rhythm into one of his compositions. For him the sounds of the world were the ingredients he mixed into appetizers, main courses, and desserts for the appetite of his worldwide audience. He wasn't averse to going out in a boat to catch the fish himself. He would raise the fowl and the livestock and slaughter them all himself if there was no one else to do it. But when that musical meal appeared before you none of the drudgery showed. It seemed perfectly natural, as if it had all appeared from behind an invisible door in the air.

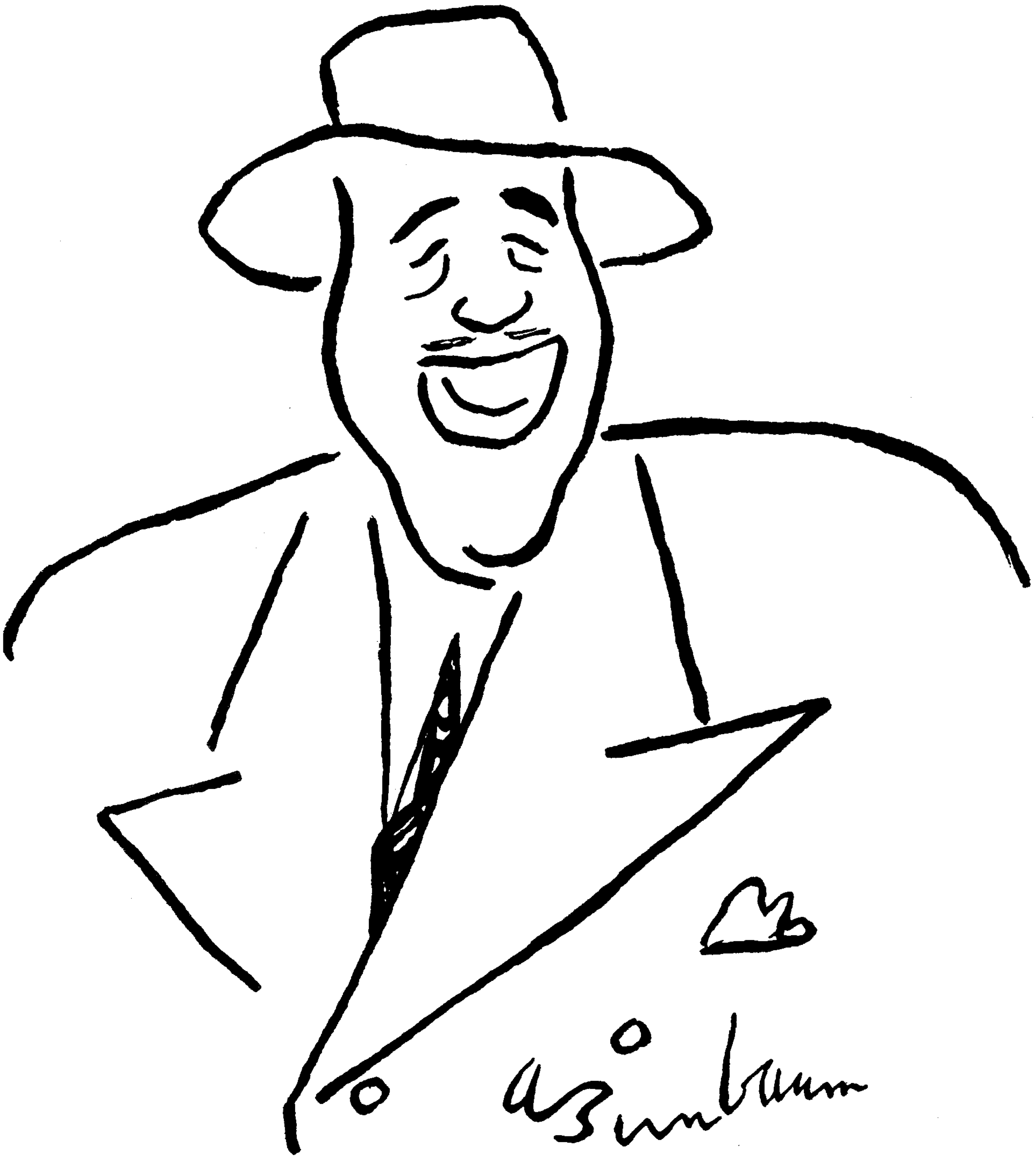
In fact, Ellington maintained such a commanding touch with his art and the world that his fifty years of development constitute what just might be the most impressive evolution in the American arts. The blues was the key, and Ellington was surely the greatest manipulator of blues form and blues feeling that jazz has ever known. He understood the blues as both music and mood. He knew that those who thought of the blues as merely a vehicle for primitive complaint had their drawers or their brassieres on backward. The blues knows its way around. It can stretch from the backwoods to the space shuttle, from the bloody floor of a dive to the neurotic confusion of a beautifully clothed woman in a Manhattan penthouse. The blues—happy, sad, or neither—plays no favorites.

The hundreds of compositions and arrangements that Ellington wrote and recorded between 1924 and 1973 make the case for their creator as the most protean of American geniuses. In his music he assayed a multitude of forms and voices as successfully as Herman Melville, satirized the skin off pomposity as gleefully as Mark Twain, matched Buster Keaton for surreal slapstick, equalled the declarative lyricism Ernest Hemingway brought to lonely moments of tragic resolution, rivalled William Faulkner in the dense intricacy of his tonal colors, conjured up a combination of Bill (Bojangles) Robinson and Fred Astaire in the way his percussive accents danced through suave billows of harmony, was a twin to John Ford in the deployment of his phenomenal repertory team of players, mixed satire and gloom with as much innovation as his good friend Orson Welles. And, as the master bluesologist Albert Murray has observed, he had much in common with Frank Lloyd Wright in that he was the inventor of a musical architecture that blended perfectly with the shifting inner and outer landscapes of American life.

Just as Faulkner had his Yoknapatawpha County, Duke Ellington had his Harlem: that Harlem was not the piss-stained slum of those suicidal or smothered jungle bunnies you find in the protest writing of James Baldwin. The Ellingtonian Harlem is what Ralph Ellison recalled as "an outpost of American optimism, a gathering place for the avant-garde in music, dance, and democratic interracial relationships; and, as the site and symbol of America's free-wheeling sense of possibility, it was our homegrown version of Paris." In "Harlem," his own long paean to the place, written in 1950, Ellington signalled the mythic dimensions of the neighborhood in the opening two notes—the trumpet's plunger-muted statement of the title.

IT'S easy to understand why there is so much rich stuff in his canon dedicated to women, for no one's appreciation and experience of the opposite sex inspired more legendary tales than his. Tall, handsome, a former athlete, gifted with a grasp of gab that could mutate into honey, Ellington drew women of all races, places, and classes to him. Those intimate experiences are evoked in "A Drum Is a Woman," his 1956 fairy-tale history of jazz, narrated by Ellington himself. There, Madam Zajj—the dark enchantress, muse, and bitch goddess of his art—says to Ellington, "Come with me to my emerald rock garden, just off the moon, where darkness is only a translucency, and the cellophane trees grow a mile high. Come climb with me to the top of my tree, where the fruit is ripe and the taste is like the sky. Star rubies are budding in my diamond-encrusted hothouse." In "Sophisticated Lady," "The Gal from Joe's," "Lady of the Lavender Mist," "The Tattooed Bride," and "Princess Blue," the sensuality of his women takes on greater emotional and psychological complexity. Ellington's musical women are combinations of grief and vivacity, insecurity and confidence, the childlike and the worldly, the down-home and the regal.

Because Ellington was such a man of the world, his bandstand encompassed every sort of human experience: it all ended up in his music. As a fledgling bandleader in the nineteen-twenties, he had worked for gangsters at the old Cotton Club, a segregated Harlem room that was off limits to all but the most celebrated Negroes. Often, after hours, he'd be summoned down to the city morgue to identify the corpse of someone who had been partying in the club the night before. In his memoir, "Music Is My

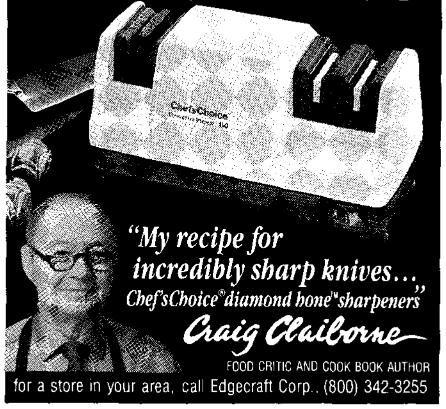


Behind Duke Ellington's façade of fancy-pants charm was a protean genius whose music is a bittersweet epic of modern life.

COURTESY OF ABE BIRNBAUM ESTATE

Mistress” (1973), Ellington wrote that whether or not he recognized the murdered man on the slab, he always answered, “No,” on being asked if he knew him. It was impossible for him to be a naïf. In his long career, he performed in Harlem benefits for the Scottsboro Boys Defense Fund, observed the racial double standard of show-business success, saw one of his musicians playing the tuba with the bones in his face periodically slipping out of place because he'd been roughed up by gangsters, watched colleagues slowly dissolve themselves in the acids of drink and drugs, and recognized the yearning for a fair shot that lay behind the eyes of so many. His was an art distilled from glamour, racism, murder, and good, good times, and Ellington became a show-business hero because he never stooped to the conventions of Uncle Tomming. Some of the startling dissonances in his music had to be acknowledgments of just how hard and cold the blues could get.

In order to tell us his epic tale, in which everything and everyone ends up in the arms of the blues, Ellington had to stay out there for more than five decades, writing for everyone from the clarinettist to the baritone saxophonist, the trumpet player to the trombonist, the string-bass player to the trap drummer. He wrote show tunes for singers, composed musicals, did scores for movies and television, and always kept himself well afloat. Beneath those blue suède gloves were homemade brass knuckles. Duke Ellington learned early that his was


ChefsChoice®

"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives... ChefsChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"

Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR

for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

Masterpiece.

A playset from CedarWorks of Maine is an ingenious collaboration of form, function and frolic. Northern white cedar is the medium, and safety is the only rule. Add your family for the finishing touch.

Not sold in stores.

Free color catalogue & video
1-800-GO-CEDAR
cedar works OF MAINE
http://www.midcoast.com/cedarworks/
P.O. Box 990-N, Rockport, Maine 04856

LOVE NOTE

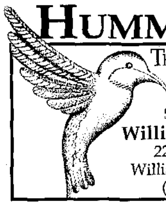
14k Gold and
Diamond Pendant $385
.10 carat fine VS, G color genuine
Diamond. 20" chain included.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX—S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Velvet
Box
1" Tall

MEISELMAN & GORDON
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW
REPRESENTING WOMEN EXCLUSIVELY
IN DIVORCE AND FAMILY LAW MATTERS
(212) 964-1600
COMPLIMENTARY INITIAL CONSULTATION
WE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

Prostate Cancer

If you or a friend or family member are facing prostate cancer, you do have options. For FREE information call Theragenics Cancer Information Center,
1-800-458-4372


HUMMINGBIRD PIN

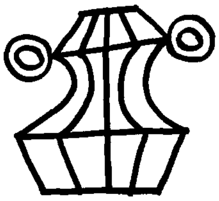
The delicate flight of a hummingbird
is captured in this sterling silver pin
designed by Chip deMatteo 1.5"
$20.00 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
(800) 545-4556

HAND & HAMMER
SILVERSMITHS

a world both sweet and rough and that he had to be ready for anything.

BORN on April 29, 1899, in Washington, D.C., to middle-class parents, Edward Kennedy Ellington was—like many Negro jazz innovators—a favored child. Like Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, and Miles Davis, he was pampered, tucked in, read to, and reared to believe in himself without reservation. The usual discriminations had little to do with how such artists viewed themselves as they struggled to give voice to their imaginations. Ellington got the nickname Duke because he liked fancy pants and was a charmer, ever quick with the kind of aristocratic lines that pulled in women and later made it easy for him to fire musicians so gracefully that some of them took the firing as a compliment. He was no snob. Long after he became a big success, he would leave his Harlem apartment in silk robe, pajamas, and slippers to sit up all night in a greasy spoon listening to the stories of other night owls and telling his own.

Like many Negro musicians of the time, Ellington was bitten by the new night creature of jazz. He was thrilled first by the Harlem "stride" piano style he heard on James P. Johnson's 1917 recording of "Carolina Shout." He picked it up by ear and quickly got a reputation among Washington musicians. Since there were no formal ways to study this new music, he learned his art in jam sessions, during which the discussions of craft and technique were often as fierce as the music. He had taken piano lessons as a child, but his most important education came from the exchanges between trained musicians and untrained players, each group drawing something from the other. From these exchanges, Ellington sensed that music from both the "serious" and "casual" worlds could be fused—a goal he worked at all his life. During those formative years, Ellington would sit with his drummer, Sonny Greer, way, way up in the balconies of concert halls and think about how to achieve European orchestral effects in the language of jazz. Alone in his Harlem apartment, he studied the harmony books he would later pretend to have ignored because he was too busy bandleading.



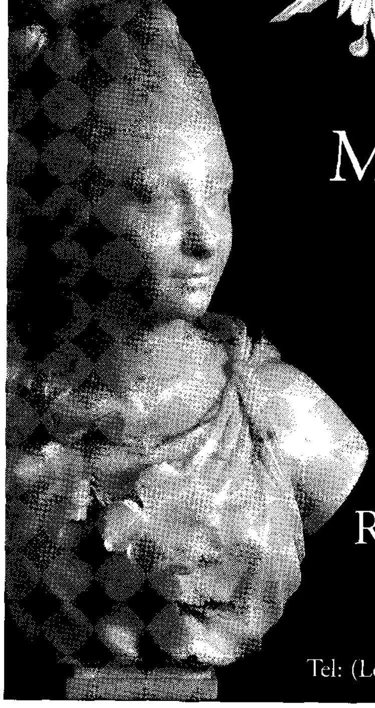
Before long, Ellington had figured out what would become the four most enduring elements of his art: the basic rhythmic structure of 4/4 swing, whether fast, medium, or slow; the blues; the romantic ballad; and Afro-Hispanic rhythms. That quartet of fundamentals has been reinterpreted over and over throughout the history of jazz innovation, from the playing of Louis Armstrong to the most fruitful work of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. It was Ellington's profound grasp of these essences of jazz that allowed him to maintain such superb aesthetic focus throughout his life, regardless of the shifting trends around him.

In his 1943 "Black, Brown, and Beige," an over-forty-minute work in which all his innovations up to that time reached a culmination, Ellington built what was then the most adventurous long composition in jazz. What began as a simple motif, like the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, was developed into many different kinds of themes, some lyric, some propulsive. He used or bypassed conventional phrasing lengths, twisted the blues into and out of shape, wrote smooth or dissonant harmonies, and called upon a host of rhythmic modulations that moved from march beats to swing to jaunty Afro-Hispanic syncopations. This constantly mutating musical adventure shows why Ellington was the truest sort of innovator: he remade the earthy fundamentals of jazz so thoroughly that they blossomed into a whole new life.

He was a man who wanted his own language, and, because he knew that the foundation for that language—for any expressive language—was the human voice, he made his orchestrations extensions and refinements of the vocal styles of various blues and jazz singers. He liked to refer to himself as "no more than a primitive minstrel"—one of the many masks he wore when throwing historical daggers around obliquely. In the sixties, he rejected Charles Mingus's tongue-in-cheek suggestion that the two of them make an "avant-garde" recording together by imitating the chaotic squeaking and honking of the day. Ellington said there was no point in taking music back *that* far. In other words, he remembered exactly how it had been before jazz became a music of casual virtuosity, how it had been when so many musicians truly *couldn't* play, when they hadn't been able to control their instruments well enough to perform the simplest passages.

It was in 1921, when he was still an easygoing bandleader in Washington, especially popular among the black professional class, that he experienced the epiphany of hearing the cantankerous, pistol-packing New Orleans genius Sidney Bechet play "I'm Coming, Virginia." Ellington always referred to Bechet as "one of the truly great originals," and a few years later he employed him for a brief period in New York. On Ellington's bandstand at the Kentucky Club, on Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, Bechet's soprano saxophone did nightly battle with the growling plunger trumpet of Bubber Miley, whose sound had finally persuaded Ellington never to play "sweet music" again. Bechet was a grand master of both the improvised blues line and a bag of trick vocal effects that made it possible, he said, to call his dog with his horn. Miley had absorbed the growl techniques from listening to King Oliver, mentor to Louis Armstrong. The elements Bechet and Miley brought into Ellington's world never left it. His star alto saxophonist, Johnny Hodges, had been taught his way around the soprano sax by Bechet and was to retain ever after the older man's melodic ideas and inflections in almost every phrase of his own style, albeit in a tone so original that the Hodges sound became one of the century's great instrumental colors. Miley's plunger-muted influence—surely the most fascinating extension of the African talking drum in American music—was just as enduring. It spread through the entire Ellington brass section, establishing growl imitations of the Negro American voice's timbres, inflections, and speech patterns as an indelible aspect of the Ellington palette.

The results were frequently operatic. The Ellington brass and reed players delivered arias, duets, and choruses—laced, often, with a mockery of the sentimental. A head-snapping example is "The Mystery Song," of 1931, which contrasts frivolity with a fear of the grotesque. (It was perhaps no coincidence that 1931 was the year of James Whale's classic movie "Frankenstein.") The superb sensuality of Ellington's many romantic bal-


THE INTERNATIONAL
FINE ART FAIR
PAINTINGS
DRAWINGS SCULPTURE

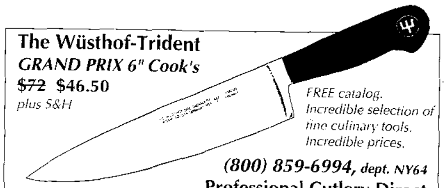
MAY 10-15, 1996
Daily: 11am-8pm
Sunday & Last Day: 11am-7pm

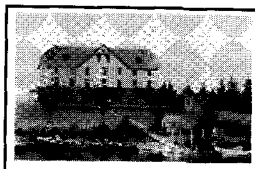
Benefit Preview Opening for
THE FRICK COLLECTION
May 9, 6-9pm

THE SEVENTH
REGIMENT ARMORY
PARK AVENUE AT 67TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Tel: (London) 0171 734 5491 (New York) 212 382 0969

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295


The Wüsthof-Trident
GRAND PRIX 6" Cook's
~~$72~~ **$46.50**
plus S&H
FREE catalog.
Incredible selection of fine culinary tools.
Incredible prices.
***(800) 859-6994**, dept. NY64*
Professional Cutlery Direct


For over 100 summers,
upholding the
traditions of hospitality
and leisure on the
coast of Maine.
Brochure P.O. 137
SW Harbor, ME 04679
1-800-244-5036
The Claremont Hotel

Spice of the Month
Featuring 2 exotic selections of the world's finest spices delivered each month. An extraordinary adventure in good eating.
A TASTEFUL GIFT **1-888-8 SPICES**

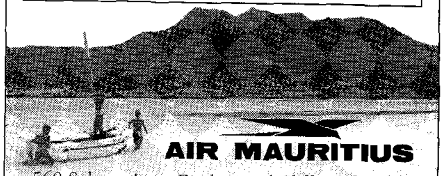
Comoros, Madagascar, Mauritius,
Reunion, Rodrigues & Seychelles

The Islands of the Indian Ocean are beckoning.

Remote islands where pirates once relaxed between the plundering of trading ships. Perfect for sun worshippers, nature lovers, skin divers, escapists and all who crave adventure. And Air Mauritius can take you there with a choice of five fascinating 8-16 day all-inclusive tours starting at only $2,210.

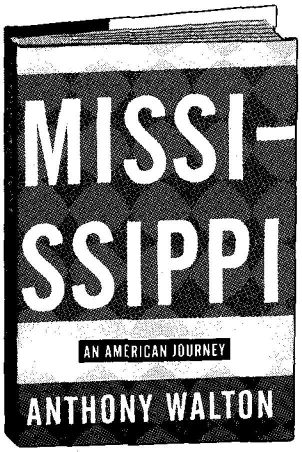
For our folder on Indian Ocean tours call **1-800-537-1182** or (201) 871-8381.

Tour #1 (8 days)
Mauritius Sampler
From **$2,210***
Includes round trip economy class airfare from NYC to Mauritius, 5 night's hotel, most meals, 2 day's sightseeing, transfers and hotel taxes.


AIR MAURITIUS
560 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632

*Price per person, plus $23.50 taxes & airport fees, $165 add'l for LA/SF departures. Some restrictions apply. See folder for full details.

"THIS FINE AND BRAVE BOOK...



...in its unfolding, becomes a compassionate meditation on this country and the South, their past, present and future."
—WILLIE MORRIS,
N.Y. Times Book Review

"LARGE-SPIRITED, SAVVY, ELOQUENT"
—RICHARD FORD

Photo © Marion Ettlinger

"ESSENTIAL READING [that] casts great shafts of light on a state whose history is dark and misunderstood."
—CARYL PHILLIPS

"FINE, SENSITIVE & POIGNANT ...If Mississippi has been powerfully inscribed in literature and memory before, nobody has written about it quite the way Mr. Walton does [in] this literary journey toward awareness."
—RICHARD BERNSTEIN,
The New York Times

Just published by Knopf
You can visit our web site at
http://www.randomhouse.com/site/mississippi/

lads made them the perfect catalysts for real-life courtships played out within hearing distance of the radio or record-player. The "plot" of these Ellington mini-operas was always the blues, with its complex mingling of sorrow and celebration, erotic ambition and romantic defeat. Ellington's deep blues sensibility was anything but restricted. It could find expression at any tempo. Its timbres could color any mood, from the swagger of the street to the heat of the boudoir, from violent rage to the pomp and pride of the dance floor. Always there was that plaintive lyricism, made spiritual by its unspecified object of desire.

One of the things Ellington perfected was something I call "timbral harmony." He once said that when he composed a particular note, he always had to decide *whose* note it would be. That jazz's very best brass or reed players have distinctly individual tones, even when they are playing perfectly in tune, was especially true of Ellington's musicians. (He called them a gathering of "tonal personalities.") This meant that a given note in his three-trombone section could have at least as many different colors as players. Moreover, Ellington liked to alter the effect of a harmonic voicing by moving the players around to different *positions* in the chord—top, middle, bottom.

Ellington was a master at exploiting the emotional riddles inherent in the blues to enrich the contrast between the mood of the melody line and the surrounding context of orchestration and rhythm. Fundamental to the blues is its double consciousness, allowing unhappy revelations to be stated over a jaunty rhythm. (A classic example is Ellington's surging 1940 arrangement of "St. Louis Blues," recorded at a dance in Fargo, North Dakota.) Ellington also understood that the quixotic emotional turns of the blues could add zest to non-blues numbers, and he discouraged any type-casting among his star players. For example, the tenor saxophonist Ben Webster could step forward as a Kansas City Siegfried—innocent, romantic, erotic, and combatively heroic in the course of a single, multi-tempo arrangement of "How High the Moon." The lyric voice of Johnny Hodges could encompass the spiritual raptness of "Come Sunday," the glowing sensuality of "Warm Valley," and the adolescent yearning of "The Star-Crossed Lovers." Ray Nance's trumpet and cornet, abetted by mutes, plungers, and his refined control of open tone, could juggle the puckish, the plaintive, the buffoonish, the high-minded, and the translucently erotic.

In effect, Ellington made chameleons of his players. The Ellington Orchestra could *become* all sorts of weather, impersonate all sorts of technology, assume endless tonal disguises. In the opening measures of "Rude Interlude" (1934), Ellington has the trombone quite confidently create the effect of a French horn! A year earlier, he had produced the startling virtuoso display of "Daybreak Express," one of the best musical imitations of a roaring train ever written. Ellington would have Harry Carney blow his baritone sax so strongly that the overtones added "imaginary" notes; or he'd demand that two tenor saxophones play the same note in unison to create a timbre that seemed to come from an instrument never heard before.

Ellington often mentioned that he had thought in his early years of being a painter. Then, as he told the story, he commented on how he had replaced the brush and the palette with brass, reeds, string bass, and percussion. Certainly he avoided unvarnished abstraction at every opportunity. Just about every Ellington sound is connected to something particular in his experience or mind. Although it often suggests a dream, a fantasy, a myth, there is always the pressure of real life in his music—a real life that inevitably includes mystery and ambivalence. The sense of heartache you hear in Ellington is invariably countered by the transcendent moxie of swing.

GREAT innovators are great absorbers, and Ellington learned from everyone. The unmistakable Ellington colors were grounded in the New Orleans sound he had heard when he was starting out, with its use of the cornet to carry the melody, while the clarinet and trombone played obbligati above and below. Works such as the 1926 "Black Bottom Stomp," by Jelly Roll Morton, taught him crucial lessons about tension and release, even though Ellington despised Morton for his braggadocio and was never mum about it.

From the Manhattan stride piano of James P. Johnson, Willie (The Lion) Smith, and Fats Waller to the Broadway songs of Tin Pan Alley and the work of such orchestrally innovative peers as Don Redman, Horace Henderson, and Benny Carter, Ellington was alive to everything around him. What he made of it perpetually revealed how broad and rich were the possibilities of jazz. Virtually alone among the musicians of his generation, he was perfectly comfortable performing not only with the giants who created the fundamental vocabulary for their instruments during the twenties and thirties—Armstrong, Bechet, Hawkins—but also with such later pathbreakers as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Max Roach, and Coltrane. With just two exceptions—Bechet and Parker—he made classic recordings with all of them.

Ellington maintained an orchestra longer than any other composer ever has—almost fifty years. Its only rival for longevity in Western music may be the orchestra Prince Esterházy provided in the eighteenth century for Haydn, which had a life of twenty-nine years. Unlike Haydn, however, Ellington was artist *and* sponsor, using the royalties from his many hit recordings to meet his payroll, which made it possible for his latest music to be heard as soon as he wrote it. The Ellington Orchestra was jazz's answer to the John Ford Stock Company, which employed the faces, voices, bodies, and personalities of performers such as John Wayne, Donald Crisp, John Carradine, Ben Johnson, and a host of other lesser-known actors as often as possible. As those actors turned in their best work for Ford, so Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Ray Nance, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, and others did for Ellington, because the contexts he created for them were so much more challenging than those which anyone else could provide. In addition to being composer, arranger, coach, and rhythm-section accompanist, Ellington was screenwriter, director, lighting technician, dialect coach, costume designer, set designer, special-effects and even makeup man. While his legendary patience was such that he once ignored a fistfight in a Japanese hotel lobby between his son, Mercer, and a veteran band member, asking only if his suite was ready, Ellington could also explode. He once knocked an inebriated musician to the floor because the man had been drunk onstage one

Discover why over 5,000 American doctors & medical professionals prescribe this Swedish mattress.

Imagine a mattress that can literally change the way you sleep for the rest of your life—relieving back, neck, joint and muscle pain— leaving you feeling miraculously refreshed and restored in the morning.

After being tested in hospitals and sleep clinics, Tempur-Pedic was proven to relieve pressure which can cause pain.

From NASA to Sleep clinics

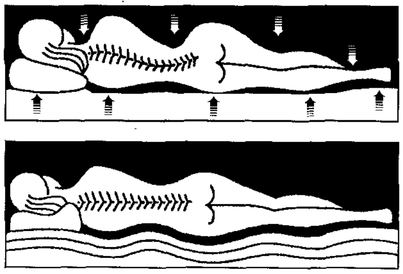
Tempur-Pedic was originally developed for NASA, which needed a material that would help keep astronauts and pilots comfortably supported during long flights. The result was a revolutionary heat- and pressure-sensitive substance that forms a soft yet precise mold around the body, while offering firm support at a deeper level.

After years of research, designed to improve the quality and durability, Tempur-Pedic was introduced to hospitals in Sweden, with reports of instant relief from arthritis, back and muscle pain after sleeping on mattresses of this unique substance. Similar results were reported in hospitals and sleep clinics throughout the United States.

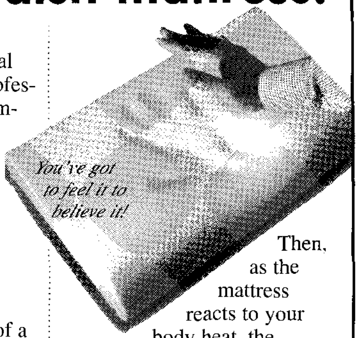
Today, over 5,000 American doctors, physical therapists and medical professionals have already recommended Tempur-Pedic to their patients with back, neck, joint and muscle pain, with outstanding results.

Superior to premium spring, water or air mattresses.

Tempur-Pedic is made of a high-density, visco-elastic, open-cell material that responds not only to pressure but also to your body temperature. When you first come in contact with a Tempur-Pedic mattress, it feels quite firm.



A conventional mattress (top) forces your body into an unnatural position, while Tempur-Pedic (bottom) keeps your spine in perfect alignment.



Then, as the mattress reacts to your body heat, the material softens and you begin to gently sink in. Pressure is removed from your neck, shoulders, back, hips and legs as the mattress forms an incredibly comfortable, yet supportive cushion around your body. You feel completely cradled from head to toe. No other mattress adapts itself to your shape so precisely, while offering you such deep support.

Call for your FREE Tempur-Pedic video now!

Simply call Tempur-Pedic's toll-free number or send in the completed coupon to receive your complete product information kit. **Ask about our NO RISK 60 Night Trial.**

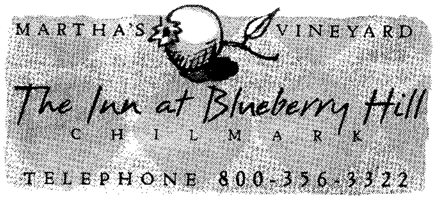
TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW
1-800-886-6466
Tempur-Pedic, Inc.
848G Nandino Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511

☐ **Yes!** Send me a free video and complete information about Tempur-Pedic, send to:

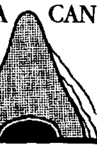
Name____________________

Address____________________

City, St, Zip____________________


MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The Inn at Blueberry Hill
CHILMARK
TELEPHONE 800-356-3322

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.



It weighs only **22 pounds.** You can buy more than a canoe.

606-986-2336

CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM
June 24–August 2, 1996

DESIGN AT HARVARD

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-5453

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

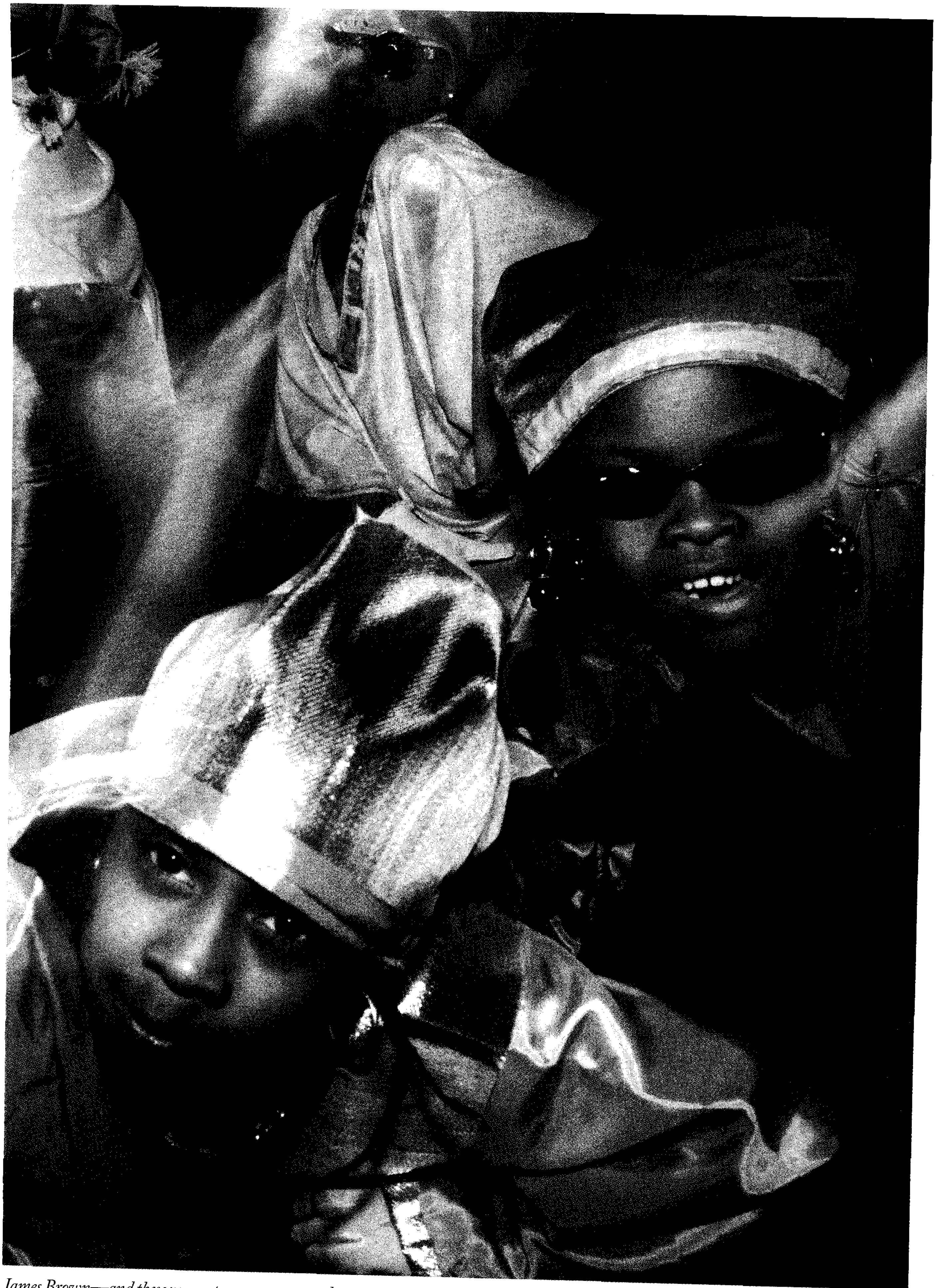
time too many. Yes, Ellington and John Ford had more than a bit in common.

ONE of the deepest accomplishments of the music of Duke Ellington is its epic expression of American feeling. In evocation after evocation, Ellington proves that he knew in his cells what William Carlos Williams meant when he observed in his classic "In the American Grain" that by truly exploring the specific an artist will achieve the universal. Ellington's music contains so many characteristics of the nation: the intricate dialogues between individuals and communities, the awesome and heartbreaking difficulties to "make it" or just plain survive, the urban skylines and rural landscapes. We hear the stone, glass, and steel of industrial achievement summoned up by brass, reeds, and percussion. No other music has so piercingly captured the bittersweet energy of modern life, the throbbing vitality that found its way onto the dance floor of the old Savoy Ballroom and made Easter uptown on Seventh Avenue such a voluminous display of elegance. All this fuelled the incredible momentum in Ellington's big city of music.

If the context was rural or Southern—as in various three-minute works and the longer "Deep South Suite" (1946) and "New Orleans Suite" (1971)—Ellington's music became pictorial, festive, epic. One could taste the home brew drunk from jars, hear the railroad rhythms that so influenced the inflections of the blues, groan at the hard labor done in the fields, see the old folks sitting and rocking on front porches, witness the visceral dignity of church services. With every new Ellington piece, one met the black, brown, beige, and bone people whose sufferings and celebrations have been beacons for our culture. Underneath was the hard blues, mutated into a love song or swung until the cows came home.

Over a forty-year stretch, the Ellington Orchestra made tours of Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Japan, Australia, and South America. These experiences proved the universality of Ellington's jazz, and also added generously to his canvas. He was always ready to wrestle or coax the spirit of a foreign place into melody, harmony, tonal

SHOWCASE *Amateur Night at the Apollo has been a New York ritual since 1935. Ella Fitzger*



James Brown—and these youngsters—are among the many performers who launched their careers here. Photograph by William Klein.

Sensual Products

XANDRIA COLLECTION

The Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. Privacy and satisfaction guaranteed.

If you're been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. We guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade any customer's name.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction. If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure. Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection? It is a very special collection of the finest and most effective sexual products from around the world. It is designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sexual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection celebrates the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Send for the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. Its price of just $4.00 is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NY596
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988

Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Enclosed is a check or money order for $4, applied to my first purchase. ($5 Canada, £3 UK)

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required ____________________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State/Zip ____________________

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

colors, and rhythm—into the brew of the blues.

Ellington once told his nephew Michael James, "It's not about this or that generation. The issue in art is *regeneration.*" That he sustained this credo is often lost on critics who have written that the last thirty years of his work saw a falling off from his "greatest period" of 1940-42. Their charges are mainly two: first, that in his later, more extended compositions he overreached the limits of his talent; second, that the quality of his ensemble wasn't up to what it had been.

Behind the criticism is a misunderstanding that bedevilled Ellington to the end of his life, and it demands serious rebuttal. It is true that the early forties were a kind of golden period for the Ellington Orchestra. In 1939, Ellington had brought the marvellous composing talent of Billy Strayhorn into the organization and was soon rewarded with Strayhorn's "Take the A Train." Strayhorn went on to write such standards as "Midriff," "Passion Flower," "Raincheck," "Johnny Come Lately," and "Chelsea Bridge." His arrival virtually coincided with that of two of the most thrilling players ever to join the Ellington organization, the bassist Jimmy Blanton and the tenor saxophonist Ben Webster—and they were prominently featured in such classics as "Jack the Bear," "Sepia Panorama," "Cotton Tail," and "What Am I Here For?" There is no doubt that in the Blanton-Webster years the Ellington Orchestra achieved an ideal balance of composition, personnel, and musicianship.

But what the critics fail to recognize is that Ellingtonia is a mountain range—not a series of hills leading to one great peak, followed by a descending line of more hills. It was a constantly *evolving* landscape. Ellington worked collectively—so much so that his musicians could laugh at the poorly written parts and throw them back at him. He usually left holes open for improvisation, and encouraged players to devise counterlines to the written parts. In this way, he was much like the makers of early Hollywood comedies, who would arrive on the set with no more than a plot outline or a few situations and would see such rudimentary beginnings improvised into form. Yet the determining sensibility was always Ellington's, which is why the music maintained its identity through so many changes in the players, no matter how strong their individual personalities.

Although Ellington's creative output after 1940-42 was characterized by longer pieces, he was capable to the end of writing the immaculate miniatures demanded by the 78-r.p.m. era, when disks held no more than three minutes on a side. (A wonderful example is "Feetbone," released in 1958.) Like his ancestors Bach and Handel, he was an inveterate recycler. Classic Ellington melodies inspired by women were extended by the late forties into fifteen-minute masterpieces, such as the 1948 "Tattooed Bride," which advances upon such earlier concerti as "Clarinet Lament."

"Tonal portraits" of uptown New York—"Echoes of Harlem," "Harmony in Harlem," "Harlem Speaks," and so on—evolved into Ellington's favorite longer work, the fourteen-minute "Harlem," of 1950. It is one of Ellington's most thorough and masterly explorations of blues harmony. (A wonderful example of Ellingtonian counterpoint can be heard in the depiction of a funeral, near the end.) The Afro-Hispanic and exotic rhythms from all over the world which he explored in such Blanton-Webster classics as "Conga Brava" and "The Flaming Sword" formed the basis for such greater works in the sixties and seventies as "Afro-Bossa," "The Far East Suite," "The Latin American Suite," "Afro-Eurasian Eclipse," and "The Togo Brava Suite."

In his later years, Ellington brought new authority and depth to his arrangements of popular songs. His re-inventions of American show tunes on his album "At the Bal Masqué" and of French popular songs on the album "Midnight in Paris" are astonishing. His joyously sardonic 1934 arrangement of the "Ebony Rhapsody," based on a "Hungarian Rhapsody" by Liszt, is exceeded by the exhilarating complexity of the "Nutcracker Suite" and "Peer Gynt Suite," of 1960. The same is true when one compares his beautiful 1934 score for the film "Symphony in Black" with the 1959 "Anatomy of a Murder" score and with the 1961 "Paris Blues" score, featuring Louis Armstrong. He had employed the jazz female voice as far back as the 1927 "Creole Love Call" to imitate musical instruments. By the 1946 "Transblucency," he was using a concert soprano, Kay Davis, to add classical tone color to the Ellington mix. He raised that innovation to new heights in such later "diva" pieces as the 1956 "A Drum Is a Woman" (for Margaret Tynes) and the writing done for Alice Babs in the second Sacred Concert that occupied much of his time near the end of his life.

ONE reason Ellington has been so misunderstood is that we don't always know how to assess ongoing musical creativity outside the tradition of European concert music. We expect the finest concert musicians to ripen and deepen with middle age but assume that jazz musicians will deteriorate once they leave the heady province of youth. In fact, Ellington's greatest band existed not in the forties but between 1956 and 1968, and he was still able to inspire strong performances from his musicians after that, too. Beginning in the middle fifties, what he got from Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, Lawrence Brown, Ray Nance, Cootie Williams, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, and the others could only have been achieved by men who had lived beyond forty or fifty. By then, having played every note and register in every key on their instruments for so long, they had developed an intimacy with their horns that no younger players could match. What's more, they had seen their children become adults, friends die, and wars come and go. It's all in their playing.

After the deaths of such "irreplaceable" collaborators as Strayhorn (1967) and Hodges (1970), Ellington continued to feed his voracious muse. Right up until his death, in 1974, the great listener lived and worked according to the terms he had declared in 1959: "I don't want to be modern . . . futuristic . . . and neither do I want to be hung by the plaintiveness of something we might have done years ago, even with success. I don't want to feel obliged to play something with the same styling that we became identified with at some specific period. I have no ambition to reach some intellectual plateau and look down on people. And, by the same token, I don't want anyone to challenge my right to sound completely mad, to screech like a wild man, to create the mauve melody of a simpering idiot, or to write a song that praises God." ♦

Rid your home or plant of pests and vermin with the ...

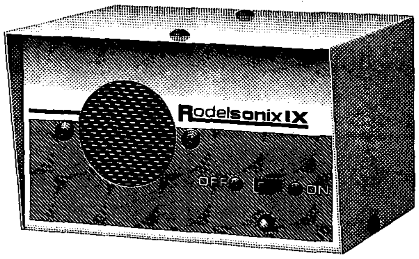
Rodelsonix IX
still only $69.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old-fashioned poisons get rid of them—but only temporarily, and they are a hazard to you and to your pets. *Rodelsonix IX* works on a different principle: It delivers a tremendous blast of ultra-sound—inaudible to you and to your pets—that disrupts the nervous system of those pests. They'll leave your home within a few weeks—never to return. There is nothing to prepare, nothing to set up—no poison and no mess. Pests just disappear.

Rodelsonix IX is a powerful industrial-type unit that protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even adjust it to keep larger pests, such as raccoons, pigeons, or rabbits at bay. Since it's clad in an enamel steel housing you can even use it outdoors.

Rodelsonix IX has been designed and engineered to work in restaurants, factories and food processing plants. It's that powerful and that effective. We can still offer this top-of-the-line industrial unit for just $69.95. But here's an even better deal: ***Buy two for just $139.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Get rid and stay rid of those nasty pests once and for all. Get the best—get *Rodelsonix IX* today!



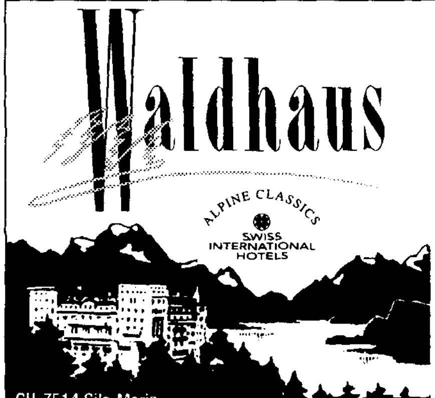
•Rodlesonix IX
is an industrial-type unit, the most powerful you can get. It's a humane, clean, and effective system to get rid of your pests—once and for all.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 days a week.

For Customer Service and for wholesale/premium quantity orders, please call 415-543-6675.

Please give order #1007C225 for Rodelsonix IX(s). We need daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107



CH-7514 Sils-Maria
Tel. 0114181 - 826 66 66 - Fax 826 59 92
Maria + Felix Dietrich/Urs Kienberger ★★★★★
Sils ENGADIN

Switzerland

Sils-Maria = 6 miles from bustling St. Moritz:
An unspoiled and peaceful alpine village amidst gleaming lakes + impressive mountains.
And above it all this remarkable + historic hotel, family owned and managed ever since it opened in 1908

96 summer season: June 14 to Oct. 20
96 - 97 winter season: Dec. 15 to April 12

Grand, but friendly and relaxed;
children very welcome!
Great hiking, skiing and much else.
Free pickup at St. Moritz train station.

Legendary Native American "Imp"
Kokopelli
Handicrafted in Sterling with Gold Flute
Hermosa Valley Sales
P.O. Box 9075, Durango, CO 81301
Phone/Fax: 800-831-7305
Visa MC Amex Disc

2" Pin
$49
(includes postage)

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Speciality Travel
A TOUR TO PRAGUE
Art, architecture, and music plus the Vienna opera
September 27 - October 6, 1996
Subscription ($39/year) and tour info: 1-800-648-5168

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals worldwide have been buying regularly; you can too. History, literature, fiction, military, 80 other subjects. Send two dollars for listings of 25,000 titles & prices to EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412...

There is also an associated bookshop with a large stock of books not in our lists. The shop is located in Ashokan, NY on Rt 28, 9 miles west of NYS Thruway Exit 19. Open 7 days, 10-5.

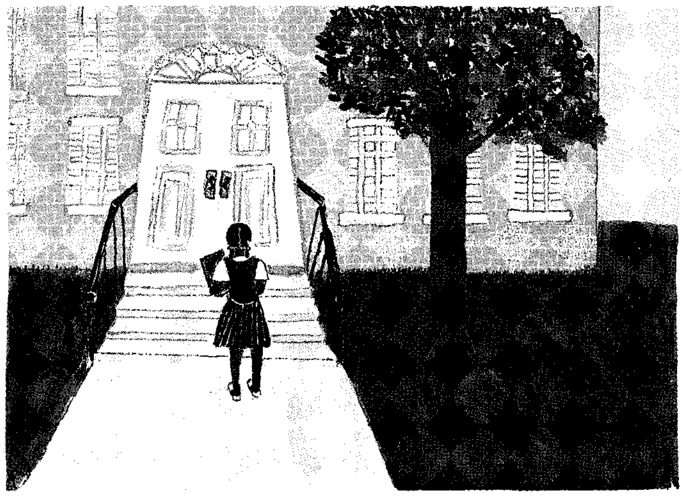
EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412

SHOUTS & MURMURS

BACK TO SCHOOL

BY ANDREA LEE

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I paid a visit to the girls' preparatory school outside Philadelphia where, about thirty years ago, I enrolled as one of the first two black students. It wasn't my first return trip, but it was one that had a peculiarly definitive feeling: this time, I was going back to look at classes with my daughter, who is eleven—exactly the age I was when I first put on a blue-and-white uniform and walked in the front entrance of an institution where black people had always used the back door. My daughter, who was born in Europe, and who views the civil-rights struggles of the sixties as an antique heroic cycle not much removed in drama and time frame from the Iliad, sees her mother's experience as a singularly tame example of integration. There were, after all, no jeering mobs, no night riders, no police dogs or fire hoses—just a girl going to school and learning with quiet thoroughness the meaning of isolation.



The air inside the schoolhouse smelled exactly as it used to on rainy April days—that mysterious school essence of damp wood and ancient chalk dust and pent-up young flesh. For an instant, I relived precisely what it felt like to walk those halls with girls who never included me in a social event, with teachers and administrators who regarded me with bemused incomprehension—halls where the only other black faces I saw were those of maids and cooks, and where I never received the slightest hint that books had been written and discoveries made by people whose skin wasn't white. I remembered the defensive bravado that I once used as a cover for a constant and despairing sense of worthlessness, born and reinforced at school.

As I delivered my daughter to the sixth-grade classroom where she would spend the day, I saw that in the intervening time not only had the school sprouted a few glossy modern additions—an art wing, science and computer facilities, and a new lower school—but the faculty and the student body had also been transformed. Black and Asian girls mingled in the crowd of students rushing back and forth between classrooms and playing fields, giddy with excitement over the impending Easter and Passover weekend. A black teacher with braids strode out of the room where long ago I'd conjugated Latin verbs. Posters celebrating African-American artists and scientists hung on the walls, and the school's curriculum included dozens of works by black, Native American, and Hispanic writers. The director of the middle school was, miracle of miracles, a young black woman—a woman who combined an old-fashioned headmistress's unflappable good sense with a preternatural sensitivity to the psychology of culture and identity. She explained to me that she herself had once been a student at a mostly white East Coast prep school. When I asked who on her staff, in particular, was responsible for the self-esteem of minority students, she said firmly, "Every person who works here."

That day, I finally forgave my old school. I'd held a touchy rancor toward it through much of my adult life, like someone heaping blame on a negligent parent, and had taken the institution rather churlishly to task during a Commencement address I gave there some years ago. The changes I saw now disarmed and delighted me. Watching my daughter run by with a group of girls, I realized with envy how different her experience would be from mine if she were enrolled there. "Just think, I used to dream of burning the place down," I remarked to her, as we drove away, along the school's winding drive. She looked at me impatiently. "Can't you just forget all that?" she asked. The sound of her voice—half childish and half adolescent—made it clear to me that I wouldn't do any such thing. Wounds that have healed bring a responsibility to avoid repeating the past. The important thing is to pardon, even with joy, when the time comes—but never, I thought, driving on in silence, to forget. ♦

Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York City ©1994 Godiva and the Gold Ballotin are registered trademarks

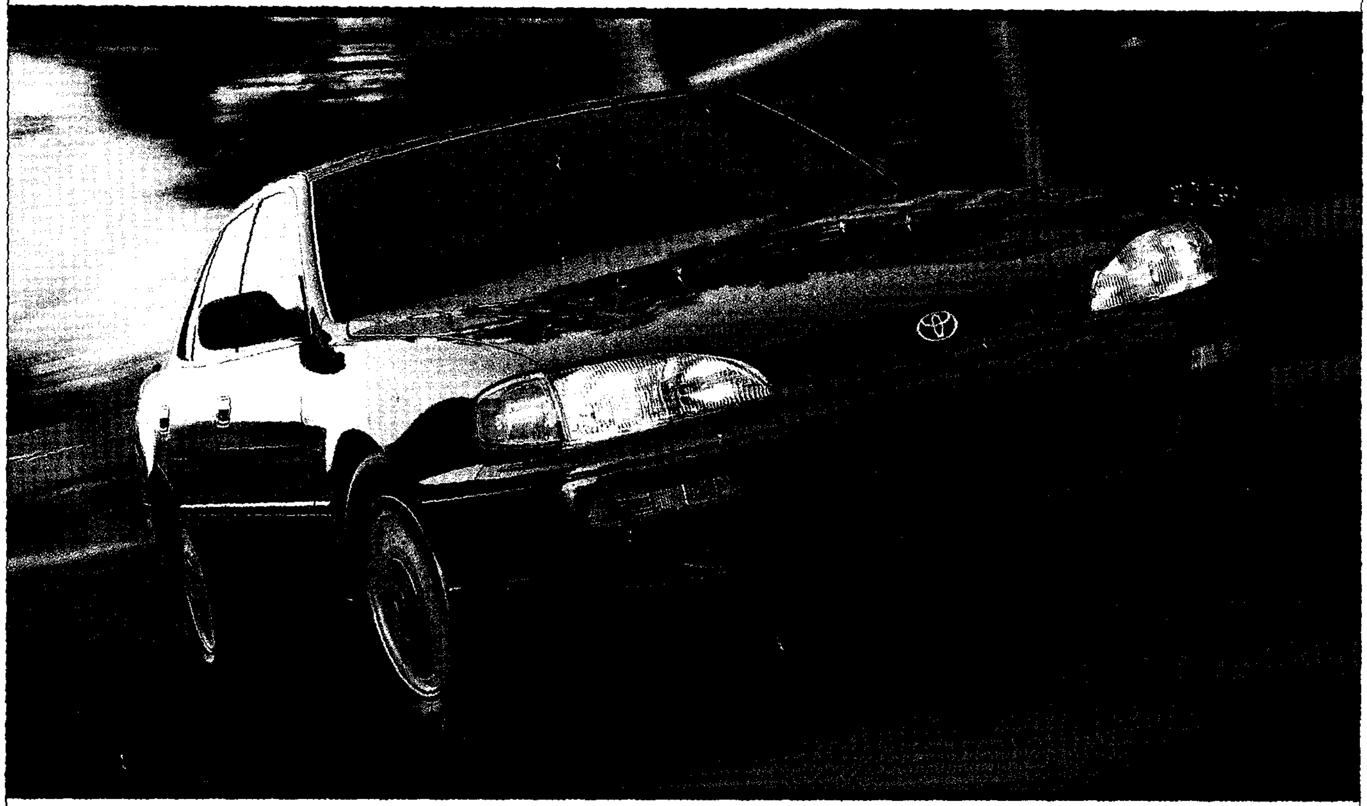
GODIVA
Chocolatier
CAFÉ GODIVA
PRECISION GROUND ARABICA COFFEE

ESCAPE THE DAILY GRIND.

Revel in the inviting aroma of Café Godiva specialty ground coffees. Serve flavors like Toasted Almond, Vanilla Hazelnut or Cinnamon Praline with our ever-delectable chocolates and guests may never go home. Stop in or call 1-800-9-GODIVA.

GODIVA
Chocolatier

ADMIT IT, YOU HAVE TO BE PRETTY WELL BUILT TO CARRY 2 MILLION PEOPLE.



With over two million on the road, the Camry is probably as close as anyone has ever come to building a perpetual motion machine.*

In fact, *Automobile Magazine* called Camry "The Best Car Built in America."** You'll no doubt agree the very moment you have a seat in its ergonomic interior. In addition to its solid, elegant feel, the Camry is confidently quiet. This effect, achieved through advanced engineering, is just one reason that Camry has become the industry benchmark, the Gold Standard by which all midsize sedans are judged.

And yet, while it runs like a clock, Camry's styling is virtually timeless. A styling so classic, in fact, over two million people have been moved by it.

TOYOTA CAMRY
I love what you do for me

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA or visit our Web Site at: http://www.toyota.com for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer.
©1995 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *There are over 2 million Camrys currently in operation. R.L. Polk, 1994. **Camry XLE V6/Best car built in America. *Automobile Magazine*, March 1993. Most Camrys are built in America.